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THE KNIGHT AND THE CASTLE.

FROM A PICTURE BY GUSTAVE DORÉ.

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ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. II. MAY, 1875. No. 7.

THE KNIGHT AND THE CASTLE.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

"THERE he is!" whispered Tom Flecker, as he passed the new pupil's door. The boys were marching in a line into the Latin room (you always marched at Cramhem Hall), and dared not stop; but they looked in sideways. It was against rules (three marks) to leave a door open, but that new pupil's door was banging all day long.

"That's him! Crackey! He's got a fire! Roastin' apples!" gasped Tom.

The boys nearly stopped at that, and shoved up in a gang, staring in. In a year they had only seen black registers in the house, which it was against rules (two marks) to stand near; and here were a fire-place and a roaring fire! The new pupil had made it out of paper (grammars, Tom said) and corn-cobs and chunks of wood with pine-knots in them. He was standing in front of it, blowing it, with his cheeks puffed out, and as they stopped he stopped and winked at them! They marched on, with a sort of sickness of soul or stomach creeping over them. Tom Flecker kicked his Cæsar under the bench, and felt better; but little Ted Norris fell out of line, and stood still, looking in. It seemed as if he could *not* get away from that roasting apple.

"Him a pupil? Bah-h!" said Tom, behind his desk-lid, to the next boy. "Why, his name's Watkins. He's goin' to Europe; wants to rub up his I-talyan and learn the French horn. Wright told me."

Meanwhile, Ted clung to the door-jamb staring in at Watkins, just as he used to stare at the lion when Uncle Chauncey took him to the Museum. Watkins took no notice of him; even the lion never had wanted to chew up such a thin little mite of a chap. Something in Watkins' flowered dressing-gown and great shock of red hair and whiskers, and the fire and apples, put Ted unaccountably in mind of the Museum. Oh, the tigers and the learned pig, and the wax Chinamen that bobbed their heads at you, and the delicious mixed smell of barn-yards and oranges over all! Whenever Uncle Chauncey came home from college, he made the rounds of every show in town, and took Ted, and his pockets used always to be full of peanuts.

Ted winked his eyes to be rid of the tears, but did not move, though he saw Tom Flecker beckoning savagely to him, and saying, "You'll catch it!" behind his slate. He always did catch it. Ted was the least and the quietest boy in school, but he broke more rules than any one of them. It seemed as if he never could understand or grow used to rules, any more than the giraffe at the Museum had grown used to the wooden benches about him, or knew they were there when he went staring up at the ceiling for palm-trees.

Ted was not looking for palm-trees, but for his Uncle Chauncey and his mother and home, which all somehow seemed to lie behind the apples and fire.

"Hillo! Come here, youngster!"

It made Ted jump. Watkins had a voice like a bass drum; he gnashed his words, too, in a ferocious way. Ted walked in quietly, though he heard the Latin master calling the roll, and there was a dead silence that minute at the words, "Norris Secundus!" Tom Flecker, in class, sat aghast as he saw Ted go in and the door close behind him.

Watkins looked at him from head to foot, as the lion very likely did at the mouse.

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"Why—you—you're hungry!" he said, with a sort of gulp.

"Oh, yes!" responded Ted, cheerfully. "I've been here three months. When you get up here in the morning, you could eat your boots; and at night ——"

"Well?"

"You wish you had eat 'em, sir."

Ted put his thin little hands over his hollow stomach and tried to laugh, but did not.

"Here, here! I've nothing but these apples! If I'd brought sandwiches or jam or —— Bless my soul!" watching Ted in amazement as he crammed the hot, crackling mess into his pockets and cap, and, finally, his mouth, and then nodded gravely.

"I'm very much obliged to you, sir. And so is Tom Flecker and all the other fellows."

Just at that moment Ted caught sight of something in a frame over the mantel-shelf, and stopped eating. It was a picture. Now there were no pictures in Cramhem Hall. There were maps—millions of maps, and there was a Temple of Time hung over the dinner-table, and you studied the dates on a pillar of it at each meal; and there were green and red plaster affairs that looked nice at a distance, but turned out to be scales of the lengths of rivers and heights of mountains; and there was a photograph of old Doctor Cramhem in the dormitory, that scowled at you all the time you were asleep. When you reached the fourth class, you began to draw squares and angles; but it was against rules (four marks) to make even a dog or giant on your slate under the sums. But this was a real picture. It had human beings on it. (The editor of ST. NICHOLAS has one just like it, by the way, and very likely, when she reads this account of Ted, she will put it near this very page for you to see.)

"Well, what now?" growled Watkins.

"It's a castle! and a knight! And there must be an ogre in front that we don't see. A horse always shies that way when he meets an ogre, sir."

"You seem to be very familiar with knights and ogres, for a person of your age," looking curiously down at him.

"Oh, no; *I* never knew them. It's my Uncle Chauncey. He's very well acquainted with a great many."

"Oho! Is your Uncle Chauncey to be seen in this neighborhood?"

"No." Ted was silent a minute or two, and then added, in an exceedingly slow voice: "He has sailed by this time. He's gone to my papa and mamma. They're in Europe. There's plenty of knights and castles there—plenty of 'em."

"And what are you doing here?"

"Everybody said Cramhem Hall was 'an institution where boys were brought up to the mark.' I am dreadfully below the mark, sir."

"And they're bringing you up to it, hey?" snarled Watkins. "I see! I see!"

"It's three thousand one hundred miles from here to Europe," said Ted, speaking still more slowly. "I found that out of Mitchell's Primary. The teacher said it was the only question I ever knew in that book. You see, I think of it so much. Sometimes, when I go to say my prayers, I say that instead, without knowing what I am about. 'Three thousand one hundred miles to mamma. Three thousand one hundred miles.' It's a long way, sir," trying again to laugh.

Watkins only growled and looked at him. "Norris Secundus," standing in the full light of the fire, was such a very little fellow, his cheeks were so thin and white, his shoulders so narrow and stooped, that even the most bearish Watkins would have wanted to pick him up that minute, lift him over the thousands of miles, and put him on his mother's knee.

"How long is this—this sort of thing going to last, you know?" he broke out.

"They're to be gone for three years. They thought by that time I'd be brought up to the mark."

Watkins turned away, pulling his bushy red beard. "Yes, three years will do the work for you, my boy," he said after awhile.

"Yes, sir."

The pale little face grew a trifle paler. It was hard to know what the boy had expected, but he had watched Watkins breathlessly as he turned away. He was a babyish, stupid lad, as his teachers said, and the blazing fire and the knight and castle had somehow brought home very near to him; he would not have been surprised for a moment if Watkins had taken him pick-a-back, as the genie always used to do with boys, and whisked off with him across the sea to his mother—red hair, flowered dressing-gown, and all.

There was a sharp tap at the door, and Professor Knapp stood in the threshold. Professor Knapp was the tallest and sallowest of all the teachers. He opened and shut his big gray eyes as if they were on hinges, and when he fixed them on you you could not help your knees shaking under you.

"Norris, Theodore C.," he said, measuring off the words, just as you would the multiplication table. "Report yourself to the Latin master, Norris, for penalty in class. The punishment for entering another pupil's room without permission is, as you are aware, two Greek verbs, to be recited at evening recreation."

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"I am not 'another pupil,' sir," interposed Watkins (Ted saw that he faced the master without blinking), "and I invited the boy into the room."

"Norris, you can retire."

Professor Knapp stood pointing to the door until Ted had gone out of it.

"Dr. Cramhem will doubtless explain to you, Mr. Watkins, that he permits no interference with the scholars while under his charge, even from parents. You would not be allowed to interfere with the workings of any machinery, and we have a strong machine at work here, sir. A system, plan, combination of rules,—you might call it a mill, into which the raw material—boy—is put, and from which it comes out a mathematician, linguist—in a word, a scholar."

"Little Norris is very raw material, I suspect," said Watkins. "Very poor material."

"Very poor indeed. A dull brain, Mr. Watkins. Always foot of his class."

"Very poor material as to bones or flesh, too, I imagine. I should suppose the mill would crunch him up before it was done with him."

Professor Knapp looked puzzled a minute, and did not answer directly.

"You should see Leonidas Small, number one of the same class. A stupendous memory, sir! I have heard that boy recite page after page of dates without the mistake of a comma. He carries home trunks full of prizes."

"He sits beside me at table," growled Watkins. "A sneaking-looking dog. A liar in the grain, I fancy."

"*My* business," said the Professor, severely, "is to train the intellects of the pupils. Their morals are not neglected. Dr. Cramhem lectures once a week, and they attend chapel by daybreak every morning."

The door was still open, and Watkins glanced through now and then into the class-room. Leonidas Small at one end of the class was rattling off a Greek verb just as easily as though he were chewing sugar-candy, while Ted at the other end stared stupidly at him.

"The lesson for to-morrow," said the teacher, "will end at page 120. Not too much for you, Small?"

"Not a line, sir," said Small, glibly.

"Rather rough on the stupid fellows," said Watkins to the Professor.

"They have no right to be stupid. What boy has done, boy can do, is our maxim," said Professor Knapp, and went out.

Now I do not want any boy who reads ST. NICHOLAS to imagine a likeness between this school and the one in which he is learning Greek verbs. There never was but one Cramhem Hall in this country.

When the class was dismissed, the teacher waited until they filed past him.

"Norris will report himself to Doctor Cramhem," he said.

"Whew! What has the poor little rat done now?" said Tom Flecker, under his breath.

Ted thought all the boys looked sorry for him as he crept out. He lagged up the stairs and tapped feebly at the Doctor's door. His punishments had been many and awful, but he never had been sent to the Doctor before.

He saw dimly a reddish wooden table and a thin black figure, with glaring spectacles, behind it.

He read out of a book. "Norris, Theodore C. Reported lowest average in every class during the week. You are deprived of your holiday to-morrow (Saturday), Norris, and are required to commit all lessons in which you have failed during the week, and recite them before night."

Ted stood shivering a moment, and then went right up to the table. It was so high that he had to hold by both hands and stand on his tiptoes to look up at the spectacles.

"I can't do it, sir! I've tried and tried. When I was with mamma I learned B-a, ba, k-e-r, ker, Baker, and now I've got whole pages of ejuses and cujuses, and 'words that are primitive and derivative, abstract and concrete.'"

"There is no such word as 'can't,' sir," and the Doctor went on reading: "'Reported insubordinate. Refuses to eat his meals. Fell asleep twice in class.' You will repair to your dormitory, and remain there until to-morrow evening. You will also receive personal chastisement at eight o'clock to-night. Mr. Harrison will administer it. You can go now."

Ted did not go. He came close up to the Doctor's chair, and looked up at him with white lips.

"The oatmeal porridge makes me sick," he said; "I'm not used to it. And I'm stupid in class because I lay awake sometimes all night—my head hurts me so with the cujuses and ejuses. Don't let them strike me, Doctor. I never was struck."

"Nonsense!" said the Doctor, not reading now out of his book. "Are the diet and rules of the school, which are scientifically perfect, to be altered to suit every boy's whims? You can go, sir."

Ted went, rubbing his thin palms together. He was n't unreasonable. It was not to be expected that with three hundred boys to manage, the Doctor could examine into the condition of his stomach or his headaches, much less pet and speak kindly to him.

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But if he could only lay his head on his mother's breast one minute!

He went slowly up the wide, bare hall to the wider, barer dormitory. The walls were white; there was not a grain of dust on the floor. The long rows of little beds were covered and partitioned with white. Beside his own bed a table had been placed, on which were piled all his school-books. It was recreation hour. He could hear the boys out in the base-ball ground now. Ted sat down quietly, and took up the topmost book. He was a slow and dull, it is true, but a patient, gentle little fellow, who always tried to do his best.

"Substantives in the ablative of the feminine gender ——"

But after he had said that a half-dozen times he could not help wondering what the "ablative" was. It might be a horse, as far as Ted knew.

The big empty dormitory was chilly and damp. He shivered, and would have brought his overcoat to put on, only it was against rules. He began to think of how his papa had had his little bedroom papered with the oddest pictures, and of the wood-fire that used to be there, and how his mamma used to sit on the great chair and hold him on her lap, big boy as he was, and always tell him some good funny story "to sleep on" just before he went to bed. To-night he was to be whipped. Mr. Harrison would be here in an hour.

He began to study the grammar at that. It would not do for him to think. But the pain in his head grew heavier. He took up his geography. His mamma used to teach him geography by means of pictures. He liked that. He could tell you what kind of trees or plants grew in any country you could name, and the sort of people who belonged to it; how they lived, and what kind of work they did. But this was a different sort of geography. His lesson to-day was the names of all the rivers in Africa—a long black row.

"Draha and Limpopo," he said a hundred times over, beginning at the top of the page. "Draha and Limpopo."

It seemed as if the rows of beds and the black chairs all had mouths, and said it with him—"Limpopo." He did not know what ailed him, the stinging in his head was so sharp.

He laid it down on the pillow for a minute, and his hand touched a roll of paper. It was the picture of the knight and castle! That queer new pupil had sent it up to him.

Ted forgot the pain in his head as he opened it.

It seemed as if he knew the story of it now. There was a boy a prisoner in that castle, and the knight had gone to rescue him, and had been driven off. The knight looked like his Uncle Chauncey. But if Uncle Chauncey had come to Cramhem Hall to-night he would not turn his back on him and ride away.

He heard Mr. Harrison coming up the stairs. He rolled up the picture and hid it under the pillow, pushed back the table with the books, and then stood waiting. He shut his eyes. He thought he should die before the whipping was over, and he wished that he had written a letter to his mamma.

"Norris!" said Mr. Harrison, laying his hand on his shoulder. "Teddy!"

Mr. Harrison was the youngest of the teachers, a little apple-cheeked man, who used to tell them jokes in recess sometimes. He looked at Ted with a very grave face, and then lifted him up and laid him on the bed.

"I 'm ready, sir," said Ted.

"You shall not be whipped to-night," said Mr. Harrison. "Wait one minute."

He went out and brought back a warm drink, and then covered the boy up warmly.

"Lie still, until I come again," he said, and hurried out.

In the hall he met Watkins. The two young men had made acquaintance with each other.

"I cannot strike that boy," said the teacher.

"You can easily refuse to do it."

"Not so easily. If I interfere in the management of this 'mill,' I lose my situation, and —— It does not matter for me, but I have an old mother who is dependent on me, Mr. Watkins."

"Wait for me one moment," said Watkins, and he walked boldly up and rapped at the Doctor's door.

Ted did not waken again. The two watchers beside his bed heard him talk incessantly of his mother and his Uncle Chauncey, who would carry him off upon the horse.

When he opened his eyes the morning light was shining full on his bed, and the boys were gone to chapel. He saw first the books, and then Mr. Harrison standing beside him.

"I—I 'm ready, sir," he said.

Then that queer fellow Watkins came suddenly from behind the curtain. You never saw anything so ferocious as his red hair and whiskers, or heard such a growl as his voice was that morning.

"One moment, if you please, Mr. Harrison, before the punishment begins," he said. "I want to tell this young man the story of my picture. There was a boy shut up in that castle, and he was condemned to shovel ablatives and Drahas and Limpopos into his head by the bushel measure, every day the year round."

"Yes, yes," cried Ted, rising on his elbow.

"And the knight was an uncle—well, I mean a friend of his, who was going off on a long voy-

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age for a year and a day, and he thought he would ——"

"Attack the castle?"

"Attack the castle in disguise, and see how things were going. And they were not going to his satisfaction at all. So he carried off the boy ——"

"There 's no boy on the horse," said Mr. Harrison.

But Ted was not so stupid as *that*. He scrambled up on his knees, his cheeks grew red, and his eyes were fixed keenly on Watkins.

"Carried off the boy ——?" he cried. "Carried off the boy—to his—his mamma. Oh, Uncle Chauncey!"

And, with a pull, the red wig and whiskers were off, and Ted was hugging him as though he would strangle him.

There is very little more of this story to tell. Uncle Chauncey engaged Mr. Harrison to come with them as Ted's tutor, and they sailed across the three thousand one hundred miles in a few days.

This all happened years ago, and Ted is now a hearty, happy fellow, with a head full of useful knowledge.

But Cramhem Hall was burned down, and all the professors are dead. Their system, therefore, is not in use any more, and would be quite forgotten but for this story.

MISTRESS MARY, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?

With silver bells and cockle shells,
And maidens all a row.

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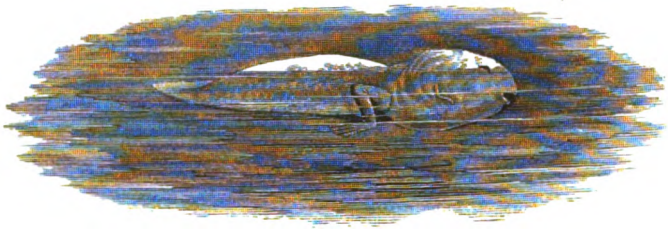
POLL TADPOLE.

(A Swamp Ballad.)

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.



THERE was a little pollywog,
The sprawling baby of a frog,
Hatched in a green and slimy bog
One pleasant day.
He had a puddle of his own,
To play and sleep in, all alone,
And dull as any other drone
He passed his life away.

Sometimes a steel-blue dragon-fly
Would poise a moment in his sky,
And look at him with glittering eye
As if he said:
"You little damp, unpleasant thing,
You never seem to know it's Spring;
Why don't you jump, or fly, or sing?
Not lie all day abed!"

Sometimes a heron, lean and tall,
With flapping wings and horrid squall,
Would pollywoggy's heart appall
With open bill.
The little thing, half dead with fear,
Would scuttle off, for brown or queer,
His fat round carcass made good cheer,
A heron's crop to fill.

But as the year slipped slowly on,
And polly's days of shade or sun,
Just as they do for every one,
Too quickly went:
One day—oh, 't is a dreadful tale!—
Our pollywog almost turned pale,
He felt a wiggle in his tail,
That he by no means meant.

He turned about with startled eyes,
And saw, with terror and surprise,
A black thing on the water rise,
Unseen before.
He shook himself, he swam about;
He could not steer—beyond a doubt
His tail had just slipped off, or out,—
Was gone forever more!

But if you have philosophy
(Which means what can't be helped, must be,
In spite of you, in spite of me,
No use to fret!)
You will commend this pollywog—
Poor discontinued baby-frog!—
For only hiding by a log,
Not splashing in a pet.

There, after many a day and night,
Silent or stormy, dark or bright,
He felt a tickling on his right,
And on his left;
And, like a small potato-sprout,
A little foot came growing out,
And then another, just about
As little and as deft.

And soon behind each forward leg
Another budded like a peg,
As like the first as egg to egg,
But big and strong;
And longer, longer still, they grew,
Till he could jump as well as you;
Then over log and all he flew,
And croaked a little song.

He was so very glad to find
Four legs exactly to his mind,
Instead of one poor tail behind,
He quite forgot
How scared he felt to see them grow,
How sad to see his rudder go,
For now he vaulted high and low,
And sprung from spot to spot.

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Oh, Jack! how dreadful it would be
If legs should grow on you or me,
From side to side, till each should be
Fit for a bog!
If suddenly "development"
Should turn and take a downward bent,
And you, who for a boy were meant,
Should dwindle to a frog!

But if you should, I beg of you
To keep this little tale in view,
And take it coolly, for 't is true
What can't be cured,
(This is the moral of my rhyme,)
Just wait, like polly in the slime,
And, by and by, there 'll come a time
When it can be endured.

EIGHT COUSINS.

By Louisa M. Alcott.

Chapter IX.

PHEBE'S SECRET.

"WHY do you keep smiling to yourself, Phebe?" asked Rose, as they were working together one morning, for Dr. Alec considered house-work the best sort of gymnastics for girls; so Rose took lessons of Phebe in sweeping, dusting, and bed-making.

"I was thinking about a nice little secret I know, and could n't help smiling."

"Shall I know it sometime?"

"Guess you will."

"Shall I like it?"

"Oh, wont you though!"

"Will it happen soon?"

"Sometime this week."

"I know what it is! The boys are going to have fire-works on the Fourth, and have got some surprise for me. Have n't they?"

"That 's telling."

"Well, I can wait; only tell me one thing—Is uncle in it?"

"Of course he is; there 's never any fun without him."

"Then it is all right, and sure to be nice."

Rose went out on the balcony to shake the rugs, and, having given them a vigorous beating, hung them on the balustrade to air, while she took a look at her plants. Several tall vases and jars stood there, and a month of June sun and rain had worked wonders with the seeds and slips she had planted. Morning glories and nasturtiums ran all over the bars, making haste to bloom. Scarlet beans and honeysuckles were climbing up from below to meet their pretty neighbors, and the woodbine was hanging its green festoons wherever it could cling.

The waters of the bay were dancing in the sunshine, a fresh wind stirred the chestnut-trees with a pleasant sound, and the garden below was full of roses, butterflies and bees. A great chirping and twittering went on among the birds, busy with their Summer housekeeping, and, far away, the white-winged gulls were dipping and diving in the sea, where ships, like larger birds, went sailing to and fro.

"Oh, Phebe, it 's such a lovely day, I do wish your fine secret was going to happen right away! I feel just like having a good time; don't you?" said Rose, waving her arms as if she was going to fly.

"I often feel that way, but I have to wait for my good times, and don't stop working to wish for 'em. There, now you can finish as soon as the dust settles; I must go do my stairs," and Phebe trudged away with the broom, singing as she went.

Rose leaned where she was, and fell to thinking how many good times she had had lately, for the gardening had prospered finely, and she was learning to swim and row, and there were drives and walks, and quiet hours of reading and talk with Uncle Alec, and, best of all, the old pain and ennui seldom troubled her now. She could work and play all day, sleep sweetly all night, and enjoy life with the zest of a healthy, happy child. She was far from being as strong and hearty as Phebe, but she was getting on; the once pale cheeks had color in them now, the hands were growing plump and brown, and the belt was not much too loose. No one talked to her about her health, and she forgot that she had "no constitution." She took

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no medicine but Dr. Alec's three great remedies, and they seemed to suit her excellently. Aunt Plenty said it was the pills, but as no second batch ever followed the first, I think the old lady was mistaken.

Rose looked worthy of her name as she stood smiling to herself over a happier secret than any Phebe had; a secret which she did not know herself till she found out, some years later, the magic of good health.

> "'Look only,' said the brownie,
> 'At the pretty gown of blue,
> At the kerchief pinned about her head,
> And at her little shoe,'"

said a voice from below, as a great cabbage-rose came flying against her cheek.

"What is the princess dreaming about up there in her hanging-garden?" added Dr. Alec as she fired back a morning glory.

"I was wishing I could do something pleasant this fine day; something very new and interesting, for the wind makes me feel frisky and gay."

"Suppose we take a pull over to the Island? I intended to go this afternoon; but if you feel more like it now, we can be off at once."

"I do! I do! I'll come in fifteen minutes, uncle. I *must* just scrabble my room to rights, for Phebe has got a great deal to do."

Rose caught up the rugs and vanished as she spoke, while Dr. Alec went in, saying to himself, with an indulgent smile:

"It may upset things a trifle, but half a child's pleasure consists in having their fun *when* they want it."

Never did duster flap more briskly than the one Rose used that day, and never was a room "scrabbled" to rights in such haste as hers. Tables and chairs flew into their places as if alive; curtains shook as if a gale was blowing; china rattled and small articles tumbled about as if a young earthquake was playing with them. The boating suit went on in a twinkling, and Rose was off with a hop and a skip, little dreaming how many hours it would be before she saw her pretty room again.

Uncle Alec was putting a large basket into the boat when she arrived, and before they were off Phebe came running down with a queer, knobby bundle done up in a water-proof.

"We can't eat half that luncheon, and I know we shall not need so many wraps. I would n't lumber the boat up so," said Rose, who still had secret scares when on the water.

"Could n't you make a smaller parcel, Phebe?" asked Dr. Alec, eyeing the bundle suspiciously.

"No, sir, not in such a hurry," and Phebe laughed as she gave a particularly large knob a good poke.

"Well, it will do for ballast. Don't forget the note to Mrs. Jessie, I beg of you."

"No, sir. I 'll send it right off," and Phebe ran up the bank as if she had wings to her feet.

"We 'll take a look at the light-house first, for you have not been there yet, and it is worth seeing. By the time we have done that it will be pretty warm, and we will have lunch under the trees on the Island.

Rose was ready for anything, and enjoyed her visit to the light-house on the Point very much, especially climbing up the narrow stairs and going inside the great lantern. They made a long stay, for Dr. Alec seemed in no hurry to go, and kept looking through his spy-glass as if he expected to discover something remarkable on sea or land. It was past twelve before they reached the Island, and Rose was ready for her lunch long before she got it.

"Now this *is* lovely! I do wish the boys were here. Wont it be nice to have them with us all their vacation? Why, it begins to-day, does n't it? Oh, I wish I 'd remembered it sooner, and perhaps they would have come with us," she said, as they lay luxuriously eating sandwiches under the old apple-tree.

"So we might. Next time we wont be in such a hurry. I expect the lads will take our heads off when they find us out," answered Dr. Alec, placidly drinking cold tea.

"Uncle, I smell a frying sort of a smell," Rose said, pausing suddenly as she was putting away the remains of the lunch half-an-hour later.

"So do I; it is fish, I think."

For a moment they both sat with their noses in the air, sniffing like hounds; then Dr. Alec sprang up, saying with great decision:

"Now this wont do! No one is permitted on this island without asking leave. I must see who dares to fry fish on my private property."

Taking the basket on one arm and the bundle on the other, he strode away toward the traitorous smell, looking as fierce as a lion, while Rose marched behind under her umbrella.

"We are Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday going to see if the savages have come," she said presently, for her fancy was full of the dear old stories that all children love so well.

"And there they are! Two tents and two boats, as I live! These rascals mean to enjoy themselves, that 's evident."

"There ought to be more boats and no tents. I wonder where the prisoners are?"

"There are traces of them," and Dr. Alec pointed to the heads and tails of fishes strewn on the grass.

"And there are more," said Rose, laughing, as

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she pointed to a scarlet heap of what looked like lobsters.

"The savages are probably eating their victims now; don't you hear the knives rattle in that tent?"

"We ought to creep up and peep; Crusoe was cautious, you know, and Friday scared out of his wits," added Rose, still keeping up the joke.

"But this Crusoe is going to pounce upon them regardless of consequences. If I am killed and eaten, you seize the basket and run for the boat; there are provisions enough for your voyage home."

With that Uncle Alec slipped round to the front of the tent, and, casting in the big bundle like a bombshell, roared out, in a voice of thunder:

"Pirates, surrender!"

A crash, a shout, a laugh, and out came the savages, brandishing knives and forks, chicken bones and tin mugs, and all fell upon the intruder, pummeling him unmercifully as they cried:

"You came too soon! We are not half ready! You've spoilt it all! Where is Rose?"

"Here I am," answered a half-stifled voice, and Rose was discovered sitting on the pile of red flannel bathing-clothes, which she had mistaken for lobsters, and where she had fallen in a fit of merriment when she discovered that the cannibals were her merry cousins.

"You good for nothing boys! You are always bursting out upon me in some ridiculous way, and I always get taken in because I'm not used to such pranks. Uncle is as bad as the rest, and it's great fun," she said, as the lads came round her, half scolding, half welcoming, and wholly enjoying the double surprise.

UNCLE ALEC'S RECEPTION.

"You were not to come till afternoon, and mamma was to be here to receive you. Everything is in a mess now, except your tent; we got that in order the first thing, and you can sit there and see us work," said Archie, doing the honors as usual.

"Rose felt it in her bones, as Dolly says, that something was in the wind, and wanted to be off at once. So I let her come, and should have kept her away an hour longer if your fish had not betrayed you," explained Uncle Alec, subsiding from a ferocious Crusoe into his good-natured self again.

"As this seat is rather damp, I think I'll rise," said Rose, as the excitement lessened a little.

Several fishy hands helped her up, and Charlie

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said, as he scattered the scarlet garments over the grass with an oar:

"We had a jolly good swim before dinner, and I told the Brats to spread these to dry. Hope you brought *your* things, Rose, for you belong to the Lobsters, you know, and we can have no end of fun teaching you to dive and float and tread water."

"I did n't bring anything ——" began Rose, but was interrupted by the Brats (otherwise Will and Geordie), who appeared bearing the big bundle, so much demoralized by its fall that a red flannel tunic trailed out at one end, and a little blue dressing-gown at the other, while the knobs proved to be a toilet-case, rubbers, and a silver mug.

"Oh, that sly Phebe! This was the secret, and she bundled up those things after I went down to the boat," cried Rose, with sparkling eyes.

"Guess something is smashed inside, for a bit of glass fell out," observed Will as they deposited the bundle at her feet.

"Catch a girl going anywhere without a looking-glass. We have n't got one among the whole lot of us," added Mac, with masculine scorn.

"Dandy has; I caught him touching up his wig behind the trees after our swim," cut in Geordie, wagging a derisive finger at Steve, who promptly silenced him by a smart rap on the head with the drum-stick he had just polished off.

"Come, come, you lazy lubbers, fall to work, or we shall not be ready for mamma. Take Rose's things to her tent, and tell her all about it, Prince. Mac and Steve, you cut away and bring up the rest of the straw; and you small chaps clear off the table, if you have stuffed all you can. Please, uncle, I 'd like your advice about the boundary lines and the best place for the kitchen."

Every one obeyed the Chief, and Rose was escorted to her bower by Charlie, who devoted himself to her service. She was charmed with her quarters, and still more so with the programme which he unfolded before her as they worked.

"We always camp out somewhere in vacation, and this year we thought we 'd try the Island. It is handy, and our fire-works will show off well from here."

"Shall we stay over the Fourth? Three whole days! Oh, me! what a frolic it will be!"

"Bless your heart, we often camp for a week, we big fellows; but this year the small chaps wanted to come, so we let them. We have great larks, as you 'll see; for we have a cave and play Captain Kidd, and have shipwrecks, and races, and all sorts of games. Arch and I are rather past that kind of thing now, but we do it to please the children," added Charlie, with a sudden recollection of his sixteen years.

"I had no idea boys had such good times. Their plays never seemed a bit interesting before. But I suppose that was because I never knew any boys very well, or perhaps you are unusually nice ones," observed Rose, with an artless air of appreciation that was very flattering.

"We are a pretty clever set, I fancy; but we have a good many advantages, you see. There are a tribe of us, to begin with; then our family has been here for ages, and we have plenty of 'spondulics,' so we can rather lord it over the other fellows and do as we like. There, ma'am, you can hang your smashed glass on that nail and do up your back hair as fine as you please. You can have a blue blanket or a red one, and a straw pillow or an air cushion for your head, whichever you like. You can trim up to any extent, and be as free and easy as squaws in a wigwam, for this corner is set apart for you ladies, and we never cross the line uncle is drawing until we ask leave. Anything more I can do for you, cousin?"

"No, thank you. I think I 'll leave the rest till auntie comes, and go and help you somewhere else, if I may."

"Yes, indeed, come on and see to the kitchen. Can you cook?" asked Charlie, as he led the way to the rocky nook where Archie was putting up a sail-cloth awning.

"I can make tea and toast bread."

"Well, we 'll show you how to fry fish and make chowder. Now you just set these pots and pans round tastefully, and sort of tidy up a bit, for Aunt Jessie insists on doing some of the work, and I want it to be decent here."

By four o'clock the camp was in order, and the weary workers settled down on Lookout Rock to watch for Mrs. Jessie and Jamie, who was never far from mamma's apron-string. They looked like a flock of blue-birds, all being in sailor rig, with blue ribbon enough flying from the seven hats to have set up a milliner. Very tuneful blue-birds they were too, for all the lads sang, and the echo of their happy voices reached Mrs. Jessie long before she saw them.

The moment the boat hove in sight up went the Island flag, and the blue-jackets cheered lustily, as they did on every possible occasion, like true young Americans. This welcome was answered by the flapping of a handkerchief and the shrill "Ra! Ra! Ra!" of the one small tar who stood in the stern waving his hat manfully, while a maternal hand clutched him firmly in the rear.

Cleopatra landing from her golden galley never received a heartier greeting than "Little Mum" as she was borne to her tent by the young folk, for love of whom she smilingly resigned herself to three days of discomfort. While Jamie immediately

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attached himself to Rose, assuring her of his protection from the manifold perils which might assail them.

Taught by long experience that boys are *always* hungry, Aunt Jessie soon proposed supper, and proceeded to get it, enveloped in an immense apron, with an old hat of Archie's stuck a-top of her cap. Rose helped, and tried to be as handy as Phebe, though the peculiar style of table she had to set made it no easy task. It was accomplished at last, and a very happy party lay about under the trees, eating and drinking out of any one's plate and cup, and quite untroubled by the frequent appearance of ants and spiders in places which these interesting insects are not expected to adorn.

"I never thought I should like to wash dishes, but I do," said Rose, as she sat in a boat after supper lazily rinsing plates in the sea, and rocking luxuriously as she wiped them.

"Mum is mighty particular; *we* just give 'em a scrub with sand, and dust 'em off with a bit of paper. It 's much the best way, *I* think," replied Geordie, who reposed in another boat alongside.

"How Phebe would like this. I wonder uncle did not have her come."

"I believe he tried to, but Dolly was as cross as two sticks and said she could n't spare her. I 'm sorry, for we all like the Phebe bird, and she 'd chirp like a good one out here, would n't she?"

"She ought to have a holiday like the rest of us. It 's too bad to leave her out."

This thought came back to Rose several times that evening, for Phebe would have added much to the little concert they had in the moonlight, would have enjoyed the stories told, been quick at guessing the conundrums, and laughed with all her heart at the fun. The merry going to bed would have been best of all, for Rose wanted some one to cuddle under the blue blanket with her, there to whisper and giggle and tell secrets, as girls delight to do.

Long after the rest were asleep, Rose lay wide awake, excited by the novelty of all about her, and a thought that had come into her mind. Far away she heard a city clock strike twelve; a large star like a mild eye peeped in at the opening of the tent, and the soft plash of the waves seemed calling her to come out. Aunt Jessie lay fast asleep, with Jamie rolled up like a kitten at her feet, and neither stirred as Rose in her wrapper crept out to see how the world looked at midnight.

She found it very lovely, and sat down on a cracker keg to enjoy it with a heart full of the innocent sentiment of her years. Fortunately, Dr. Alec saw her before she had time to catch cold, for coming out to tie back the door-flap of his tent for more air, he beheld the small figure perched in the moonlight. Having no fear of ghosts, he quietly approached, and, seeing that she was wide awake, said, with a hand on her shining hair:

"What is my girl doing here?"

"Having a good time," answered Rose, not at all startled.

"I wonder what she was thinking about with such a sober look?"

"The story you told of the brave sailor who gave up his place on the raft to the woman, and the last drop of water to the poor baby. People who make sacrifices are very much loved and admired, are n't they?" she asked, earnestly.

"If the sacrifice is a true one. But many of the bravest never are known, and get no praise. That does not lessen their beauty, though perhaps it makes them harder, for we all like sympathy," and Dr. Alec sighed a patient sort of sigh.

"I suppose you have made a great many? Would you mind telling me one of them?" asked Rose, arrested by the sigh.

"My last was to give up smoking," was the very unromantic answer to her pensive question.

"Why did you?"

"Bad example for the boys."

"That was very good of you, uncle! Was it hard?"

"I 'm ashamed to say it was. But as a wise old fellow once said, 'It is necessary to do right; it is not necessary to be happy.'"

Rose pondered over the saying as if it pleased her, and then said, with a clear, bright look:

"A real sacrifice is giving up something you want or enjoy very much, is n't it?"

"Yes."

"Doing it one's own self because one loves another person very much and wants her to be happy?"

"Yes."

"And doing it pleasantly, and being glad about it, and not minding the praise if it does n't come?"

"Yes, dear, that is the true spirit of self-sacrifice; you seem to understand it, and I dare say you will have many chances in your life to try the real thing. I hope they wont be very hard ones."

"I think they will," began Rose, and there stopped short.

"Well, make one now, and go to sleep, or my girl will be ill to-morrow, and then the aunts will say camping out was bad for her."

"I 'll go—good night!" and throwing him a kiss, the little ghost vanished, leaving Uncle Alec to pace the shore and think about some of the unsuspected sacrifices that had made him what he was.

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CHAPTER X.

ROSE'S SACRIFICE.

THERE certainly were "larks" on Campbell's Island next day, as Charlie had foretold, and Rose took her part in them like one intent on enjoying every minute to the utmost. There was a merry breakfast, a successful fishing expedition, and then the lobsters came out in full force, for even Aunt Jessie appeared in red flannel. There was nothing Uncle Alec could not do in the water, and the boys tried their best to equal him in strength and skill, so there was a great diving and ducking, for every one was bent on distinguishing himself.

Rose swam far out beyond her depth, with uncle to float her back; Aunt Jessie splashed placidly in the shallow pools, with Jamie paddling near by like a little whale beside its mother; while the lads careered about, looking like a flock of distracted flamingoes, and acting like the famous dancing party in "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland."

Nothing but chowder would have lured them from their gambols in the briny deep; that time-honored dish demanded the concentrated action of several mighty minds; so the "Water Babies" came ashore and fell to cooking.

It is unnecessary to say that, when done, it was the most remarkable chowder ever cooked, and the quantity eaten would have amazed the world if the secret had been divulged. After this exertion a siesta was considered the thing, and people lay about in tents or out as they pleased, the boys looking like warriors slumbering where they fell.

The elders had just settled to a comfortable nap when the youngsters rose, refreshed and ready for further exploits. A hint sent them all off to the cave, and there were discovered bows and arrows, battle clubs, old swords, and various relics of an interesting nature. Perched upon a commanding rock, with Jamie to "splain" things to her, Rose beheld a series of stirring scenes enacted with great vigor and historical accuracy by her gifted relatives.

Captain Cook was murdered by the natives of Owhyhee in the most thrilling manner. Captain Kidd buried untold wealth in the chowder kettle at the dead of night, and shot both the trusting villains who shared the secret of the hiding-place. Sinbad came ashore there and had manifold adventures, and numberless wrecks bestrewed the sands.

Rose considered them by far the most exciting dramas she had ever witnessed, and when the performance closed with a grand ballet of Feejee Islanders, whose barbaric yells alarmed the gulls, she had no words in which to express her gratification.

Another swim at sunset, another merry evening on the rocks watching the lighted steamers pass seaward and the pleasure-boats come into port, ended the second day of the camping out, and sent every one to bed early that they might be ready for the festivities of the morrow.

"Archie, did n't I hear uncle ask you to row home in the morning for fresh milk and things?"

"Yes; why?"

"Please, may I go too? I have something of *great* importance to arrange; you know I was carried off in a hurry," Rose said in a confidential whisper as she was bidding her cousins good-night.

"I 'm willing, and I guess Charlie wont mind."

"Thank you; be sure you stand by me when I ask leave in the morning, and don't say anything till then, except to Charlie. Promise," urged Rose, so eagerly that Archie struck an attitude, and cried dramatically:

"By yonder moon I swear!"

"Hush! it 's all right, go along;" and Rose departed as if satisfied.

"She 's a queer little thing, is n't she, Prince?"

"Rather a nice little thing, *I* think. I 'm quite fond of her."

Rose's quick ears caught both remarks, and she retired to her tent, saying to herself with sleepy dignity:

"Little thing indeed! Those boys talk as if I was a baby. They will treat me with more respect after to-morrow, I guess."

Archie did stand by her in the morning, and her request was readily granted, as the lads were coming directly back. Off they went, and Rose waved her hand to the islanders with a somewhat pensive air, for an heroic purpose glowed within her, and the spirit of self-sacrifice was about to be illustrated in a new and touching manner.

While the boys got the milk Rose ran to Phebe, ordered her to leave her dishes, to put on her hat and take a note back to Uncle Alec, which would explain this somewhat mysterious performance. Phebe obeyed, and when she went to the boat Rose accompanied her, telling the boys she was not ready to go yet, but they could some of them come for her when she hung a white signal on her balcony.

"But why not come now? What are you about, miss? Uncle wont like it," protested Charlie, in great amazement.

"Just do as I tell you, little boy; uncle will understand and explain. Obey, as Phebe does, and ask no questions. *I* can have secrets as well as other people;" and Rose walked off with an air

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of lofty independence that impressed her friends immensely.

"It's some plot between uncle and herself, so we wont meddle. All right, Phebe? Pull away, Prince;" and off they went, to be received with much surprise by the islanders.

This was the note Phebe bore:

DEAR UNCLE: I am going to take Phebe's place to-day, and let her have all the fun she can. Please don't mind what *she* says, but *keep* her, and tell the boys to be very good to her for my sake. Don't think it is easy to do this; it is *very* hard to give up the best day of all, but I feel so selfish to have all the pleasure, and Phebe none, that I wish to make this *sacrifice*. Do let me, and don't laugh at it; I truly do *not* wish to be praised, and I truly want to do it. Love to all from ROSE.

"Bless the little dear, what a generous heart she has! Shall we go after her, Jessie, or let her have her way?" said Dr. Alec, after the first mingled amusement and astonishment had subsided.

"Let her alone, and don't spoil her little sacrifice. She means it, I know, and the best way in which we can show our respect for her effort is to give Phebe a pleasant day. I 'm sure she has earned it;" and Mrs. Jessie made a sign to the boys to suppress their disappointment and exert themselves to please Rose's guest.

Phebe was with difficulty kept from going straight home, and declared that she should not enjoy herself one bit without Miss Rose.

"She wont hold out all day, and we shall see her paddling back before noon, I 'll wager anything," said Charlie; and the rest so strongly inclined to his opinion that they resigned themselves to the loss of the little queen of the revels, sure that it would be only a temporary one.

But hour after hour passed, and no signal appeared on the balcony, though Phebe watched it hopefully. No passing boat brought the truant back, though more than one pair of eyes looked out for the bright hair under the round hat; and sunset came, bringing no Rose, but the lovely color in the western sky.

"I really did not think the child had it in her. I fancied it was a bit of sentiment, but I see she *was* in earnest and means that her sacrifice shall be a true one. Dear little soul! I 'll make it up to her a thousand times over, and beg her pardon for thinking it might be done for effect," Dr. Alec said remorsefully as he strained his eyes through the dusk, fancying he saw a small figure sitting in the garden as it had sat on the keg the night before, laying the generous little plot that had cost more than he could guess.

"Well, she can't help seeing the fire-works, anyway, unless she is goose enough to think she must hide in a dark closet and not look," said Archie, who was rather disgusted at Rose's seeming ingratitude.

"She will see ours capitally, but miss the big ones on the hill, unless papa has forgotten all about them," added Steve, cutting short the harangue Mac had begun upon the festivals of the ancients.

"I 'm sure the sight of her will be better than the finest fire-works that ever went off," said Phebe, meditating an elopement with one of the boats if she could get a chance.

"Let things work; if she resists the brilliant invitation we give her she will be a heroine," added Uncle Alec, secretly hoping that she would not.

Meanwhile Rose had spent a quiet, busy day helping Dolly, waiting on Aunt Peace, and steadily resisting Aunt Plenty's attempts to send her back to the happy island. It had been hard in the morning to come in from the bright world outside, with flags flying, cannon booming, crackers popping, and every one making ready for a holiday, and go to washing cups, while Dolly grumbled and the aunts lamented. It was very hard to see the day go by, knowing how gay each hour must have been across the water, and how a word from her would take her where she longed to be with all her heart. But it was hardest of all when evening came and Aunt Peace was asleep, Aunt Plenty seeing a gossip in the parlor, Dolly established in the porch to enjoy the show, and nothing left for the little maid to do but sit alone in her balcony and watch the gay rockets whizz up from island, hill, and city, while bands played and boats laden with happy people went to and fro in the fitful light.

Then it must be confessed that a tear or two dimmed the blue eyes, and once when a very brilliant display illuminated the island for a moment, and she fancied she saw the tents, the curly head went down on the railing, and a wide-awake nasturtium heard a little whisper:

"I hope some one wishes I was there!"

The tears were all gone, however, and she was watching the hill and island answer each other with what Jamie called "whizzers, whirligigs, and busters," and smiling as she thought how hard the boys must be working to keep up such a steady fire, when Uncle Mac came walking in upon her, saying hurriedly:

"Come, child, put on your tippet, pelisse, or whatever you call it, and run off with me. I came to get Phebe, but aunt says she is gone, so I want you. I 've got Fun down in the boat, and I want you to go with us and see my fire-works. Got them up for you, and you must n't miss them, or I shall be disappointed."

"But, uncle," began Rose, feeling as if she ought to refuse even a glimpse of bliss, "perhaps ——"

"I know, my dear, I know; aunt told me; but

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no one needs you now so much as I do, and I insist on your coming," said Uncle Mac, who seemed in a great hurry to be off, yet was unusually kind.

So Rose went and found the little Chinaman with a funny lantern waiting to help her in and convulse her with laughter trying to express his emotions in pigeon English. The city clocks were striking nine as they got out into the bay, and the island fire-works seemed to be over, for no rocket answered the last Roman candle that shone on the Aunt-hill.

"Ours are done, I see, but they are going up all round the city, and how pretty they are," said Rose, folding her mantle about her and surveying the scene with a pensive interest.

"Hope my fellows have not got into trouble up there," muttered Uncle Mac, adding, with a satisfied chuckle, as a spark shone out, "No; there it goes! Look, Rosy, and see how you like this one; it was ordered especially in honor of your coming."

Rose looked with all her eyes and saw the spark grow into the likeness of a golden vase, then green leaves came out, and then a crimson flower glowing on the darkness with a splendid luster.

"Is it a rose, uncle?" she asked, clasping her hands with delight as she recognized the handsome flower.

"Of course it is! Look again, and guess what those are," answered Uncle Mac, chuckling and enjoying it all like a boy.

A wreath of what looked at first like purple brooms appeared below the vase, but Rose guessed what they were meant for and stood straight up, holding by his shoulder, and crying excitedly:

"Thistles, uncle, Scotch thistles! There are seven of them—one for each boy! Oh, what a joke!" and she laughed so that she plumped into the bottom of the boat and stayed there till the brilliant spectacle was quite gone.

THE FIRE-WORKS.

"That was rather a neat thing, I flatter myself," said Uncle Mac in high glee at the success of his illumination. "Now shall I leave you on the island or take you home again, my good little girl?" he added, lifting her up with such a tone of approbation in his voice that Rose kissed him on the spot.

"Home, please, uncle, and I thank you very, very much for the beautiful fire-work you got up for me. I'm so glad I saw it; and I know I shall dream about it."

(To be continued.)

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BABY'S SKIES.

By M. C. Bartlett.

Would you know the baby's skies?
Baby's skies are mamma's eyes.
Mamma's eyes and smile, together
Make the baby's pleasant weather.

Mamma, keep your eyes from tears,
Keep your heart from foolish fears,
Keep your lips from dull complaining,
Lest the baby think 't is raining.

THE BOY-SCULPTOR.

By Emily Noyes.

Four hundred years ago, in the gardens of the Medici Palace, might be seen a party of the young friends of Piero de Medici, who had been dismissed from the learned talk of the savants and artists who surrounded the hospitable table of "Lorenzo the Magnificent," as he is often called.

There had been an unusual fall of snow for the warm climate of Italy, and it lay before them on the ground in that soft, tempting whiteness that school-boys like so well. It covered the statues and fountains, and made grotesque figures of the shrubs, which were cut in curious forms.

"Let us make statues, and decorate this gallery," proposed one, a youth of fourteen.

"Of what?" said another.

"Of the snow," replied the first speaker, named Michael Angelo; and with merry shouts they plunged into the snow, without a thought of their costumes of velvet and lace, carrying it and piling it in masses at different places along the gallery, and shaping it into some rude resemblance of the human form, which did not much differ, I dare say, from the "old snow-man" of the boys of the nineteenth century.

But Michael Angelo saw in the distance the statue of a faun, headless and much injured, which had been brought from some old ruin.

"Ah! I will make a head to this faun," and he began shaping and molding the damp snow.

As he worked, his companions gathered around him and looked on, forgetting their own sport in watching him, as gradually the head began to appear and grew under his touch into a real face with good features.

Then standing, watching the effect of each motion, "He must be sardonic,—fauns laugh!" said the boy as he gave an upward turn with his finger to the corner of the mouth. "There! that is not bad; and one can always do what one loves. I have drawn in the love of sculpture with the milk of my nurse. Her husband is a sculptor, and, from a baby, I have played making statues."

Stepping back to get a good look at his work, he ran against some one, and, to his amazement, discovered it was the great noble himself, who, followed by all his guests, had entered the gallery the youthful artists were decorating for them, while they were so engaged as not to perceive them.

They all stopped to comment on the statues, and approaching the faun, Lorenzo said:

"This is rather the work of one entering upon the career of a master, than the attempt of a novice. But, Michael, do you know that this is a statue of an *old* faun, and the old do not have all their teeth? You have given him more than *we* have. Is it not so, my friends?"

"You are right, my lord;" and, with one stroke, Michael knocked out a tooth and made the hollow in the gum which showed its loss.

Every one was delighted with this intelligent and

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discriminating act, and applauded him with enthusiasm, showering praises and prophesies of future fame on the young sculptor.

Among the noble guests were his father and his uncle, who had sternly discouraged all Michael's attempts at art, and deemed it an unworthy thing that the heir of the princely house of Canossa should handle the sculptor's chisel even in sport. But now, flattered by the praise of Lorenzo, the great patron of art, they looked smilingly on, and Michael knew, as he rode home that night with his austere relations, that his long-forbidden love of art could now be indulged; the glory of his boyhood's dreams was to become the glory of his life.

Who can tell what forms of beauty and visions of fame flitted through his excited brain, wild with the delight of Lorenzo's notice?

Could he foresee the wonderful creations which would make a world stand in silent admiration and awe?

Could he know that under the dome of St. Peter's at Rome, the most magnificent Christian temple on the earth, people of all nations would come to do him homage?

Let us follow his career. At nineteen he made a beautiful group in marble of the dead Christ in his mother's lap. He carved the colossal statue of the young David for the Ducal palace of Florence. He designed, and in part completed, the grand mausoleum for Julius II., the central figure of which is Moses, at which he worked over forty years; and the reclining figures of Day and Night, Morning and Evening, are so much admired that they are to be reproduced on a monument soon to be erected to Michael Angelo at the scene of his labors.

There are but few paintings of his on canvas, for he is said to have had a contempt for easel pictures.

The Pope sent for him to come and decorate the walls of his chapel at the Vatican. The architects did not know how to construct a scaffolding which would enable him to reach the ceiling, and he invented one; and also a curious paper cap, which would hold a candle in the front, and thus leave his hands free to work at night. He covered the ceilings with beautiful paintings of scenes taken from the Old Testament. Thirty years afterward, he painted on the end wall of the chapel the wonderful picture of "The Last Judgment." Thousands of people visit it every year, and gaze on it with reverence and wonder and delight, for it is one of the greatest pictures in the world.

St. Peter's was the closing work of his life. Begun long before, many artists had worked upon it—many architects had made plans for it; but it was left to Michael Angelo to raise the dome, and to leave such a perfect model for its completion, that it now stands as the crowning glory of his fame.

And it was the work of an old man. At seventy, other men generally lay down their life's labor, but he commenced the painting of "The Last Judgment;" and the building of St. Peter's was in progress at the time of his death, when he was ninety.

With all his great powers, he was not unmindful of little things. Nothing was too trivial for care. The designing of a crucifix for a lady's wear; the candelabra for the chapel; the costume of the Papal Guard, still worn, show his minute attention to detail. In all his works we see the same intelligent thought that was manifested in the molding of the faun's mouth, his boyhood's triumph.

Nobly was the prediction of Lorenzo de Medici fulfilled, "that it was the work of one entering upon the career of a master." In Michael Angelo, the Great Master of Art, who at ninety stood among the honored of the world, ripened all the promise of the boy who, more than seventy years before, modeled the snow-face, for an hour's pastime, in the gardens of the Medici Palace.

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THE NEW-COMER.

(A recent arrival at the Central Park Zoological Gardens.)

Drawn from life by F. S. CHURCH.

COLD GRAY STONES.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

"COLD gray stones," indeed! I 'm just about tired of this. Even a stone, if you hit it *too* hard, will flash out at you.

In the story of the foolish seed that did n't believe the song of the canary, and that found a shelter between myself and my brother, twice are we called "cold gray stones." There are the words. You can see them for yourself in the number of ST. NICHOLAS for last December.

Now, I 'd like to know what that poor little seed would have done if *we* had n't given her a home? She would have been scorched by the sun, rotted by the rain, or snapped up by the first bird that came along.

It was n't our fault that she did n't turn into a flower; we did the best we could for her.

And as for our not caring for anything, and nothing caring for us, I say—and say it flatly—that 's not true!

The Moss family is, and always has been, very much attached to us. It clings to us long after the Summer months have departed, and every one knows there can be no better love than that which outlasts the Summer.

And the toads—the only animals that have jewels in their heads they don't have to pay for—have quite an affection for us.

They come and sit beneath our shade in the

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long, hot days, and sleep and dream the hours away, or pass their time telling us wonderful tales of the strange places they have hopped over.

And the beetles,—honest old fellows,—who don't care for houses, but live in cosey underground cellars, what would they do without stones to keep the rain off?

Just turn us over some day, and you 'll see the many-legged creatures running nimbly about; but turn us back again quickly, for we don't like to have the poor things frightened, though we "*have* no more heart than a stone."

And now I am going to tell you about two "cold gray stones," cousins of mine, who live in a great tiresome city.

The wind brought the story to me, and so you may be sure it is all true.

These cousins were part of the back-yard of a wretched little house, and in the wretched little house lived a pale, blue-eyed child.

The poor child had never seen anything growing but the straggling grass that tried to force its way up here and there in the dirty streets, and she never caught but a glimpse of the blue sky, because all the rest was hidden by the tall, gloomy houses around her.

"Oh, dear!" said one of my cousins to the other, one day; "how I wish she could see a flower!" when along came the Wind in a great hurry, as he almost always is.

"Puff, puff!" said he; "how hot you are here! How do you do?"

"Same as ever," said my cousin; "but what are you carrying?"

"A few seeds," answered the Wind, "I picked up miles from here, and I 'm looking for some good, rich earth to drop them on."

"Dear Wind," said my cousins, "*do* drop some here."

"Here!" said the Wind, and he laughed until the wretched little house shook. "What good would they do here? I see plenty of dirt—ha! ha! ho! ho!—but no earth—ho! ho! ha! ha!"

"There is a crevice between us," said my cousin, "where there is a little earth (*do* stop laughing for a moment, and look, dear Wind), and we think a flower *might* grow there. *Please* give us *one* seed, and we will hide it from the birds, and protect it from careless footsteps, and watch it carefully until it grows to gladden the heart of the pale, blue-eyed child."

"All right," said the Wind, and he blew a seed in the crack between the "two cold gray stones," and then fled, laughing, around the corner.

And the seed took root, and sent up two bright green leaves to tell the stones that there were more on the way; and the blue-eyed child, coming into the back-yard to look at the patch of sky, one morning, spied them and clapped her little hands with gladness.

And from that day, as the plant grew and grew, she became happier and happier; and when a fragrant purple and white flower opened to the sun, her joy knew no bounds.

And with each succeeding blossom came new joy, and so the child was happy all Summer long.

And my cousins looked on and were well content.

My sermon is finished. I suppose you know the greatest writer that ever lived said we could preach?

Yes, sir. He said there were sermons in us. You have got to acknowledge that, if you do call us "cold gray stones."

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PLEASANT-SPOKEN.

By the Author of "Rutledge."

AMY DAVIS was a little girl not much more than six years old, gentle and kind, and just the sort of child that I should have liked for my very own.

She had always lived in the city; but in the Spring, a year or two ago, her father bought a home for them in the country, and there they all went to live. The *all* were her papa and mamma, her older brother Robbie, herself, and two very good servants (sometimes a little cross about the kitchen floor, when it was just scrubbed, but otherwise very kind).

Amy was delighted to live in the country. She never tired of playing in the garden and the barn, and of finding nice new shady little places all about the yard, under lilac-bushes or syringa-bushes, to which she could crawl on her hands and knees; and of finding little beds of daffodils and periwinkle in the grass, and sometimes a star-of-Bethlehem. For everything was very old-fashioned, and the new home was n't a "country seat," and there was n't any lawn nor any drive, nor any gate-house.

One day in the latter part of April, Amy came in from the yard, with an apronful of corn-cobs. I don't know what she meant to do with them, but she thought them very nice, and she was going through the kitchen with them on her way to her own room, when she saw some one sitting in the dining-room by the door. The two servants were working in the kitchen, and taking no notice of this old woman, who was sitting with her bonnet on, and a walking-stick beside her. Amy thought she looked like the old woman in fairy stories (only she was a black woman), and she wanted to go back and ask the servants about her; but she was afraid the old woman had seen her, and would n't like it. The old woman had, and she put out her hand and said:

"Wont you come and speak to me, little miss?"

She was very tall and thin, and very queer-looking; she was so very straight and stiff, and she had such long and bony hands. Her bonnet came very far over her face, like the old women's bonnets in picture-books. Amy would have liked to go away. But the old woman put out her hand again, and said:

"Wont you come and speak to me, little miss?"

So Amy very shyly went up to her, and laid her little white hand in hers. The old woman patted it very gently with her other hand, and then let it go.

"I am old Sarah," she said, "that used to live with your grandmother, when your mamma was a little girl. Did n't she ever tell you about old Sarah?"

Amy could not remember that she had, but she did not like to say so, for fear old Sarah might feel badly; so she hung down her head, and said may be mamma had, but she could not remember.

"Ah, well!" old Sarah said, and gave a sigh, "it 's a great while ago. I should n't wonder if she 'd forgotten all about me. But I 'll wait and see her; I suppose she 'll soon be in."

The sigh troubled Amy a good deal; she hoped her mamma had n't forgotten all about the poor old colored woman. She slipped away and went into the kitchen, and asked the servants, in a whisper, if they knew when her mamma was coming back.

"I 'm expecting she 'll be in any minute," said the cook.

So Amy went back to the dining-room, and said:

"Mamma will be in very soon, and I think she 'll be very glad to see you."

Sarah said: "Thank you. I think you are a nice little girl."

Then Amy blushed a little, but felt pleased, and, gathering up her apron with the cobs a little tighter, went sideways out of the door, not knowing what she ought to say, or whether she ought not to stay a little longer. But when she got upstairs she felt quite easy, and, in fact, soon forgot about the visitor. She cleared a corner of her room, and began to build in it a house of cobs, and that kept her happy and busy for some time. She put her dolls in it, and some of her doll-house furniture. After playing for some time, she thought the house would be nicer if it had a door. So she started down-stairs, putting her hat and sack on as she went, to hunt in the barn for a block, left by the carpenters, that would answer for that purpose. On her way she remembered old Sarah, and, wondering whether mamma were yet come in, she went softly to the dining-room door. No, mamma had not come in. There sat the old woman, looking rather weary; and in the kitchen beyond worked

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the servants, chatting together and not taking any notice of her.

"I wish they 'd talk to her," thought Amy, "and then she would n't feel so lonesome."

Then she thought, "May be *I* ought to talk to her." And then she wondered what she could talk about. "May be she 'd like to look at my best doll," she thought, at last.

Who could help liking to look at that! So Amy ran upstairs again, and went into her mother's room, and climbed up to the big drawer in the old-fashioned bureau, where the best doll was kept, and took her out, and the trunk of clothes that belonged to her. Then she went down softly into the dining-room. Sarah looked up when she went in.

"Would you like to see my best doll?" said Amy, shyly going up to her.

"That I should," said old Sarah, looking pleased.

Amy brought a chair, to put the trunk on, and she stood at Sarah's side herself, and held the doll so that Sarah could see.

"This is her traveling-dress," said Amy.

"Her traveling-dress!" said Sarah, holding up her hands. "Do dolls have traveling-dresses?"

"O yes," said Amy, "and morning-dresses, and party-dresses. And here are her combs and brushes. And here is her muff. And do you want to see her shoes and stockings? And she has got a camels'-hair shawl; yes, real camels' hair. And a pocket-handkerchief with thread lace on it."

"O dear, dear!" said Sarah, who did not know much about such things.

"She came all the way from Paris," went on Amy, finding plenty to say now. "My Aunt Lisa brought her to me when she came home last year."

"Your Aunty Lisa! O, what a pretty little girl she used to be. She 's a big lady now, I suppose, and wont remember Sarah."

Then Amy told her all about her Aunty Lisa, and all about her doll; and, by and by, her mamma came in, and was very glad to see old Sarah, and remembered her very well, and made her stay and get her dinner.

That afternoon, when the old woman was going out of the kitchen door, having said good-bye to Amy's mamma and Amy in the parlor, she said to the servants that little Amy was a very "pleasant-spoken" little girl, and she wished there were more children like her.

"Yes," said the cook, "she 's one of the pleasantest-spoken little girls I ever knew, and very nice to get along with; makes as little trouble in the house as a child could."

Now let me tell you what came of it; not that we must always expect anything to come of being good and kind. We shall generally feel happier for being so, and other people will love us; and, best of all, the blessed Lord will be satisfied with us. And surely that is enough to come of doing what is right. But, in this case, Amy had a pleasure beside.

One day late in May, old Sarah stopped at the gate, and said to Amy, who was playing with Robby in the yard:

"I want you to come down to my place to-morrow morning. I 've got a present for you."

Amy looked pleased, and said: "May Robby come, too?"

"Yes," said Sarah, "if he wants to. But the present is for you."

Amy laughed with pleasure. She liked presents very much. Old Sarah leaned over the gate and talked a few minutes, and then nodded good-bye and went away, hobbling strangely as she walked, for she was troubled with "poor feet," as she had told Amy. Before she was ten steps away, Robby was hobbling along the path like her, and telling Amy, in a funny voice, he had a present for her down at his place, and she must come and get it.

"Don't, Robby," said Amy, growing very red, too much frightened to laugh; "don't, she will hear you, if you don't take care."

It was dreadful to Amy's kind little heart to think of making any one ashamed and hurt.

The next morning, after breakfast, they were both ready to start, Robby as much interested as Amy, though he pretended to laugh at the present. Amy looked very nice, in her clean calico dress and white apron, and white sun-bonnet. Robby had on a sailor-suit, and his hat on the back of his head. He held Amy's hand, because it was quite a long walk, and his mother had told him to take care of Amy. As they went along, they amused themselves in guessing what the present would be.

"I think it will be a rose-bush," said Amy. "A rose-bush and some roses on it."

"I think it will be a jar of sweetmeats," said Robby.

"Mamma thinks it will be a bunch of flowers," said Amy.

"I don't believe it will be worth going for," said Robby, before they got there, feeling tired.

"Well, I don't know," returned Amy, a little discouraged. "I shall like anything if it 's only a little nice."

"A great bunch of lilacs."

"O, it 's too late for lilacs."

"Or some sour plums made into a jam."

"O, don't, Robby," said Amy, ready to cry.

"Or a big geranium that smells like fish, in a red pot, and no flowers on it, like the one the cook has in the kitchen."

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Amy took her hand away from him, and walked on by herself. She thought he was very unkind. He might see she was getting a little uneasy, and was feeling disappointed in advance. But he did not see, and went on teasing all the way down the road.

At last they got there. Old Sarah was standing in the door of her little house, talking to a man driving a load of wood. Robby whispered that it was kind o' queer to see an old woman so straight and tall, and with short hair, too, just like a girl's.

She nodded to the children, and stood aside, and told them to go in and wait a minute for her. The children crept in, feeling a little shy, even Robby. They had never been in just such a room before. It was very clean, but so low and dark, and so different from other people's rooms. There were a bed and a stove and two chairs, and shelves with all sorts of odd things on them, and beams overhead, upon which hung strings of onions and red peppers and a ham, and skeins of yarn. The children looked around, at first with silent curiosity. After awhile, as Sarah continued talking with her visitor, and did not come in, Robby grew bold, and crept around softly and examined things, and made faces, and finally began to talk.

"That 's the present, you may be sure that 's the present," he whispered, pointing to a horseshoe hanging up over the door. "You can put it in your baby-house; or sell it to the blacksmith down beyond the bridge. Or—no. I 've changed my mind. Here it is now and no mistake. Now look at it, Amy; see if you 're not much obliged."

He took down from the shelf a little old-fashioned mug, full of white and purple beans. On the mug were the words, "For a good child."

Amy was very much afraid it *was* the present, and she felt like crying. There were two or three bushels of such beans in the barn at home, and she did not think the mug was pretty in the least. Still, if Robby would only be quiet, she would not mind. It was no use saying "don't" to him any more. He was full of mischief, and seemed to think he was in no danger of being surprised by Sarah. He went from one part of the room to another, taking down things and examining them, and laughing out aloud, and no longer whispering. Amy sat on a chair by the door, the picture of discomfort, with her eyes full of tears and her cheeks burning red.

Sarah was having a sort of quarrel with the man, who was going to charge her too much for the wood, and so she did not pay any attention to what was going on inside.

At last, the naughty Robby made up his mind he would see what was in a funny little old closet in the corner.

"It 's in that," he said; "I know it is. Just wait."

And he got down on his knees before the door, and shook the latch till it came open. It was a very deep closet, and very queer. Robby saw something at the further end of it that looked like an old broken clock—and old clock-wheels were most interesting to him. He crept in a little further; half his body was inside. He did not hear Amy's warning; the man went away abruptly, and old Sarah came suddenly into the room.

"I 'm ready now," she said, and then stopped and looked around for Robby.

There was the rear of the sailor-suit and a pair of stout boy-legs in the door of her under-closet.

"No, it is n't in there," she said, sternly; and Robby, in great fright and hurry, drew himself out at the sound of her voice.

He got up, looking very red and awkward, and brushing the dust off his clothes.

Sarah was quite a grand old woman in her way, and she looked angry now.

"Is that city manners, young gentleman?" she said, looking down at him.

But that was all she said. I think if he had been a little colored boy, she would have quietly shut him up in the closet and left him there for a few hours to think the matter over. She saw Amy was troubled, and had not been sharing in this impoliteness.

"Come," she said; "we will go for the present."

Amy got down very gladly from her chair, and followed Sarah out of the back door of the old house. Robby came after them at a little distance. Sarah led the way down the path toward the barn. The barn was smaller and older than the house. A few chickens were straying around, and a little yellow dog was stretching his legs in the sun.

"Wait a minute," said Sarah, going into the barn and shutting the door after her.

The children waited under an apple-tree that stood before the barn. They looked in silent wonder at each other. Robby's curiosity had overcome his mortification. What could it be that she had kept shut up in the barn? Amy's heart beat quick. It was not the horrid mug of beans, nor the horseshoe, nor the geranium like the cook's. Presently the dark old barn-door moved a little, then was pushed further open, and out bounded—oh, how can I tell you!—a beautiful white lamb, with a long blue ribbon round its neck, the end of which Sarah held, coming after.

Amy gave one little cry, and, springing forward, knelt down on the grass and threw her arms around its neck. She hugged it and laid her cheek against its soft white wool, and gave little screams of pleas-

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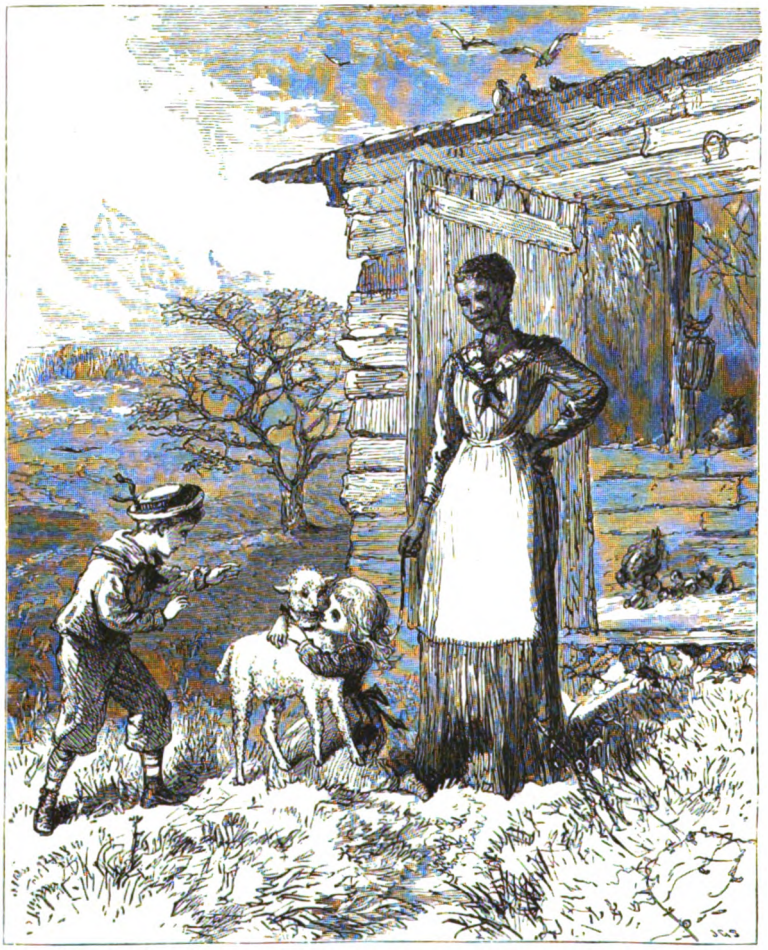
ure as it moved and struggled in her arms. This was the one, one thing she had thought about and longed for ever since she could remember. Paris dolls and those things, oh! what were they to it? Robby got down on the grass too, and eagerly examined the new pet, asking all sorts of questions. Sarah looked on, pleased at the sight of their great pleasure. Amy's face was excited and happy, and her little hands trembled with eagerness. She almost forgot old Sarah; she could only think of the lamb.

"Do look at its little feet, Robby," she cried; "see how it lifts them up. And its eyes are so funny and so nice! And how warm it is! O, and how its heart beats—feel of it! O, don't be frightened, lammie; we will be good to you." And then she laughed and kissed it, and laid her head down on it, as if she were too happy to say any more.



AMY'S PRESENT.

Among the many questions that Robby asked, the one, "Where did you get it, Sarah?" was the oftenest repeated.

"Well, I 'll tell you," said the old woman, in a happy voice. "One day, about a month ago, I was standing by the gate, and I saw the butcher's cart pass with a load of lambs and sheep, with their feet tied, poor things! and their heads hanging down. There 's a bad place in the road just beyond my house, as you go down the hill. The butcher's boy was driving pretty fast, and the cart gave a jolt, and out fell one of the lambs and rolled down the side of the road. I saw what it was, and called out to the boy; but he did n't hear, and went dashing on as fast as he could go. Then I went to the lamb and picked it up. Its leg was broken, and I thought it was too much hurt ever to get well. I took all the care of it I could, and

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set its leg and nursed it; but for a good many days I thought it was going to die. When it seemed a little better, I went to the butcher and told him about it, and offered to pay him, for I had got fond of the poor little thing by that time. But he said No, it would most likely die; and if it did n't, it would be because I had taken such good care of it, and, if there was any paying, it must be paid for by that careless boy of his. So the lamb got well; but before it got well, I had made up my mind what I would do with it, if it did. I did n't forget a little girl that came and showed me her doll, because there was n't anybody talking to me, and that always has a pleasant word for everybody."

While Sarah was telling this story, Amy had crept up to her, and, looking up into her face, was drinking in every word, holding the lamb's blue ribbon in her hand. But, at the last words, her face grew red and her eyes fell; it did n't seem to her quite right that she should have the lamb for *that*. If it had been for studying her lesson, or for learning to darn stockings!

"Now we must go home," said Robby, who did n't like the moral, and who was very anxious to get the lamb out into the road, to see if it would run.

Then Sarah told Amy what to give it to eat, and what to drink, and exactly how to take care of it; and then she opened the gate for them. Amy, eager to get home and show mamma her treasure, had started forward two or three steps, when she remembered she had hardly said "thank you" to Sarah; and, turning back, she said, in a shy voice:

"I am very much obliged to you for the lamb. I think it is very nice. There is n't anything I 'd have liked so well as it."

And to say good-bye, she timidly put out her hand. Old Sarah leaned down over the gate, and said:

"You don't want to kiss me for it, though, I suppose,—now do you?"

Amy put both her arms around the old woman's neck, and kissed her more than once. Old Sarah said, "God bless you!" and stood leaning on the gate and watching Amy as she ran down the road with her lamb, holding the blue ribbon in her hand.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

By Marie A. Brown.

A grasshopper am I,
For the winter laid by,
No more hopping!
But I never would die,
Here I come, high and dry,
Hopping, hopping!

When the farmer sows rye,
You will see me quite spry,
Hopping, hopping!
I cannot learn to fly,
And so I never try,
But keep hopping!

My throat is very dry,
A big dew-drop I spy,
Hopping, hopping!
For dinner do I sigh,
After bugs I quickly hie,
Hopping, hopping!

For work I never cry,
Enough to do have I,
Hopping, hopping!
And if you 'd care defy,
Just do the same as I,
Go to hopping!

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ABOUT HERALDRY.

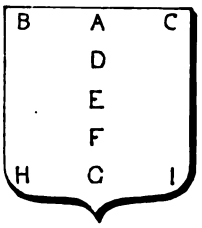
By Annie Moore.

When I was a little girl I used to see in my grandmother's house some old pictures, which, I was told, were coats-of-arms. One of them I should have described as three little black dogs, with gold collars, scampering over a silver ground. I have since learned that the right way to describe it is: "Argent, three greyhounds courant, in pale, sable, collared or; name, Moore."

MOORE.

Heraldry teaches everything that belongs to armorial bearings, and how to blazon, or explain, them in proper terms. Blazon is from the German word *blasen*, to blow a horn.

When a knight wished to enter the lists at a tournament, it was the duty of one of the attendant



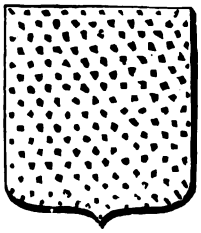
POINTS OF THE SHIELD.

A.—Middle chief. B.—Dexter chief. C.—Sinister chief. D.—Honor point. E.—Fess point. F.—Nombrill point. G.—Base point. H.—Dexter base. I.—Sinister base.

heralds to blow a horn, and then recount the brave deeds of the knight and describe his arms.

We call all the weapons used in battle arms, but in heraldry the word is applied to the crest, helmet, and shield.

The shield, or escutcheon, was the warrior's principal defense in combat. It was of various forms—round, square, triangular, heart-shaped, or oval.



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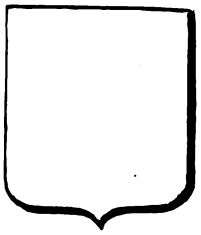

ARGENT.

In the early times of ignorance and barbarity, the men most esteemed were those who were bravest in battle, and in order that these men and their actions should be known, each hero adopted, or had bestowed upon him, some emblem; often a wild beast painted or embroidered on his shield or helmet. As an old writer says:

"They adorned their shields with the figures of

GULES.

AZURE.

monsters and dreadful beasts, intending by the courage and strength of those creatures to represent the like in themselves."

The surface of the shield is called the field, because it contained honorable marks, gained upon the battle-field; as the arms of the family of Lloyd: "Or, four pallets gules." That is, a golden field, with four marks of red upon it.

An ancestor of this family, after fighting valiantly, chanced to draw his hand, which was covered with

SABLE.

VERT.

blood, across his sword, leaving the marks of his four fingers upon it. His king seeing it, ordered him to bear the representation of the four marks upon his shield in memory of his valor.

The devices representing the brave acts achieved by the bearer are called armorial bearings, or achievements.

Everything drawn upon a shield is called a charge.

Above is a drawing of the "points of the shield." The shield is supposed to be carried by a warrior

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on the left arm. So the right, or dexter side, is at his right hand.

If a device be placed in the Middle Chief, it refers to the head of the bearer, and implies that his strength lies in his wisdom; if in the Dexter, or Sinister Chief, it represents a "badge of honor" appended to his right or left shoulder, the Dexter being more honorable than the Sinister.

A device placed in the Honor Point is most valued, as referring to the heart of the bearer. Next to this is the Fess Point, which refers to a

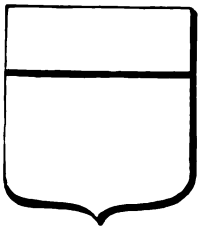
PURPURE.

VAIR.

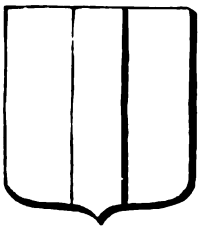
girdle or sash, in honor of some achievement in arms.

In representing shields of arms, metals, colors, and furs are used. The metals are gold, called *or*, and silver, *argent*. Or is represented by small dots, and argent by white. The colors are—red, *gules;* blue, *azure;* black, *sable;* green, *vert;* and purple, *purpure*. Gules is represented by perpendicular lines; azure, by horizontal, &c.

Of the furs, which represented the skins of beasts,



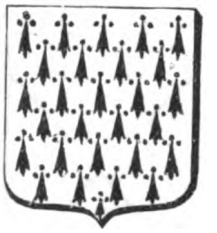
THE CHIEF.



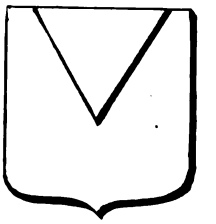
THE PALE.

with which the shields were covered in early times, there were originally but two—ermine and vair. Ermine is a white fur with black spots, and vair, supposed to be from the word *varied*, is made up of many skins of the gray and white squirrel put together in small shield-shaped pieces.

Then there are the Honorable Ordinaries and the Lesser, or Sub-Ordinaries. The Honorable Ordinaries are called so because often bestowed upon a soldier on the battle-field as a reward or remembrancer of his valor. There are nine of them—the Chief, the Pale, the Bend, the Bend Sinister, the Fess, the Chevron, the Pile, the Cross, and the Saltier. The Sub-Ordinaries are diminutives of these; as, the Pallet, the Bendlet.



ERMINE.

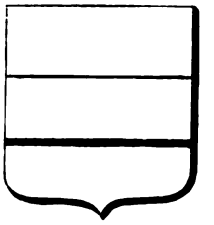


THE PILE.

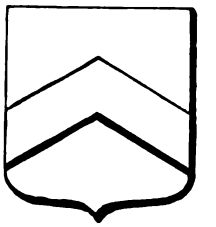
Many of the Ordinaries are representations of the strengthenings of the shield; as, clamps and braces.

The Chief is the upper third of the shield, divided by a horizontal line.

The Pale is a stripe from top to bottom, like one of the pales or palisades used for fortifications and for the enclosing of a camp. In the old times



THE FESS.



THE CHEVRON.

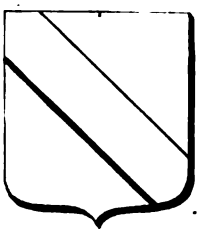
every soldier was obliged to carry one, and to fix it according to the lines drawn for the security of the camp.

The Bend is a band crossing diagonally from Dexter Chief to Sinister base, in imitation of the scarf.

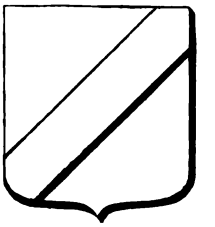
The Bend Sinister crosses from Sinister Chief to Dexter base.

The Fess is a horizontal bar across the middle of the field, representing a belt or girdle.

The Chevron is composed of two stripes coming



THE BEND.



THE BEND SINISTER.

from the center of the shield, like the rafters of a roof.

The Pile is a triangular figure, like a wedge.

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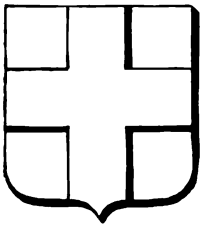
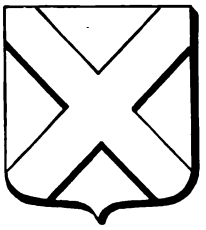
The Cross is the most esteemed of all the Ordinaries, and is composed of the Pale and the Fess crossing each other, as the Cross of St. George.



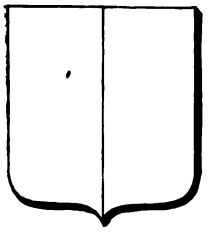
CROSS OF ST. GEORGE.



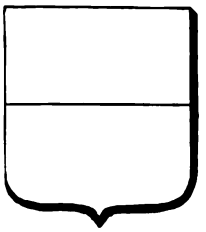
CROSS OF ST. ANDREW.

The Saltier, or Cross of St. Andrew, is a combination of the Bend and Bend Sinister. The Saltier is said to have been used by soldiers in scaling walls, or by horsemen in place of stirrups.

The shield may also be divided by partition lines, either straight, curved, or angular, as party per Pale, party per Fess. Party means parted. Party per Pale is when the field is divided by a perpendicular line from top to bottom, and party per Fess, by a horizontal line. There are many other partition lines, and they are said to represent fractures



PARTY PER PALE.



PARTY PER FESS.

in the shield, proving that the bearer had been in the hottest of the fight.

Coat-armors that consist of partition lines alone are generally ancient.

> "What means this plainness?
> Th' ancients plain did go:
> Such ancient plainness, ancient
> Race doth show."

Coats-of-arms were called *coats*, because they were embroidered on the surcoat worn over the coat-of-mail; and *arms*, because originally borne by armed men in war or tournament.

Sovereigns wore them on golden seals, and on the caparisons of their horses. A woman wore her father's coat-of-arms embroidered upon her kirtle, or skirt, and that of her husband upon her mantle. They were granted by sovereigns as marks of honor for loyal acts.

King Robert the Bruce gave the house of Wintoun a falling crown supported by a sword, to show that they had upheld the Crown when it was in a distressed state.

He who bore coat-armor was required to conduct himself like an honorable gentleman. The arms of traitors were reversed.

Coats-of-arms were sometimes assumed by the knights themselves, and often represented some personal peculiarity, or had some allusion to the name of the bearer.

The Castletons bore three castles; the Salmons, three salmons; the Lamberts, three lambs.

These last were called *armes parlantes*, or allusive arms.

The heart surmounted by a crown, in the arms of the Douglases, was in memory of Sir James Douglas, who made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land to deposit the heart of his king, Robert Bruce, in holy ground.

DOUGLAS ARMS.

LION RAMPANT.

> "The bloody heart was in the field,
> And in the Chief three mullets stood,
> The cognizance of Douglas blood."

Stars of five points are called mullets, and represent the rowels of spurs.

Sir Simon Locard, who went with Sir James Douglas, and carried one of the keys of the silver casket which contained the heart, changed his name to Lockheart, and a human heart in the bow of a padlock was added to his arms.

The arms of the Earls of Orkney were ships, for the reason that they were obliged to furnish a certain number of ships for the king's use.

FLEUR-DE-LIS.

ROSE OF HERALDRY.

Coats-of-arms were used among the Normans in battle to distinguish one from another, as their faces were hidden by their helmets, "that no Nor-

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man might perish by the hand of another." They were useful, too, in assisting in the recognition of the dead on the battle-field, as in their armor they looked much alike.

The *fleur-de-lis* is the lily of heraldry. The lion, the king of beasts, was a favorite symbol. It was used by all who were in any way related to the king, and kings bestowed it upon their chosen followers.

Among birds, the eagle was most esteemed, and of fishes, the dolphin.

In the time of the Crusades, when so many soldiers of different nations were assembled together, more emblems were needed. Every soldier who went to the Holy War wore the badge of the cross upon the right shoulder. And they added to their emblems the crescent, the scallop, the turban, and other devices.

There were many kinds of crosses. The Cross of St. George, the Cross of St. Andrew, the Cross of Malta, the Cross-croslet, and many others.

The Cross-croslet was often fitched, or pointed, at the lower part. It was carried by pilgrims on

EAGLE.

DOLPHIN.

their journeys, and could be fixed in the ground so that they might perform their devotions by the wayside.

As coats-of-arms became more numerous, different knights took the same devices, and the different coats-of-arms came to be so much alike that it made confusion. Then strict laws were made, regulating the attitudes of the animals and the number and position of the charges. For example, one knight might display upon his shield a lion rampant, that is, standing up ready for combat—the most honorable position for the lion. On another there might be a lion guardant, that is, with the face turned frontwise looking round to observe the enemy; or regardant, having the head turned backward, as if urging on his followers; or passant, walking cautiously, as though searching for the enemy.

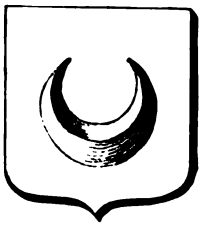
When a knight died, a black frame covered with canvas, with his arms represented upon it, was placed, with one of its corners uppermost, on the front of his house, and was afterward set up in the church or near to the grave. This was called a hatchment.

In blazoning a coat-of-arms, the field is to be described first; then the divisions, if any, and the ordinaries, and last, the charges; as, azure, a lion rampant and Chief or, by the name of Dix.

That is, a field of blue, with a golden lion rampant and a Chief of gold.

Besides the shield and the symbols and devices placed upon it, there are other objects belonging

SCALLOP.



CRESCENT.

to armorial bearing. These are the external ornaments,—the Helmet, the Wreath, the Crest, the Mantling, the Motto, and the Supporters.

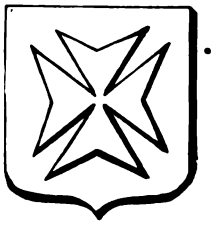
The Helmet is placed just above the shield, and was made of leather or of thin metal, often representing the head of a wild beast or bird.

The Wreath is of twisted silk of two colors, and was worn by ancient knights as a head-dress at tournaments, in imitation of the turbans of the Saracens.

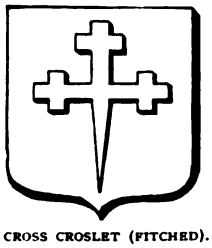
The Crest, the highest part, is generally some part of the coat-armor of the bearer, or assumed in memory of some event in the family history.

Once when an English knight overthrew two foreign knights at a tournament, his king was so pleased that he gave him a ring, telling him to add it to his Crest, which is now a lion rampant, holding in his dexter paw a ring.

The Mantling represents the piece of cloth or leather worn over the helmet to protect it from wet, and it was often hacked in pieces by the sword of



CROSS OF MALTA.



CROSS CROSLET (FITCHED).

the enemy. The more it was cut and mutilated, the more honorable it was.

The Motto was inscribed upon a ribbon or scroll, and is supposed to have originated in the ancient war-cries and the watchwords employed in camps and garrisons.

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The motto of the family of Dix is "*Quod dixi, dixi*"—"What I have said, I have said."

When the knights were about to enter the lists at a tournament, their banners or shields were held by their pages, disguised in the forms of animals, standing on their hind legs and supporting the shield with their paws. This is supposed to be the origin of Supporters. For example, we have the lion and the unicorn in the English arms.

Some American boys and girls may think that the study of heraldry can be of no advantage to the people of a republic. But apart from the fact that we ought to know something about a subject which has been, and still is, considered of so great importance in other countries, and which is continually referred to in English literature, we should be able to understand the arms of our several States, as well as many other heraldic symbols which are used for ornamental and other purposes even in our own country.

THE SKIPPING-ROPE.

By Laura Ledyard.

Now all ye tearful children, come and listen while I tell
About the little fairy folk, and what to them befell;
And how three little fairies sat them down, one Summer day,
And cried among the grasses till the others flew away.

They flew away, bewildered, for it gave them such a fright
To see the fairies crying with the jolly sun in sight;
And so they left them all alone, and there they sat, and cried
Six little streams of fairy tears, that trickled side by side.

And looking down, the laughing sun among the drops did pass,
And he laid a little rainbow beside them on the grass.
Then quickly rose the fairies and clapped their gleeful hands—
"We've found the brightest skipping-rope in all the fairy lands."

And there they jumped their tears away, and jumped their dimples in;
And jumped until their laughter came—a tinkling, fairy din.
What! you say you don't believe it, you saucy little elf?
Then run and get your skipping-rope, and try it for yourself!

THE CRADLE OF NOSS.

On the opposite page is a picture of the "Cradle of Noss," about which "Jack-in-the Pulpit" talked to the children last month. The birds do not seem very friendly to the man in the Cradle; and, indeed, they have no reason to like him, for he has been robbing them of their eggs. As one might imagine from the multitude of birds, there are so many eggs on these great tall rocks that some of them can be spared very well; but for all that, the scene looks like one that might rouse the spirit of true Bird-defenders, if there are any such in the Shetland Islands, where this Cradle is used.

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THE CRADLE OF NOSS.

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THE NAUGHTY LITTLE GRAND-NIECES.

BY ELSIE GORHAM.

AUNT DEBBY had gone to the sewing-circle, else Mrs. Jarley's wax-works would not have been progressing so finely, you may be sure. Aunt Debby, in the warm summer afternoons, always took a nap in the lower bedroom. But on this particular golden afternoon nobody could have got a wink of sleep in any of the bedrooms, upstairs or down-stairs, so very great was the uproar of Mrs. Jarley and her wax figures.

Aunt Debby, quilting vigorously at the town-hall on a missionary quilt, little dreamed of the small Goths and Vandals, her grand-nieces and nephews, ransacking in her precious attic and dragging its treasures down into the best bedroom, for their own delight and the delight of their hastily gathered little friends and neighbors.

The best bedroom, barred and bolted, had been in a state of siege for an hour or two. Plum Packard and her little brother Pell took turns hammering at the door with knuckle and toe, and in hoarse roars of "Lem me in! lem me in!"

But Mrs. Jarley and the riotous wax figures, secure in the strength of the old oaken door and clumsy bolt, only derided the besiegers, and finally bade them go rock themselves to sleep, like good babies, till the 'formances should begin!

"Babies!" howled Plum, throwing herself flat on the floor, in very rage and weariness, her disheveled hair rippling and rolling around her.

"Babith!" echoed Pell, who was seldom original.

Then he went on dismally grinding his tearless eyes with his very grimy knuckles.

"I 'm as big as Jenny Pickman!" roared Plum, in tones meant to pierce a particular ear on the other side of the best bedroom door. "She 's going to be a wax figger."

"How do you know she is?" piped a voice from the bedroom.

"'Cause our Pell peeked under the door and saw her dressed up like an old woman with a spinning-wheel. O wont she catch it when——"

"Yeth! I peeked and I thaw!" screamed little Pell, his great black eyes twinkling with excitement, and every little round curl on his head shaking nervously. "Wont the catth it!"

At this, a loud laugh and a laugh all together came from the inconsequent wax figures, and then the din of preparation went on more noisily than ever.

Plum was now quite beside herself with anger at being so persistently barred out, forgetting that she had been turned out of the bedroom because of "the mischiefs and bothers" she had made. She began to kick and pommel the floor, crying out that it was a "mean shame!"

"Yeth, a mean thame!" agreed Pell, his mouth in a tremulous pucker and a great tear splashing over his mottled little nose.

"LIKE AN OLD WOMAN WITH A SPINNING-WHEEL."

He stooped compassionately to disentangle Plum's buttons from her long floating hair.

"I don't b'lieve mamma would thay you 're thetting me a good thample. Would the, Plum?"

He fell on his frayed hands and knees, and peered into Plum's ruby face for an answer.

"Peletiah Packard, I don't believe she would!" replied Plum, in very subdued tones, brought to her senses by the pleading eyes and the sweet breath blown over her cheeks from Pell's rosy little mouth. That she, Plum, should be leading dear little Pell in the ways of bad temper, quite sobered her. "This is the very last time I 'm ever in this world going to behave so."

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"The vewy lath time!" chimed in Pell, sweetly, his trust in Plum as serene as if he had not heard her make and break the same promise fifty times before.

"Let's go up to the garret," said Plum, sitting up erect now, and smoothing her disordered dress. "Come, Pell, and we'll have a good time all by our own two selves. Who cares for their old wax-works?"

Pell, nothing loth, was dragged briskly toward the attic stairs, and had just crowed out, in a broken, breathless fashion:

"Who careth? Leth——"

Just then, Plum, whisking him round a corner, hurled him, nose first, against the banisters.

Plum was now all tenderness and pity. Rushing into the nearest chamber, she pulled a pretty frilled sham from the bed and a pitcher of water from the stand, and began to sop the bruised little feature, looking ruefully now at the swollen nose and then at the pitcher, the handle of which she had broken in her haste.

Every other minute she stopped to hug Pell, and assure him his nose was better now.

But every other minute Pell roared in reply, "No, no, it th badder!"

Plum burst into tears at last, and flung down the pillow-sham in despair.

"O dear me, Pell Packard, what *shall* I do? It's grown 'most as big as a turnip."

"Oh, bigger! bigger!" sobbed Pell, measuring his nose with his thumbs; "big as a cheeth!"

"You hush a minute, Pell, dear," called out Plum, brightening. "I'll put on a paper plaster to it, and then it wont grow another mite, 'cept the other way—smaller."

Plum flew to upset the waste-basket, and, leaving the contents scattered about on the closet floor, ran breathlessly back with a jagged bit of brown paper, which she stuck, with much assurance, on the little upturned, imploring nose of half-doubting Pell.

"You *thure*, now, it wont make it grow big fathter?" entreated Pell.

"You goose, you know you feel it growing littler," asserted Plum, so positively that Pell, at length half-convinced, whispered:

"I guetth I do, Plum."

Triumphant Plum, well pleased, cried out:

"Come upstairs, and we'll have fun now."

Snatching up Pell, and "boosting," dropping, dragging him by turns, she bounced him down at last rather suddenly in the middle of the sloping attic.

"O my!" he exclaimed, with his eyes and mouth so round with astonishment, you never would have known him for Pell Packard.

If you had seen Aunt Debby's attic, all littered with old dresses, and the trunk-tops all standing open, and the bags and boxes tumbled round, you would n't wonder Pell's eyes and mouth were in such a pucker.

He knew just how orderly and nice it always was there, with the great trunks in a solemn row, all winking at little boys with their millions of brass eyes.

He knew, for he used to go up there rainy afternoons with Plum, and play "chariot of fire" in the old copper warming-pan. All his small fingers and toes were not enough to count the number of times they had quarreled in settling who should be "'Lijah" and who should be "horses."

He knew, for after they had done playing "ark" in the meal-chest in the corner, Plum and he taking turns being Noah, and his little dog Frisk figuring as pairs of all the animals in turns from the camel to the bumble-bee, Pell was very careful to put the meal-chest back straight against the wall, just as the trunks and boxes all stood. O, but Plum and he never touched the trunks.

For this reason: One of their cousins had told them, in strict confidence, the tale of a parrot who had got shut up in one of the trunks once, a good while ago, before hardly anybody was born. So he had to die, and his feathers were, by and by, all that was left of him. But if you put your ear down to the keyhole, you could hear them saying, "Polly wants a cracker," just exactly the same as if they had a stomach to put things into.

The children ever after took good care to play a long way off from the trunks.

"O my!" thought Pell, aghast, "who could 'a' dartht to open thethe?"

"Only just look here, Pell," cried Plum, pouncing in ecstasy on an old squirrel-skin cape.

The naughty little wax figures and prying Mrs. Jarley, searching for costumes, had boldly tossed it out of its nice box.

"I'll dress up in it, and I'll be a tiger—oh, how splendid!—and I'll play I have claws!"

"No, no!" stoutly roared terrified Pell.

"A dear little pussy-cat, then," conceded Plum, rolling herself up in the fur and running round on all fours, mewing.

Pell, alarmed lest pussy should take him for a mouse, or big rat perhaps, scrambled up on a soap-box, and announced shrilly that he was a little boy. "I ith nuffin—only Pell."

"Come right down, then, and tie on the dust-brush to me. How can I be a cat without I have a good long tail?"

"I want to be thumfin!" sniffled Pell, without stirring from his perch.

"Be a canary-bird," suggested Plum, mewing fearfully.

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"Cath eat birdth!" quavered Pell.

"Play they did n't," coaxed the ready Plum. "Play they loved each other ever so much, and always went all about the world together in pairs ever since they got mixed up coming out of the ark."

"O yeth," agreed Pell, delighted. "Canawieth are made out of feverth. Where ith thum?"

"I do wish you ever could find anything for yourself, and not be so plaguy and bothering, Pell," replied Plum, pettishly casting her cat-skin.

Pell, accused of being plaguy and bothering, fell to weeping noisily.

"Hush this minute, Pell Packard. If you don't, I 'll make an owl of you instead of a canary-bird."

Shuddering, Pell hushed in a twinkling.

Plum's quick eye had espied some "jolly" hen's feathers sticking out of the corner of an old bolster. Yes, jolly was just what she thought them—only thought; she did n't say it, for she was not allowed to call things jolly, except such as were really jolly.

Her quick hands had seized the bottle of mucilage standing near on a brown old rafter.

"Now, Pell, darling, shut your eyes and your mouth, while I make you into a bird."

But Pell kept a corner of one eye open, though his mouth was screwed up very close indeed. Plum laid on the mucilage thick and recklessly, and pleased little Pell saw himself rapidly bristling with feathers.

"You 'll want wings, you know," wheedled Plum, who saw objections in Pell's now wide open eyes.

Without further parley, she decked little Pell's shoulders with two dusty turkey-wings.

"Fot am I," he inquired, dubiously,—"am I a owl?"

"No, the loveliest canary-bird."

Plum slipped into the cape again, and happy little Pell, his doubts all dispelled, tied on the dust-brush, to Plum's entire satisfaction. Pussy agreed to tell stories of all the mice she had caught, and birdie of all the worms he had gobbled, when a call was heard from below that the wax-works were going to begin, and spectators must be in their seats.

Pell looked at his feathered sack.

"We 've just as much right to dress up as they," asserted Plum, with a defiant toss of the head, while she gathered her cat-skin in her arms preparatory to going down. "I 'll go in it mewing, and you, Pell, go in whistling. They wont stop to push us out if they want to, they will all be in such a hurry to begin. You look beautiful, Pell," declared Plum, by way of encouragement to Pell, who was gazing askance at his feathers.

So down went the audience, and saw the best bedroom door wide open at last, sheets curtaining off most of the room, and Biddy, the cook, perched up in a chair as close as she could get to the sheets.

"Sinses!" remarked Biddy, uneasily, as she saw the funny little figures coming through the door. "Sich quare little bastes intirely!"

"I ith n't Pell now; I'th a canary-bird," announced Pell, flopping his turkey-wings, and pointing to his feathery breast.

Further explanations were drowned in the roar that came from behind the curtains,—for any number of little eyes had been peeping through the holes which small fingers had torn in the sheets to view the entrance of Plum and Pell.

Mrs. Jarley's shrill, small voice was heard trying vainly to restore order. From the outcries, it would seem as if she had fallen bodily on the wax figures, and was pommeling them back to their places.

Soon her head, bonneted in Aunt Debby's huge old satin structure, was thrust out angrily from between the sheets, and, shaking a tattered umbrella at the offenders, she called out:

"If you don't stop that mewing, and take off those things, Plum Packard, I 'll come right out and ——"

She brandished the umbrella so fiercely that Plum in a second was sitting up, primly expectant, in the spectators' seat, with Pell beside her, trying to hide his feathers and wings under her overskirt.

Biddy, meantime, had set up a long wail over the doings of "thim impish little Packards," and, with arms akimbo, was standing up and prophesying to Pell of a judgment to come when his mother should return.

"Stop, wont you now, Biddy McClure," commenced small Mrs. Jarley, through the parted sheets.

A bell rang, the curtains were drawn, and Mrs. Jarley and her wax figures stood revealed.

Little Fanny Worthington, as "Mrs. Jarley," in Aunt Debby's trailing skirt and sweeping Shetland shawl, was almost buried under the feathers and flowers and lace of the big bonnet.

"Ladies and gentlemen," she began, curtsying to Plum and Pell and Biddy, "I 'm Mrs. Jarley, and these are my beautiful wax statues," pointing with her umbrella anywhere but at the giggling little group behind her. "Once they were alive and famous; now they 're turned to wax and famouser. When they are wound up they all begin to do just as they used to. I 'm going to wind them pretty soon, and so you 'll see all about it.

"This, ladies, is the Cardiff giant. He 's a little short in the arms, but his legs are lovely long, and his head, you see, is beautiful and big. There

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were no naughty little boys left where he lived, for he ate one every night for his supper, till they were all gone, and so then he starved to death and turned to wax."

Mrs. Jarley looked hard at Pell, as if to say it was lucky for him the giant had n't lived in his neighborhood; and the giant looked so hard at Pell from under his great wig, that Pell quaked under his feathers.

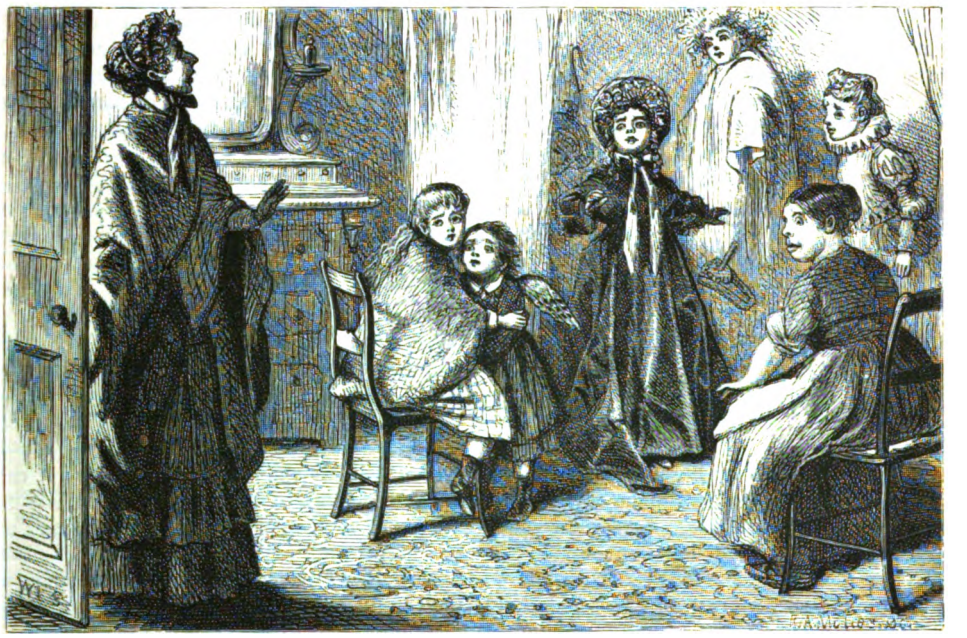
But then he need n't, for the giant was only Susie Pickman standing on a high chair, wrapped in a sheet which swept the floor, her face all flour, and a big tow wig on her head.

"Tip-top, thin, arltegither," was Biddy's opinion of the fine paper ruff.

"'T is n't proper for you to talk, Biddy," quoth Mrs. Jarley, tripping over her shawl ends.

"And this is Robersing Cruser, mending his stockings, because he 's on a desert island where there 's nobody else that knows how to. And this is the cross schoolmistress, that liked to have got put into jail; and this one is the good little girl she shook 'most to pieces. Now, I can't wait to tell you about the rest; I 'm going to wind them all up."

Just as Mrs. Jarley began this performance, a



AUNT DEBBY ARRIVES ON THE SCENE.

'When he 's wound up," went on Mrs. Jarley, glibly, pointing at the giant with her umbrella, "this giant, this Cardiff giant, he opens his mouth to say 'more,' which means 'more boys,' because he likes the taste of naughty ones. But he can't say 'more,' because he 's wax; he only opens his mouth. Oh, now you need n't begin till you 're wound up. Do you hush!"

The giant thus reproved shut his mouth very meekly.

"And this is 'Bopeep,' who has lost her sheep. When she 's wound up, she keeps looking over her shoulder to find 'em."

"And this is Queen Elizabeth, who cut off Mary Queen of Scotses head. She did other things besides, when she was alive; but that 's all the things she does now, when she 's wound up. Is n't her ruff lovely? I made it."

shrill voice was heard in the doorway, and the Roman nose and eagle eyes of Aunt Debby peered in.

Mrs. Jarley, in her fright, dropped the watchman's-rattle with which she was noisily winding up the Cardiff giant. The little wax figures would fain have flown out of the door if there had been another than the one in which Aunt Debby was standing.

"Pretty times, I should think! Plum Packard, where did you get this cape?" laying ungentle hands on quaking little Plum, who sat near.

"And this, and this, and this?"

Aunt Debby's voice rose higher and higher, as she brusquely disrobed Mrs. Jarley of bonnet and shawl and skirt.

"We thought you would n't mind," ventured the Cardiff giant, getting down out of the chair in

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such a hurry as grievously to rend the sheet which represented his marble proportions.

"U-ugh! one of my best Hollands," gasped Aunt Debby, in a half-smothered shriek. "Don't come near my nice alpaca, Susie Pickman, with your floury face and wig!"

The Cardiff giant retreated.

"You don't mind *very* much, though, do you, auntie?" wheedled Mrs. Jarley, pushing away the golden tangles of hair from her two beseeching eyes.

Rigid Aunt Debby softened visibly under the glances of this her beloved grand-niece, and she said, much more mildly:

"If you had only asked me, Fanny, before I went out, I would have brought you all you wanted for your play. But to go marauding round, the minute my back was turned, upsetting the attic and the house generally, is not what I expected of *you*, Fanny, at any rate."

"I know we ought not to have been so thoughtless and naughty, Aunt Debby; but if we never will do so again, wont you forgive us this time?" pleaded Fanny.

Aunt Debby's glance just then fell on little Pell.

"What *have* you been doing, Pell?" She twirls him round for inspection. "Oh, it's a mercy to you I'm not your mother just now! Oh, it is!" Twirls him again. "I would put you through a course of spankings you would remember."

"No, you would n't darester," retorted irreverent Pell, whose blood was up at being thus publicly shamed. "You'd better go up ga-wit and thee what thumbody eltheth been doing up there."

Pell shrugged his turkey-wings as Aunt Debby darted off at his suggestion, and the children, sadder if not wiser for this hour of mischief, brought their wax-works to a sudden close.

THE FEAST OF FLAGS.

BY W. E. GRIFFIS.

IF you were in Japan during the first week in May, you would see huge fishes made of paper flying in the air. Every Japanese family, in which there are boys, plants a tall bamboo pole in the ground. To the top of the pole is hung a large paper representation of a carp. The fish is held to the pole by a piece of cord fastened in its gills. It is made hollow, so that the breeze will fill it out full and oval like a real carp. There it swims in the air from morning till night for a week or more. To-day, while I am writing this in Yeddo, all over the city you can see these carp, some of them twenty feet long, tugging at their lines like fish with baited hooks in their mouth. There must be thousands of them.

What are they for? They are put up in honor of the boys. If a boy-baby has been born in a Japanese house during the year, the *nobori*, as the paper fish is called, is sure to be hoisted. Even if there are boys in the house several years old, the *nobori* is usually raised.

How curious! Why do the Japanese hoist the *nobori?* The reason is this: The carp, or *koi*, as the Japanese call it, is a strong fish that lives in rivers and can leap high out of the water. It can jump over rocks; it can swim against a strong current; it can snap up flies in the air; it can leap up high enough to mount over waterfalls. So you see it can overcome most of the difficulties that lie in a carp's way.

Now the Japanese father thinks this is what a boy ought to be able to do—to mount over all difficulties, and to face every danger. Hence, the carp is the symbol of a boy's youth and manhood. Every proud father who has a boy-baby hoists the *nobori*. When the boy-baby is old enough, he raises it himself.

You see much more than these big paper fishes at the Feast of Flags in May. If you look in the shops of Yeddo or Fukui during the first week in May, you will see ever so many nice toys such as Japanese boys play with. There are hundreds of big paper fishes, and thousands of flags. Japanese flags are long and narrow, and not like ours. You will not see any dolls such as the girls play with. Instead of these are thousands of splendidly dressed images of Japanese generals, captains and heroes, all in armor, with spears in their hands and swords in their belts, and bows and arrows at their backs. They have helmets on their heads, and sandals on their feet. Some are on foot, others are on horseback. Then there are all kinds of toy animals,

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made of silk, such as monkeys, cows and oxen, wild boars which the hunters kill, together with tents, houses, banner-stands, and racks for spears and arrows made of wood. Such toys as these are sold only in the months of April and May, just as the girls' toys for the Feast of Dolls are sold only in February and March. When we see these boys' toys for sale, we know that the Feast of Flags is near at hand.

Now, when I told you about Komme and Lugi and the Feast of Dolls, I said they had two brothers. My story is about these two boys.

The older one was nine years old at the time of my story. His name was Fukutaro. That means "Happy first-born son." He was not the oldest child of his father, but he was his first son. The younger of the sons, and the youngest of the family, was named Rokuni, which means "six-two," because the little fellow was born on the second day of the sixth month, as the Japanese count—or on the second of June, as we reckon.

Ever since Fukutaro was born, the *nobori* had been hoisted, and the Feast of Flags celebrated in his house. Now, this year, father and mother had two sons, and Fukutaro would have a companion to play with, though he was still very little.

"Wife," said the Japanese papa one evening at supper-time when eating his rice, "we must buy a new *nobori* and flags for little Rokuni to-morrow, and get a new spear and an image of Yoritomo for Fukutaro. Will you attend to it?"

"I will do so to-morrow. Mr. Tanaka, who keeps the toy-shop, sent me word that he had just received a lot of new toys and *nobori* from Yeddo."

"And Fukutaro, can you hoist the *nobori* yourself, if Ginzo puts up the pole for you?"

"O yes! May I, father? And let baby see it, too, please! And you said you would buy me a new spear, and Yoritomo on horseback for me. I am so glad. Now my set will be as complete as my Cousin Yonosuke's. Thank you, thank you."

So, when the evening of the fourth of May came, all the toys and images used in former years were taken out of the fire-proof storehouse, and were ranged in the same room in which the girls' Feast of Dolls had been celebrated. Outside of the house in the garden the man-servant Ginzo had planted a strong bamboo pole, thirty feet high, with a pulley and rope.

The fifth of May was a lovely day. When Fukutaro woke up, he rushed into the room to see his new spear and his image of Yoritomo, the famous general, on horseback. And when little Rokuni, with his face washed and head shaved, and in a new dress, was brought in, he crowed with delight at the banner-stand and helmet, and the little *nobori* his father had bought for him. He wanted to crawl up to the helmet to put it on, and to wave one of the flags.

"Wait, Rokuni," said Fukutaro; "let us hoist the *nobori*. Come all and see it."

All—father and mother, Komme and Lugi—went out into the garden. Little Rokuni climbed up on nurse's back, and was carried out pick-a-back to be present with the rest.

"There is a good breeze to-day, and the *nobori* will hang out stiffly, just as prettily as if it were swimming in the Ashiwa River. Here, Rokuni, look!"

With this, Fukutaro caught hold of the free end of the rope. The other was attached to opposite sides of a round hoop that held the paper fish's mouth open.

The big black paper fish was fifteen feet long, and had a mouth large enough to swallow Jonah, with a body wide enough to board and lodge him for a week. As it rose in the air, the breeze caught the fish, and it floated out beautifully and flapped its tail as if alive.

"There, it's up!" cried Fukutaro, while Rokuni crowed and almost danced himself off his nurse's back, making a complete wreck of her nicely balanced head-dress.

Komme and Lugi, one on each side, had to hug him to keep him in order.

"I am going up on the fire look-out to see the other *nobori*," said Fukutaro; and up he climbed into the tower which stood near the house, and which was used for watching fires. "Splendid!" said he, as he looked from the top over the city. "I can count one, two—ten—twenty—fifty—a hundred—— Well, I cannot finish counting the big fishes. Many of them are new, too."

In every direction the big paper fishes were flying in the wind, tugging at their lines as if alive. Some were old, and the lively breeze had blown the fins and tails to tatters, and rent many a hole in their bodies; but most of them were whole, and wriggled their fins and tails like real fishes.

I have not yet told you anything about the toys. When Fukutaro got tired of looking at the *nobori*, he came down to play. I shall tell you first about Rokuni's banner-stand and helmet. In Japan, every Japanese gentleman buys his son a toy helmet, to remind him that he may be a soldier some time, and therefore he must always be brave. Japanese helmets have a curious vizor, like a mask, and a long fringe of hair around the sides, and horns in front—I suppose to frighten enemies. On the banner-stand in the picture, the first pole has a round and gilded ball of plaited bamboo. The *nobori* hangs to it. On the second and sixth

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poles are large round plumes of silvery horse-hair, like those carried in Japanese parades and processions.

Next, is a picture of Shoki. Shoki was a famous fellow, very rough and stout, with a big sword, with which he is supposed to kill all the wild beasts, wicked men, and whatever will hurt good little boys. He is a sort of "Jack, the Giant-killer," only he is a giant himself.

On the fourth pole is Taiko's banner. Taiko was the greatest general Japan ever had. In his first battle, he stuck a gourd (a kind of double mock-orange) on the top of a pole. Every time he won a victory he added another gourd beneath it, till his pole was full. All his enemies were afraid, but his friends were cheered, whenever Taiko's banner of gourds was seen. Beneath the gourds, which are gilt, are long strips of shining white paper. Every Japanese boy likes to have Taiko's banner of golden gourds.

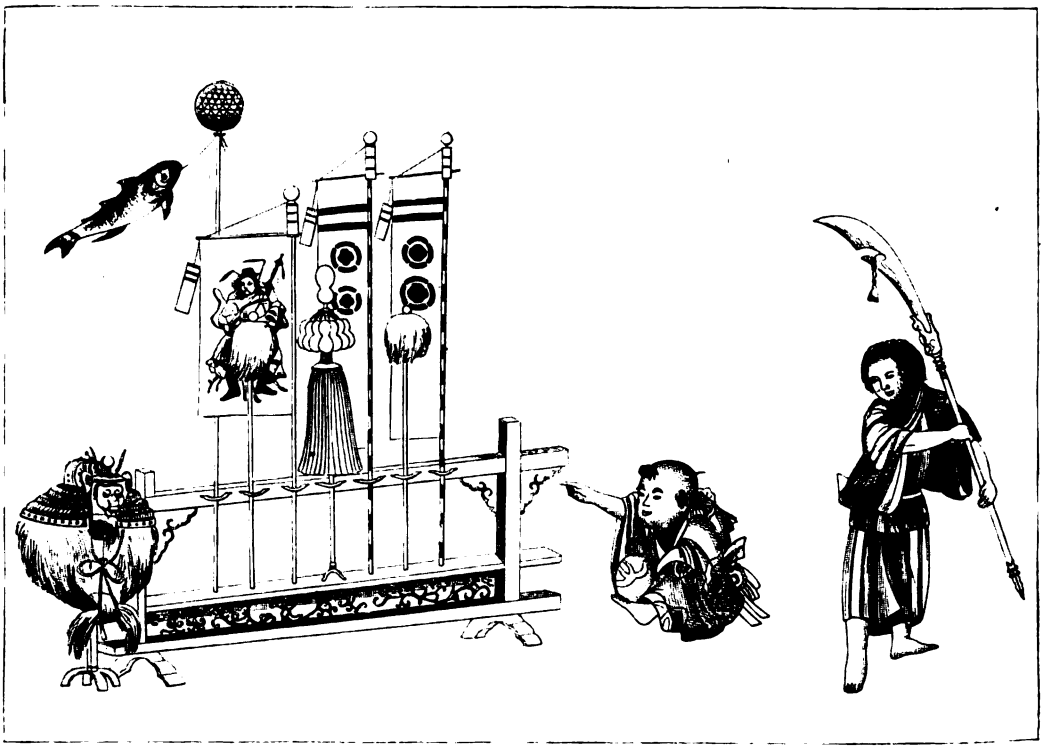
The fifth and seventh banners are like those of the prince whom Fukutaro's ancestors served. The two round figures on the banners are the crests or family coat-of-arms of the prince.

But this one banner-stand, bought expressly for little Rokuni, was scarcely a tenth part of all the pretty toys set out for Fukutaro. There was a fine image of Jigo Kogo, in armor—the brave queen who wore a sword like a man, led an army, and conquered Corea.

Next came her great son, Hachiman, who was also a famous warrior.

The old men in gray beards were the wise men who gave counsel to the war-queen Kogo. There was an image of Shoki, a foot high; and that of Taiko on horseback, with his armor and spear, was nearly two feet high.

Then there was a hunting-ground among the mountains, where Yoritomo and his warriors hunted the wild boar. There were other splendid toys representing Yoshitsune Kintaro, and the great men and famous boys, of whom all Japanese story-books tell, and of whom every boy in Japan knows well. Some time I shall tell you some pleasant stories about them; but now their names are too strange for you to be interested in them.



ROKUNI'S BANNER-STAND. (FROM A DRAWING BY A JAPANESE ARTIST.)

It was a good long day for Fukutaro. When he had played with his flags and banners and images, he went out in the garden and shot arrows at a target. He had a splendid silver-tipped bow, and long steel-headed arrows made of cherry wood, with red and white feathers. He was such a good

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shot that he could easily hit a fern-leaf at twenty feet.

In the afternoon, Fukutaro went over to see his two cousins who lived on the south side of the river. There the three boys played "Yoritomo hunting the wild boar," and the "Battle of Genji and Heiki," using soldiers made of straw to shoot at with their arrows, which had real iron heads on them.

When Fukutaro fell asleep that night, what do you think he dreamed about! Well, he was walking along a brook, near a waterfall, and he saw a carp leap clear up out of the water, and over the falls. Happy as a lark, he told his dream the next day to his father, who said:

"Good, my son! So may you mount over all difficulties."

A LIVE METEOR.

By Mary E. C. Wyeth.

We sat up one night last summer to watch the fall of the meteors. It paid, although we were all rather drowsy the next afternoon. I sat at the library window which opened upon the veranda, where the children were grouped, each with special occupation, trying to while the languid hours away. Lucy was embroidering a startling initial in bright zephyr upon German canvas; Ned was whittling jack-straws; and Bert was tinkering away at a wonderful dissecting-map of his own invention. Uncle Beverly, who had been swinging in the hammock, after a lazy habit acquired in the Malaysian Archipelago or the Antilles (for Uncle Bev was a restless traveler), laughed as Bert yawned fearfully for the twentieth time since luncheon.

"Poor little chicks," he said, teasingly. "*Would* they sit up all night star-gazing, and are they *so* sleepy?"

Bert answered in aggrieved tones:

"Can't a person stretch himself without being sleepy, I wonder?"

Uncle Bev suddenly became very grave, and made reply:

"I suppose a person can; and I hope all persons will pardon my too hasty inferences. I was only intending to propose, in case anybody owned to feeling sleepy, you know, to waken such a one with the story of the splendid streaming meteor I once saw in New Guinea. But of course if there 's no need ——"

"Oh," cried Lucy eagerly, "tell us, please; *I'm* as sleepy as can be."

"So am I," Ned chimed in; for Uncle Bev was a story-teller not to be despised. Moreover, in his roamings through many lands, he observed the things that he saw. It is not every one who travels, or who bides at home, that does this. Bert flung away his map, flipped a peanut at Poll, who, hopping on one foot, eyed it in disgust, and croaked in melancholy tones: "Take it away! take it away!" and then, yawning again, our oldest owned that sitting up nights for shooting-stars was not a bit jolly next day, adding cutely:

"Did *you* find it so, Uncle Bev?"

"I did n't sit up for them," Uncle Bev replied. "I saw mine while sleeping in the daytime, or rather when just awaking from a morning nap, after an unsuccessful night hunt."

"Oh now," cried Lucy incredulously, "a meteor by daylight!"

"Yes; and a live one at that," persisted Uncle Bev, "and cawed like a crow,—a refined, etherealized crow,—and summoned a dozen or so of its kind, who all bathed in a pool close by, and then fluttered up to the low-spreading branches of a neighboring teak-tree, where they disported themselves in a most bewitching manner as they made their toilets."

"Uncle Bev!" exclaimed Lucy, "is that all a riddle?"

"Yes," laughed the story-teller. "Give it up? *Paradisea Apoda*."

"Oh, now I know all about it," cried Bert, brightening up. "Bird-o'-paradise! has n't any feet; lives on the wing, and feeds on dew; raises its young on the shoulders of the male bird, and comes from the Garden of Eden. When it wants to rest it hangs itself to a tree-limb by its tail feathers."

How Uncle Bev laughed!

"Bless my life! what a surprising quantity of knowledge, and of what surprising quality. A

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great bird-of-paradise with no feet! A native Papuan would tell you that its feet and legs are of great size and very strong. How this old notion first originated I can't say. I've heard that the bird-hunters who sold them in Batavia and Singapore used to cut off their legs in order to enhance the value, by making the birds appear to be footless."

"I'm sure the name '*Apoda*' ——" began Bert.

"Is a relic of the old superstition," continued Uncle Bev. "The naturalist who retained this absurd designation probably thought more of distinguishing an already recognized species than of perpetuating a fallacy. Then, as to the living on dew, well, the insects of Papua and the Arroo Islands and that very old teak-tree could tell a truer tale. I have seen the lovely tamed birds of my friend, Mr. Sales, eat boiled rice and eggs and plantain. Indeed, many a choice bit of fruit have I tossed them, and learned in the exercise of feeding the birds to be quite skillful as a tosser, for if by chance any bit fell to the bottom of the cages, instead of into the open bill, the birds will not come down for it at risk of soiling their exquisite plumage, for of all creatures birds-of-paradise are the most daintily cleanly."

"And don't they come from Eden?" asked Bert, ruefully. "Is the whole of the name a fraud?"

"Possibly the species was known to Adam and Noah," said Uncle Bev. "They are certainly beautiful enough to have adorned the gardens of the terrestrial Paradise, but I think at the present day one may search for them with hope of success only in the Malaysian Archipelago. During the dry weather of the north-west monsoon many of these birds, flying in flocks of thirty or forty, led by a leader, as our geese fly, leave Papua for the Arroo Islands, lying to the west. They return during the south-east monsoon. On account of their peculiar plumage they always face the wind, whether flying or sitting. A sudden change of wind confuses them, and often dashes them to the ground. Mr. Sales captured several of his specimens in one of these shiftings of the wind."

"Why is a bird-of-paradise like a meteor?" asked Ned, for all the world in the tone of one putting a conundrum. Uncle Bev, however, remembered his styling it a splendid streaming meteor, and answered:

"As I opened my eyes that memorable morning upon the enchanting spectacle, I could liken it to nothing that would so nearly illustrate the brilliancy of its glancing beauty as it streamed before my surprised and delighted vision."

"Did you not try to catch it?" asked Lucy.

"No; for before I could recover from my first surprise my meteor uttered a few short, happy, melodious notes, followed by a sharp, quick *caw*, and lo, a whole bevy of the superb creatures came glancing down, and plunged into the waters of the pool, and then I began to realize that if I kept perfectly motionless I should have the chance I had most longed for since coming to New Guinea—of witnessing the bird-of-paradise performing his morning ablutions.

"In order to make my account of the apoda's peculiar manner of making his toilet, I will first describe to you as well as I can the peculiarity of the plumage of this variety of the species. The whole family of birds-of-paradise is noted for the wondrous beauty and lustrousness of the rich and varied coloring, and the gem-like glittering of the splendid metallic tints. This picture in my portfolio of the red bird-of-paradise represents another bird of this family, that closely resembles the apoda in its general form and in the arrangement of its plumage.

"The apoda has no crest like that which you notice on the head of this bird, and the plumes on the sides of the apoda are of different colors, ranging from yellow to purple, while those of the other are of a magnificent red, giving it the name of the ruby, or red bird-of-paradise. In other respects the two are very much alike.

"The plumage of the head, neck, and throat of the apoda is dense and short, resembling the pile of the richest velvet. The hue of the feathers of the bill and face is black, changing to green; that of those on the throat, front half of neck, and upper part of the breast is of the rarest emerald green; that of the back of the neck, shoulders, and top of the head is of a light golden yellow, while that of the back, wings, and tail is of a bright chocolate color. The plumage of the lower breast is of a reddish chestnut, inclining to purple."

"Oh, how exquisite!" sighed the color-loving Lucy.

"Words convey no idea of the exceeding brilliancy of the glinting hues, which seem to glow and scintillate like gems of the first water. As I lay under the tree, enjoying the vision of the mingling, interfusing and most exquisitely tinted colors, I thought that these lovely creatures were rightly named birds-of-paradise, for the glorious dyes of their wondrous plumage seemed worthy to have been reflections of the glowing, gem-laid walls of the Celestial City.

"From beneath the short, chocolate-tinted wings spring numerous slender, delicate plumes, about eighteen inches in length. Many suppose these to be tail-feathers, but this is an error. The tail-feathers are beneath these, and are only six

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inches long. These long, flexible plumes the birds can elevate and toss above and around them, allowing them to float in the air like filmy ribbons of gossamer, fashioned with aerial grace and tinted with translucent, opaline hues of every conceivable shade of gold, of yellow, of white, and of orange, deepening toward the ends of the delicate streamers into a soft, purplish red.

"As they sat amid the branches of the tree, their long, filmy feathers elevated and floating gracefully in the sunshine, the exquisite plumes crossing and recrossing each other, forming the most entrancing combinations of color, the short, chocolate-hued wings kept up the while a continuous gentle flapping, producing thus a delightful effect of light and shade upon the rich, gorgeous coloring of the body plumage. To free the feathers from any speck of impurity, the bird passes each of the long, delicate plumes through its beak, and when the toilet is satisfactorily accomplished the lovely creature seems to go into ecstasies of delight, and hops about, posturing in the most engaging manner."

"How large is the paradisea apoda?" asked Bert.

"About the size of the meadow lark, though the thickness and length of its plumage cause it to appear as large as a common pigeon. If you care to hear about some of the other varieties, I will get my portfolio of drawings. I have some sketches and descriptions taken down on the various occasions of meeting these captivating creatures."

Ned and Lucy and Bert were wide awake now, and eager to hear, but the sound of wheels upon the gravel announced visitors, and even birds-of-paradise cannot be allowed to interrupt the courtesies of life.

THE RED BIRD-OF-PARADISE.

"Another time, perhaps," said Uncle Bev, as he rose to receive our guests, "I may be able to show you my other pictures, and to tell you something more about these birds, which seem to have interested you even more than the meteors you sat up for last night."

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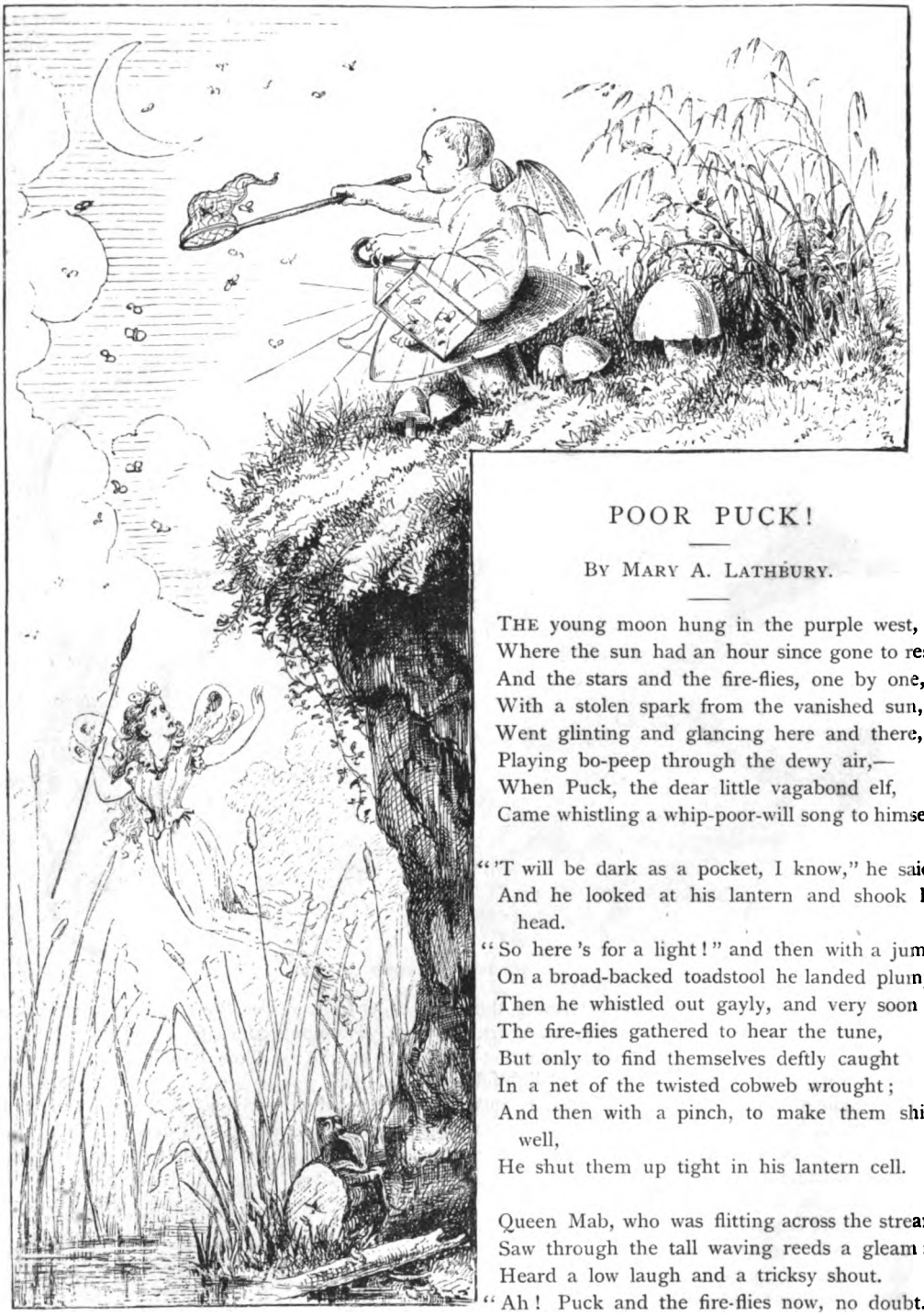

POOR PUCK!

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.

THE young moon hung in the purple west,
Where the sun had an hour since gone to rest,
And the stars and the fire-flies, one by one,
With a stolen spark from the vanished sun,
Went glinting and glancing here and there,
Playing bo-peep through the dewy air,—
When Puck, the dear little vagabond elf,
Came whistling a whip-poor-will song to himself.

"'T will be dark as a pocket, I know," he said;
And he looked at his lantern and shook his head.
"So here 's for a light!" and then with a jump,
On a broad-backed toadstool he landed plump;
Then he whistled out gayly, and very soon
The fire-flies gathered to hear the tune,
But only to find themselves deftly caught
In a net of the twisted cobweb wrought;
And then with a pinch, to make them shine well,
He shut them up tight in his lantern cell.

Queen Mab, who was flitting across the stream,
Saw through the tall waving reeds a gleam;
Heard a low laugh and a tricksy shout.
"Ah! Puck and the fire-flies now, no doubt."

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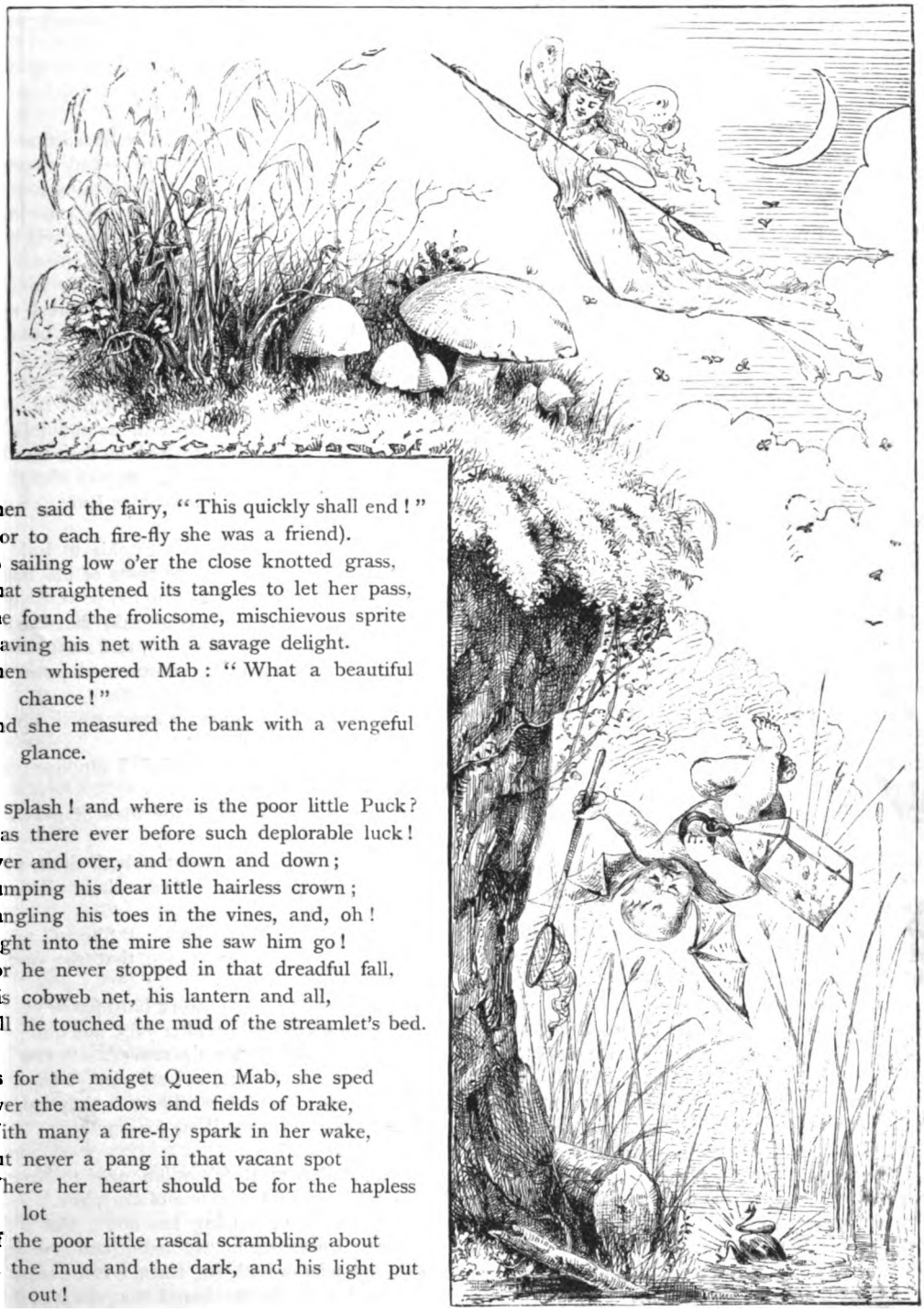

Then said the fairy, "This quickly shall end!"
(For to each fire-fly she was a friend).
So sailing low o'er the close knotted grass,
That straightened its tangles to let her pass,
She found the frolicsome, mischievous sprite
Waving his net with a savage delight.
Then whispered Mab: "What a beautiful chance!"
And she measured the bank with a vengeful glance.

A splash! and where is the poor little Puck?
Was there ever before such deplorable luck!
Over and over, and down and down;
Bumping his dear little hairless crown;
Tangling his toes in the vines, and, oh!
Right into the mire she saw him go!
For he never stopped in that dreadful fall,
His cobweb net, his lantern and all,
Till he touched the mud of the streamlet's bed.

As for the midget Queen Mab, she sped
Over the meadows and fields of brake,
With many a fire-fly spark in her wake,
But never a pang in that vacant spot
Where her heart should be for the hapless lot
Of the poor little rascal scrambling about
In the mud and the dark, and his light put out!

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THE YOUNG SURVEYOR.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

VINNIE'S NEW BROOM.

RETURNING from his interview with Mr. Peakslow, Jack drove up on the roadside before the "castle," asked Rufe to hold the horse a minute, and ran to the door to bid Vinnie good-by.

"Here, Link!" Rufe called, "stand by this horse!"

"I can't," answered Link from the wood-pile. "I 've got to get some wood, to make a fire, to heat some water, to dip the chickens, to loosen their feathers, and then to cook 'em for dinner."

"Never mind the wood and the chickens and feathers! Come along!"

"I guess I *will* mind, and I guess I *wont* come along, for you, or anybody's horse; for *she* asked me to."

"She? Who?"

"Aunt Vinnie; and, I tell you, she 's real slick." And Link slashed away at the wood with an axe; for that was the Betterson style,—to saw and split the sticks only as the immediate necessities of the house required.

Rufe might have hitched the horse, but he was not a fellow to give himself any trouble that could well be avoided; and just then he saw Wad coming out of the yard with two pails.

Wad, being cordially invited to stay and hold the horse, also declined, except on condition that Rufe should himself go at once to the spring for water.

"Seems to me you 're in a terrible pucker for water!" said Rufe. "Two pails? what 's the row, Wad?" For it was the time-honored custom of the boys to put off going for water as long as human patience could endure without it, and never, except in great emergencies, to take two pails.

"*She* asked me to, and of course I 'd go for *her*," said Wad. "She has gone into that old kitchen, and, I tell you, she 'll make things buzz!"

Meanwhile Jack had gone straight to the said kitchen,—much to Mrs. Betterson's dismay,—and found Vinnie in a neat brown dress, with apron on, and sleeves pinned up. He thought he had never seen her look so bright and beautiful.

"At work so soon!" he exclaimed.

"The sooner the better," she replied. "Don't look around you; my sister is sick, you know."

"I wont hinder you a minute," Jack said. "I just ran in to tell you the good news about my horse,—though I suppose you 've heard that from the boys,—and to say good-by,—and one word more!" lowering his voice. "If anything happens —if it is n't pleasant for you to be here, you know, —there is a home at Mrs. Lanman's; it will be always waiting for you."

"I thank you and Mrs. Lanman very much!" said Vinnie, with a trembling lip. "But I mean to *make* things pleasant here," a smile breaking through the momentary trouble of her face.

Jack declined an urgent invitation to stay and see what sort of a dinner she could get.

"By the way," he whispered, as she followed him to the door, "who carried in that trunk?" When she told him, he was hugely delighted. "You will get along! Here comes Rufe. Rufus, this is your Aunt Vinnie."

Rufus (who had finally got Chokie to hold the horse's halter) blushed to the roots of his hair at meeting his relative, and finding her so very youthful (I think it has already been said that the aunt was younger than the nephew), and altogether so fresh and charming in her apron and pinned-up sleeves.

She smilingly gave him her hand, which he took rather awkwardly, and said:

"How d' 'e do, Aunt Lavinia? I suppose I must call you aunt."

"Call me just Vinnie; the idea of my being *aunt* to young men like you!"

There was a little constraint on both sides, which Link relieved by pushing between them with a big armful of wood.

"Well, good-by," said Jack. "She will need a little looking after, Rufus; see that she does n't work too hard."

"*You* are not going to work hard for *us!*" said Rufus, with some feeling, after Jack was gone.

"That depends," Vinnie replied. "*You* can make things easy for me, as I am sure you will."

"Of course; just let me know if they don't go right. Call on Link or Wad for anything; make 'em stand round."

Vinnie smiled at Rufe's willingness to have his brothers brought into the line of discipline.

"They are both helping me now. But I find there are no potatoes in the house, and I 've been wondering who would get them. Lill says they are to be dug in the field, and that she digs them sometimes; but that seems too bad!"

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"That 's when Wad and Link—there 's no need of *her*—I don't believe in girls digging potatoes!" Rufe stammered.

"O, but you know," cried Lill, "sometimes we should n't have any potatoes for dinner if I did n't go and dig them. I don't care, only it 's such hard work!"

Vinnie looked admiringly at the bright, brave little girl. Rufe colored redder than ever, and said:

"Don't *you*, now, do such a thing! Only let me know in season what 's wanted; I 'll be after those boys with a sharp stick!"

Vinnie could n't help laughing.

"So, when we 're going to want a handful of wood, a pail of water, or a basket of potatoes, I am to go for you, and you will go for the boys, and drive them up with your sharp stick! I don't think I shall like that. Would n't it be better for you to see that there are always potatoes in the bin, and wood in the box, and other things on hand that you know will be needed?"

It was perhaps quite as much her winning way as the good sense of this appeal which made it irresistible.

"Of course it would be better! I 'll get you a basket of potatoes now, and some green corn, and I 'll look out for the water and wood."

"O, thank you!" said Vinnie. "That will make things so much easier and pleasanter for all of us!"

The potatoes and corn were got with a cheerful alacrity which quite astonished Rufe's mother and sisters.

The inertia of a large body being thus overcome, that well-known property of matter tended to keep Rufus still in motion; and while Vinnie, with Lill's help, was getting the dinner ready, he might have been seen approaching the wood-pile with an eye to business.

"See here, Wad! This wood is pretty dry now; don't you think it had better be cut up and got in before there comes a rain?"

"Yes, s'pose 't would be a good idea."

"We ought to be ashamed," Rufe went on, "to have *her* calling for a handful of wood every time it 's wanted, or going out to hack a little for herself, if we 're not around; for she 'll do it."

"I s'pose so," Wad assented. "Why don't you go to work and cut it up? I 'll sit down on a log and whittle, and keep you company."

"Pshaw! don't talk that way. I 'll go to work at it if you will come. Will you saw or split?"

Wad laughed and said he would split,—perhaps because the sawing must be done first.

"This saw is in a frightful condition!" Rufe said, stopping to breathe after sawing a few sticks.

"So is this axe; look at the edge! It 's too dull even to split with," said Wad. "A small boy might ride to mill on it without suffering any very great inconvenience."

"If father would only file and set this saw, I 'd help you grind the axe," said Rufe.

The paternal Betterson was just then returning from a little walk about his estate. As he approached, hat in hand, wiping his noble forehead, under the shade of the oaks, Rufe addressed him.

"We 've got to have wood in the house; now *she* 's come, it wont do to get it by little driblets, and have her waiting for it and worrying about it. I 'll saw it, if you 'll only set the saw; you know how, and I don't; we 'll do the hard work if you 'll furnish a little of your skill."

Rufe knew how to appeal to the paternal vanity. The idea of furnishing, not labor, but skill, flattered my lord.

"Ah! let me look at the saw. And bring me the file. And set out the shave-horse. I 'll show you how the thing is done."

When Link, who in the meanwhile had been dressing the prairie chickens behind the house, came round and saw his pompous papa sitting under an oak-tree, astride the "shave-horse," filing away at the saw held in its clumsy jaws, and Wad turning the grindstone close by, while Rufe held on the axe, he ran into the house laughing.

"Mother! just look out there! Father and Rufe and Wad all at work at once! Guess the world 's coming to an end!"

"I hope some of our troubles are coming to an end," sighed poor Mrs. Betterson, who sat nursing her babe with a bottle. "It 's all owing to *her*. A new broom sweeps clean. She brings a very good influence; but I can't hope it will last."

"O, mother!" said Cecie, from her lounge, "don't say that. I am sure it will last; she is so good! You 'll do all you can for her, wont you, Link?"

"I bet!" was Link's laconic response. "If *they* only will, too, for there aint much fun in doing chores while father and Rufe and Wad are just loafing round."

He hastened to Vinnie with his chickens.

"Just look out there once! All at it! Aint it fun?"

It was fun to Vinnie, indeed.

CHAPTER XIX.

LINK'S WOOD-PILE.

THE dinner, though late that day, was unusually sumptuous, and Betterson and his boys brought to it keen appetites from their work. Vinnie's cooking received merited praise, and the most cordial good-will prevailed.

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Even little Chokie, soiling face and fingers with a "drum-stick" he was gnawing, lisped out his commendation of the repast.

"I wish Aunt Vinnie would be here forever, and div us dood victuals."

"I second the motion!" cried Link, sucking a "wish-bone," and then setting it astride his nose, —"to dry," as he said.

"One would think we never had anything fit to eat before," said Mrs. Betterson; while my lord looked flushed and frowning over his frayed stock.

"You know, mother," said Lill, "I never could cook prairie chickens. And you have n't been well enough to, since the boys began to shoot them."

"Lincoln," said Mrs. Betterson, "remove that unsightly object from your nose! Have you forgotten your manners?"

"He never had any!" exclaimed Rufe, snatching the wish-bone from its perch.

"Here! give that back! I 'm going to keep it, and wish with Cecie bimeby, and we 're both going to wish that Aunt Vinnie had come here a year ago—that is—I mean—pshaw!" said Link, whose ideas were getting rather mixed.

Poor Mrs. Betterson complained a great deal to her sister that afternoon of the impossibility of keeping up the style and manners of the family in that new country.

Vinnie—who sat holding the baby by Cecie's lounge—asked why the family had chosen that new country.

"Mr. Betterson had been unfortunate in business at the East, and it was thought best that he should try Illinois," was Caroline's way of stating that after her husband had run through two small fortunes which had fallen to him, and exhausted the patience of relatives upon whom he was constantly calling for help, a wealthy uncle had purchased this farm for him, and placed him on it to be rid of him.

"I should think you might sell the farm and move away," said Vinnie.

"There are certain obstacles," replied Caroline; —the said uncle, knowing that Lord could not keep property from flying away, having shrewdly tied this down by means of a mortgage.

"One thing," Caroline continued, "I have always regretted. A considerable sum of money fell to Mr. Betterson after we came here; and he—wisely, we thought at the time, but unfortunately, as it proved—put it into this house. We expected to have a large part of it left; but the cost of building was such that all was absorbed before the house was finished."

Such was Caroline's account of the manner in which the "castle" came to be built. Vinnie was amazed at the foolish vanity and improvidence of the lord of it; but she only said:

"There seems to be a great deal of unused room in the house; I should think you might let that, and a part of the farm, to another family."

Caroline smiled pityingly.

"Lavinia dear, you don't understand. *We* could never think of taking another family into *our* house, for the sake of *money!* though it might be well to let the farm. Besides, there is really one more in the family than you see. I think I have n't yet spoken to you of Radcliff,—my husband's nephew."

"You mentioned such a person in your letter to me," replied Vinnie.

"Ah, yes; when I was giving some of the reasons why we had never had you come and live with us. Well-off as we were at one time,—and are now in prospect, if not in actual appearance,—we could not very well take you as a child into our family, if we took Radcliff. He was early left an orphan, and it was thought best by the connections that he should be brought up by my husband. I assure you, Lavinia, that nobody but a Betterson should ever have been allowed to take your place in *our* family."

Vinnie pictured to herself a youth of precious qualities and great promise, and asked:

"Where is Radcliff now?"

"He is not with us just at present. He is of age and his own master; and though we make a home for him, he 's away a good deal."

"What is his business?"

"He has no fixed pursuit. He is, in short, a gentleman at large."

"What supports him?"

"He receives a limited allowance from our relatives on the Betterson side," said Caroline, pleased with the interest her sister seemed to take in the illustrious youth. "He is not so stylish a man as my husband, by any means; my husband is a Betterson of the Bettersons. But Radcliff has *the blood*, and is *very* aristocratic in his tastes."

Caroline enlarged upon this delightful theme, until Cecie (who seemed to weary of it) exclaimed:

"O, mother, do see how Aunt Vinnie soothes the baby!"

Indeed, it seemed as if the puny thing must have felt the flood of warmth and love from Vinnie's heart bathing its little life.

That afternoon Rufe and Wad sawed and split the wood, and Link (with Chokie's powerful assistance) carried it into an unfinished room behind the kitchen,—sometimes called the "back room," and sometimes the "lumber room,"—and corded it up against the wall. An imposing pile it was, of which the young architect was justly proud, no such sight ever having been seen in that house before.

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Every ten or fifteen minutes he called Vinnie or Lill to see how the pile grew; and at last he insisted on bringing Cecie, and letting her be astonished.

Cecie was only too glad of any little diversion. She could walk with a good deal of assistance; Vinnie almost lifted the poor girl in her loving arms; Link supported her on the other side; and so they bore her to the back room, where she leaned affectionately on Vinnie, while Link stood aside and pointed proudly at his wood-pile.

LINK'S WOOD-PILE.

"We never could get him to bring in a stick of wood before without teasing or scolding him," said Lill.

"This is different; there 's some fun in this," said Link. "Rufe and Wad have been at work like sixty; and we wanted to see how big a pile we could make."

All praised the performance; and Mrs. Betterson so far forgot herself as to say she felt rich now, with so much nice, dry, split wood in the house.

"But what a remark," she added immediately, turning to Vinnie, "for one of *our* family to make!"

"I was never so proud of my brothers!" said Cecie. "If I was only well enough, how I should like to help pile up that wood!"

"Dear Cecie!" cried Vinnie, embracing her, "I wish you *were* well enough! And I hope you will be sometime."

The wood was all disposed of that afternoon, and the boys concluded that they had had a pretty good time over it.

"Now we can loaf for a whole week, and make a business of it," said Wad.

"There 's one more job that ought to be done," said Rufe. "That potato-patch. We can't keep the pigs out of it, and it 's time the potatoes were dug."

"I s'pose so," said Wad. "Wish we had a hired man."

"It is n't much of a job," said Rufe. "And we don't want to be seen loafing round, now *she* 's here."

"We can go up in the woods and loaf," said Wad.

"Don't talk silly," said Rufe. "Come, I 'll go at the potatoes to-morrow, if you will. We 'll dig, and make Link pick 'em up."

"I was going to shoot some more prairie chickens to-morrow. We 've no other meat for dinner."

"We 'll get father to shoot them. Come, Wad, what do you say?"

Wad declined to commit himself to an enterprise requiring so large an outlay of bone and muscle. All Rufe could get from him was a promise to "sleep on the potatoes" and say what he thought of them in the morning.

The next morning, accordingly, before the cattle were turned out of the yard, Rufe said:

"Shall we yoke up the steers and take the wagon down into the potato patch? We can be as long as we please filling it."

"Yes, we may as well take it down there and leave it," Wad assented; and the steers were yoked accordingly.

Lord Betterson was not surprised to see the wagon go to the potato-patch, where he thought it might as well stay during the rest of the season, as anywhere else. But he *was* surprised afterward to see the three boys—or perhaps we should say four, for Chokie was of the party—start off with their hoes and baskets.

"We are going to let *you* shoot the prairie chickens this forenoon," said Rufe. "You 'll find the gun and ammunition all ready, in the back room. We are going at the potatoes."

Link went ahead and pulled the tops, and afterward picked up the potatoes, filling the baskets,

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which his brothers helped him carry off and empty into the wagon-box; while Chokie dug holes in the black loam to his heart's content.

"We might have had a noble crop here," said Rufe, "if it had n't been for the weeds and pigs. Wad, we must n't let the weeds get the start of us so another year. And we 'll do some repairs on the fences this Fall. I 'm ashamed of 'em!"

CHAPTER XX.

MORE WATER THAN THEY WANTED.

A DOCTOR from North Mills came once a week to visit Cecie and the sick mother and baby. One afternoon he brought in his chaise a saddle and bridle, which he said a young fellow would call for in a day or two. The boys laughed as they put the saddle away; they knew who the young fellow was, and they hoped he would have a chance to use it.

Snowfoot's week was up the next forenoon; and at about ten o'clock, Jack, accompanied by Lion, and carrying a double-barreled fowling-piece, with which he had shot a brace of prairie hens by the way, walked into the Betterson door-yard.

He found the boys at the lower end of the house, with the steers and wagon.

"What 's the news?" he asked.

"The news with us is, that we 're out of rain-water," Rufe replied.

"I should think so," said Jack, looking into a dry hogshead which stood under the eaves-spout.

"It 's too much of a bother to bring all our water by the pailful. So we are going to fill these things at the river, and make the steers haul 'em."

There were three wash-tubs and a barrel, which the boys were putting upon the bottom boards of the wagon-box, from which the sides had been removed.

Jack was pleased with this appearance of enterprise; he also noticed with satisfaction that the yard had been cleared up since he last saw it.

He asked about Vinnie, and learned from the looks and answers the boys gave him that she was popular.

"Your saddle came yesterday," said Wad; "so I s'pose you expect to ride home."

"I feel rather inclined that way. How is our friend Peakslow?"

"Don't know; he went to Chicago, and he has n't got back."

"Has n't got back!" said Jack, astonished. "That 's mean business!"

He smothered his vexation, however, and told the boys that he would go with them to the river, after he had spoken with Vinnie.

Entering the house, he was still more surprised at the changes which had taken place since his last visit.

"Her coming has been the greatest blessing!" said Caroline, detaining him in the sitting-room. "We are all better,—the doctor noticed it yesterday; Cecie and baby and I are all better. Lavinia dear will see you presently; I think she is just taking some bread out of the oven."

"Let me go into the kitchen—she wont mind me," said Jack.

Vinnie, rosy-red from her baking, met him at the door. He had been very anxious about her since he left her there; but a glance showed him that all had gone well.

"You have survived!" he said.

"Yes, indeed!" she replied. "I told you I would make things pleasant here."

"The boys like you, I see."

"And I like them. They do all they can for me. Rufus even helped me about the washing,—pounded and wrung out the clothes. You must stay to dinner to-day."

"I think I may have to," said Jack; "for my horse has n't come back from Chicago yet, and I don't mean to go home without him."

When he went out he found the boys waiting, and accepted a seat with Wad and Link on a board placed across two of the tubs. Rufe walked by the cattle's horns; while in the third tub sat Chokie.

"You can't sit in that tub going back, you know," said Link.

"Yes, I can! I will!" And Chokie clung fast to the handles.

"O, well, you can if you want to, I suppose," said Link; "but it will be full of water."

They passed the potato-patch (Jack smiled to see that the potatoes had been dug), crossed a strip of meadow land below, and then rounded a bend in the river, in the direction of a deep place the boys knew.

"I always hate to ride after oxen,—they go so tormented slow!" said Link. "Why don't somebody invent a wagon to go by steam?"

"Did you ever see a wagon go by water?" Jack asked.

"No, nor anybody else!"

"I have," said Jack. "I know a man in this county who has one."

"What man? I 'd go five miles to see one!"

"You can see one without going so far. The man is your father, and this is the wagon. It is going by water now."

"By water—yes! By the river!" said Link, amused and vexed.

"Link," said Jack, "do you remember that little joke of yours about the boys stopping the leak in the boat? Well, we are even now."

Rufe backed the hind-wheels of the wagon into the river, over the deep place, and asked Wad

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which he would do,—dip the water and pass it up by the pailful, or stay in the wagon and receive it.

"Whoever dips it up has got to stand in the river above his knees," said Wad; "and I don't mean to get wet to-day."

"Very well; stay in the wagon, then. You 'll get as wet as I shall; for I 'm going to pull off my shoes and roll up my trousers. Chokie, you keep in that tub, just where you are, till the tub is wanted. Link, you 'd better go into the river with me, and dip the pails, while I pass 'em up to Wad."

"I never can keep my trousers-legs rolled up, and I aint going to get wet," said Link. Then, whispering to Jack: "There 's leeches in this river; they get right into a fellow's flesh and suck his blood like sixty."

Wad proposed to begin with the barrel, and to have Link stand at the end of the wagon, receive the pails, pass them to him, and pass them back to Rufe empty.

"Why not move the barrel to the end of the wagon, and fill it about two-thirds full, and then move it back again? I 'll help you do that," said Link.

"All right; I 'll fill the barrel and one of the tubs; then you shall fill the other two tubs."

Link agreed to this; while Jack smiled to hear so much talk about doing so small a thing.

Rufe went in bare-legged, and stood on the edge of the deep hole, where the water was hardly up to his knees. Much as he disliked, ordinarily, to set about any work, he was strong and active when once roused; and the pails of water went up on the wagon about as fast as Wad cared to take them.

"Hullo! Don't slop so! You 're wetting my feet!" cried Wad.

"I can't keep from spilling a drop once in awhile. You might have taken off your shoes and rolled up your trousers, as I did."

The barrel was soon two-thirds full, and Wad called upon Link to help him move it forward. Link left his seat by Jack's side, and walked back to the rear of the wagon. Wad, as we know, was already there. So was the barrel of water, standing just back of the rear axletree. So also was a fresh pail of water, which Rufe had placed at the extreme end, because Wad was not ready to take it.

At that moment the oxen, hungry for fresh grass, and having nipped all within reach of their noses, started up a little. Jack, thinking to prevent mischief by running to their heads, leaped from the front of the wagon.

This abrupt removal of weight from one end, and large increase of avoirdupois at the other, produced a natural but very surprising result. Chokie in his tub, though at the long end of the beam, so to speak (the rear axletree being the fulcrum), was not heavy enough to counterbalance two brothers and a barrel of water at the short end.

He suddenly felt himself rising in the air, and sliding with the empty tubs. His brothers at the same moment felt themselves sinking and pitching. There was a chorus of shrieks, as they made a desperate effort to save themselves. Too late; the wagon-bottom reared, and away went barrel, boys, tubs, everything.

The oxen, starting at the alarm, helped to precipitate the catastrophe. Fortunately, Jack was at hand to stop them, or the dismantled wagon might have gone flying across the lot, even fast enough to suit Link's notion of speed.

Rufe made one quick effort to prevent the boards from tipping up, then leaped aside, while the discharged load shot past him.

Chokie, screaming, held fast to the sides of his tub with both hands. Wad, intending to jump, plunged into the deepest part of the river. Link made a snatch at the barrel, and, playing at leap-frog over it (very unwillingly), went headlong into the deep hole.

Chokie met with a wonderfully good fortune; his tub being launched so neatly, and ballasted so nicely by him sitting in the bottom, that it shipped but a splash of water, and he floated away, unhurt and scarcely wet at all, amidst the general ruin.

The wagon-boards, relieved of their load, tumbled back upon the wheels. To add to the confusion, Lion barked furiously.

Jack, frightened at first, finally began to laugh, when he saw Chokie sailing away, under full scream, and Wad and Link scrambling out of the water.

"So you were the fellows that were not going to get wet!" cried Rufe. "Pick out your barrel and empty tubs, while I catch Chokie!"

The river, even in the deepest place, was not very deep; and Wad and Link came wading out, blowing water from their mouths, flirting water from their hair, and shaking water from their rescued hats, in a way that made Rufe (after he had stranded Chokie in his tub) roll upon the grass in convulsions.

"Laugh, then!" cried Wad, in a rage; "I 'll give you something to laugh at!" And, catching up a tub partly filled with water, he rushed with it to take wet vengeance on his dry brother.

Before Rufe, helpless with laughter, could move to defend himself, tub, water, and Wad, all together, were upon him,—the tub capsizing over his head and shoulders, Wad tumbling upon the tub, and the water running out in little rivulets below.

Rufe was pretty wet, but still laughing, when he

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crawled out, like a snail from under his shell, and got upon his feet, clutching the tub to hurl it at Wad, who fled.

"You are the only one who has got any dry fun out of this scrape!" Rufe said, trying to brush the water from his neck and breast.

His words were addressed to Jack, and they proved more strictly true than he intended; for just then Chokie, trying to get out of his stranded tub, tipped it over, and went out of it, upon his hands and knees, into the river. By the time he was pulled out and set upon dry ground, the boys were all pretty good-natured.

"How about those leeches, Link? Did you find any?" said Jack.

"I 'm too dizzy yet, to think about leeches," replied Link. "I turned a somerset out of that wagon so quick, I could see the patch on the seat of my trousers!"

"I thought I was going through to China," said Wad, "and expected, when I came up, to see men with pigtails."

He stood on the edge of the water, holding another tub for Rufe, if he should come too near.

"Quit your nonsense now!" cried Rufe, "and hand up that barrel."

"I 'll quit if you will,—as the poultry thief said when the old gobbler chased him. 'Quit, quit!' says the turkey. 'Quit your ownself!' says the thief. And I 'm just of his way of thinking," said Wad.

"Well! help me put this wagon into shape," said Rufe. "Then we 'll fill our tubs and barrel without any more fooling."

The wagon-boards were replaced and loaded without any further accident. The well-filled tubs were set one upon another, and Wad stood holding them; while Link, having placed the board seat over the barrel of water, sat upon it. They found it a pretty sloppy ride; but they could laugh defiance at a little water now. Chokie, it need hardly be said, did not ride in a tub of water, but walked between Jack and Rufe beside the oxen.

HOW THE BOYS WENT TO THE RIVER FOR WATER.

CHAPTER XXI.

PEAKSLOW SHOWS HIS HAND.

"HULLO!" cried Link from his perch, as the wagon passed the potato-patch, "there comes Peakslow down the road through the woods—just turning the corner for home!"

Jack started with sudden excitement.

"Can you see his team?"

"Yes; one of the horses looks like yours; and he has an extra horse led behind."

Jack ran up to the road to get a look, and came

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laughing back to the house, where the boys and their load of water had by that time arrived.

"He is driving my horse, and leading one of his own. I am going to get my bridle, and call on him."

"You 'll come back to dinner?" said Rufe.

"Yes, if you 'll have my prairie chickens cooked."

And, leaving the boys to astonish the family with their wet clothes, Jack, with the bridle on his arm, walked down the road.

Just as he was entering Peakslow's yard, he met Mr. Wiggett coming out with his arms full of brown-paper parcels.

"Mr. Wiggett! glad to see you!"

"Same to yourself," replied the old man. "Got my arms full o' this yer stuff, or I 'd shake hands. I 've a lot more o' comforts for wife and young uns in the wagon; but I thought I 'd lug along suthin, or they would n't be glad to see me."

"Is it all right about the horse?"

"I 'low it 's all right."

"Is Peakslow up to any trick?"

"Nary, as I kin diskiver; and I pumped him, tew, right smart, a-comin' over the perairie."

"Did he have much trouble getting back his horse?"

"Not sich a dog-goned sight. Truckman 's a straight-for'ard, honest chap. Says he guv eighty dollars for your hoss; thinks he had him of the thief himself; and 'lows he knows the rascal. He stuck out a little at fust, and you should 'a' heard Peakslow preach tew him! 'T was ekal to gwine to meetin'."

"What did he say?"

"Said none but a fool or a scoundrel would ca'c'late he could hang ontew a piece o' prop'ty that had been stole, or traded for what had been stole. Talked, of course, just t' other way from what he did when he talked to you. Truckman did n't mind his gab, but when he was satisfied the hoss he put away had been stole, he guv up Peakslow's, and the fifteen dollars to boot. Now how in the name of seven kingdoms Peakslow 's gwine to turn it about to make anything more, beats all my understandin'!"

Jack thanked the old man warmly for the interest he had taken in the affair, and asked how he could pay him for his trouble.

"I have n't looked for no pay," replied the old man. "But one thing I should like to have ye dew for me, if ever ye come my way ag'in with yer compass. My woman guv me right smart of her jaw for forgittin' it when ye was thar before. She wants a noon-mark on our kitchen floor."

"All right," said Jack. "She shall have it."

The old man went on with his bundles, while Jack entered Peakslow's yard.

Peakslow, who was unharnessing his team, with the help of two stout boys, looked up when he saw Jack, and said, in a tone which he meant should be friendly:

"How air ye? On hand, I see," with a grim smile at the bridle.

"I was on hand a little before you were," replied Jack. "Your week was up an hour ago. Though I don't care about that. You 've got your horse, I see."

"That 's the main thing I went for; course I 've got him. Here 's a paper, with the truckman's name wrote on 't; he wants you to come and see him when you go to town, pervided he don't come to see you fust."

"Did he say anything about a bridle and blanket that were on the horse when he was stolen?"

"He 's got 'em," Peakslow coolly replied; "but as no reward was offered for anything but the hoss, I did n't take 'em."

Jack did n't quite see the logic of this remark.

"Never mind; they are trifles," he said. "It 's glory enough for one while, to get my horse again. I 've a bridle here for him; I 'll slip it on, Zeph, if you 'll slip yours off."

"You can slip your bridle on that hoss, and take him away, when you 've fulfilled the conditions; not before," said Peakslow.

"What conditions?" said Jack. "You don't pretend to claim my horse now you 've got your own back?"

"I 've got a claim on him," Peakslow replied. "Here 's your own handbill for it. Twenty Dollars Reward! I 've got back your hoss for ye, and I demand the reward."

This, then, after all, was the quirk in Peakslow's head. The boys grinned. Jack was astounded.

"Peakslow," he exclaimed indignantly, "you know that 's an absurd claim! You did n't find my horse and deliver him to me; I found him in your hands, and you even refused to give him up! The truckman has a better claim for the reward than you have, for he had him first; and then I don't see but the thief himself has a prior claim to either."

"You talk like a fool!" said Peakslow.

"You *act* like a fool and a knave!" Jack retorted, in a sudden blaze. "I wont have any more words with you. Sue for the reward, if you think you can get it. I 'm just going to take my horse!"

"Not till the reward is paid, if I live!" said Peakslow, his black eyes sparkling. "Zeph, step and hand out the old gun!"

(To be continued.)

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THE BAKER AND THE TOBACCONIST.

(Translation of French Story in March Number.)

WHAT a very curious house! Too large for an ordinary dwelling, too ugly for a palace, and of an odd style of architecture, it doubtless excites among the thousands who read ST. NICHOLAS great curiosity and much merriment. It is about this house that I am going to tell you a little story, interesting as an Arabian tale, but at the same time quite true.

In one of the immense bazars, so numerous in Constantinople, there were, in the middle of the last century, a Turkish tobacconist's shop and a Greek bakery. The owners of the two establishments, named respectively Ibrahim and Yorghi, had contracted for each other a close friendship, which was continued with equal sincerity by their two sons, who bore the same names as their fathers. The one a Mussulman, the other a Christian, these two boys were always together, whether they were playing or working; night alone could separate them. But good things cannot last forever. Having grown to be men, the two friends were obliged to submit to a separation. Ibrahim left for Bagdad, where he was to become page to the Pacha of the province, whilst Yorghi remained at Constantinople, where he finally succeeded his father in the bakery. There he continually made new friends; his weights were always correct, his measures exact, his kindness was limitless, and his piety won the admiration of everybody.

After a time he married, and when God gave him children, he instructed them in the same principles of honor and justice. Meanwhile he thought constantly of his absent friend, for before separating they had sworn an eternal friendship, promising that he who would first attain riches and power should remember the other and help him in every way possible.

It was, therefore, a great surprise to his neighbors, as well as for Yorghi himself, when he was one day summoned by two officers to appear before the Grand Vizier. In those days such a summons usually meant some criminal accusation and a speedy punishment; and, fearing some terrible misfortune, Yorghi begged of the officers to explain to him the cause of this summons.

"What is my crime?" said he to them. "I have never harmed any one; all my neighbors can testify to that."

But the officers answered that they knew nothing, and that they only obeyed the Vizier's orders. Yorghi was obliged to follow them, amid a throng of neighbors, who bewailed his misfortunes while cursing the relentless officers.

At last they reached the palace, and presented themselves before the Grand Vizier. The latter looked steadily at Yorghi, then, with a scarce repressed sob, and with tears in his eyes, he said to the poor baker, who had not yet raised his head:

"Dost thou know me?"

"No," he replied.

"But thou hadst formerly an intimate friend named Ibrahim,—is it not so?"

At this name Yorghi raised his eyes, gazed for a moment at the Vizier, and recognized his old friend. It was indeed he; from page to the Pacha, he had become Grand Vizier, by dint of integrity and worth. He threw himself into Yorghi's arms, and pressed him to his heart; then, after having embraced him a long time, to the great amazement of the court, he ordered him to send for his wife and children, that they might make the palace their home.

"For," said he, "I make thee my banker. Now thou shalt be rich, as thou hast always deserved to be."

So we now behold our young tobacconist Prime Minister, and our baker first banker of the empire, a position in which he always displayed the same trustworthiness as in the small affairs of his bakery, and in which he continued until his death.

But you will say: "What has all this story to do with our great house?" Very much, my friends; this immense building, so ugly on the outside, but decorated with Eastern splendor in the interior, was one of the three palaces erected by our baker-banker. This enormous building, built on the side of a hill, is six stories high on one side, on the other but three. The date, which can be seen on the façade, is that of its completion. It is in Greek, and means March 17, 1799. It is now worthily employed by Prussian deaconesses as a young ladies' school. Let us hope that it will long serve as a memorial of the honesty and faithfulness of a Turkish tobacconist, and of his friend the Greek baker.

TRANSLATIONS of above story were received, previous to March 18, from Emma Clare Grafflin, A. S. M., Ivory Littlefield, H. P. Rosenbach, E. C. F., Madeleine Newhouse, Grant La Farge, Lucy Lee Batchelder, Daisy Lee, D. W. Lane, F. S. K., Minnie H Essetstyne, Alfred G. Dent, Alice M. Williston, Anna L. Brown, John F. Harris, Mary L. Bullard, Ethel Willard, Bessie Whitney, Lilla Burbank, Lizzie W. Wadsworth, William R. Billings, A. L. O. P., J. C. Clark, Marion Allman, Marion B. Keyes, Julia Bacon, W. G. Willcox, Florence P. Spofford, Ella M. Tuttle, Lizzie S. K., "Maggie," K. E. Cobb, "Plymouth Rock," Ada F., Emmie C. Burridge, Kate F. Howland, "Pierce." Julie Elizabeth Ballantine, Fanny Strong, Josie and Alice Morse. Minta C. Pleasants. "Jeanie," Harry Wigmore, Mary B. Albert, Daniel H. Shipman, Marion Merrill, Sarah B. Balch, Ralph W. Rounds, Hattie M. Coe and Emmie T. Lane, Charles H. Payne, Fanny M. Wade, Lilla M. Hallowell, Katherine De V. Schaus, Mary E. McCoy, Kate G. Lamson, Mamie A. Johnson, and Alice Le Fèvre.

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QUEEN BLOSSOM.

(A May-Day Story.)

By Susan Coolidge.

PROMPTLY the bell tinkled for noon recess in the red school-house, and boys and girls came trooping out into the sunshine, which was warm as Summer that day. Nobody staid behind except Miss Sparks, the teacher. She turned the damper in the stove to make it warmer, and put on more wood; then took a roll of bread and butter and a large pickled cucumber out of her desk and sat down to lunch, and to read "Young's Night Thoughts," which somebody had told her was an "improving" book. The heat soon made her head ache, and, "Night Thoughts" and the cucumber aiding, the children, had they only known it, were in a fair way to pass an extremely unpleasant afternoon.

Luckily they did not know it, otherwise the pleasure of the recess would have been spoiled, which would have been a pity, for the recess was very pleasant. There was the sun for one thing; and real, warm, yellow sun is a treat in April, not always to be had. There were the woods, beginning to be beautiful, although not a leaf-bud was yet visible. Spring was awake, and busy at her silent work, varnishing brown boughs to glossy brightness; tinting shoots and twigs with pink and yellow and soft red colors; arranging surprises everywhere. The children could not have put into words the feeling which made the day so delightful, but all were aware of it, and each, in his or her way, prepared to enjoy the hour. One tiny snow-drift remained in a leaf-strewn hollow. The boys found it out, and fell to snow-balling with the zest of those who do not hope to see snow again for many a long month. Big girls, with arms about each other's waists, walked to and fro whispering together. The smaller children cuddled into a sunny fence corner, and, like Wordsworth's village maid,

> Took their little porringers,
> And ate their dinners there."

A group of girls, not so big as those, nor so little as these, strolled off into the woods, talking as they went.

"Now you just hush up, Winnie Boker," said one. "It 's no use, for we wont have her. She 's been Queen ever so many times, and now it 's somebody else's turn. There are other girls in town besides Blossom, I guess."

"Oh yes, Marianne; it is n't *that*," broke in Winnie, the words running out of her eager mouth so fast that they tumbled over each other. "It is n't that at all. You 'd make a first-rate Queen, or so would Arabella or Eunice. But, don't you see, Blossom always *was* Queen, and now she 's sick I 'm afraid she 'd feel bad if we choose somebody else."

"Dear me, what nonsense!" exclaimed Arabella, a tall girl in purple calico, with sharp black eyes and a Roman nose. "It was n't fair a bit, Ma says, to have Blossom always. Ma says other people have got rights too. You need n't be so fiery about that stuck-up Blossom, Winnie."

"Oh, I 'm not," began Winnie, peaceably, "but ——"

"My father says that Blossom is the prettiest girl in the whole township," broke in Charlie Starr excitedly; "and it 's real mean of you to call her stuck-up. Don't you recollect how sweet she looked last year in her white dress, and what a pretty speech she made when George Thorne put the crown on her head? *She* never said unkind things or called anybody names! She 's always been May-Queen, and I say it 's a shame to leave her out just because she 's sick."

"You 're a goose," responded Arabella. "Who wants a sick Queen of the May? She 'll never be well again, the doctor says; and as for her beauty, that 's gone for good. Ma declares that it 's absurd to call her Blossom any more. It is n't her real name, only her Pa named her so when she was little, because he was so proud of her looks. Her real name 's Sarah Jane, and I 'm going to call her Sarah Jane always. So there now, Charlotte Starr!"

"You bad girl!" cried Charlie, almost in tears. "How can you! Poor dear Blossom!"

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"Stop quarreling," said Laura Riggs, "and listen to my plan. Blossom can't be Queen, anyhow, don't you see, because she 's too sick to come to the celebration. So what 's the use of fighting about her?"

"I thought we could go to her, and put on the crown and all, and it would be *such* a surprise," ventured Winnie timidly. "She 'd be so pleased."

"I suppose she would," sneered Arabella, "only, you see, we don't mean to do it."

"I propose that we call all the boys and girls together after school, and vote who shall be Queen," went on Laura. "Then to-morrow we can go a flower-hunting, and have the wreath all ready for next day. It 's splendid that May-day comes on Saturday this year."

"I know who I shall vote for,—and I,—and I," cried the children.

Winnie and Charlotte did not join in the cry. They moved a little way off, and looked sadly at each other. To them, poor Blossom, sick and neglected, seemed still the rightful Queen of the May.

"I 've thought of a plan," whispered Charlie.

"What?"

But the answer was so softly spoken that nobody but Winnie could hear.

Did I say *nobody?* I was wrong. Certain fine ears which were listening heard all, question and answer both. These ears belonged to a little hepatica, who had stolen up very near the surface of the ground to hearken, and with a tiny leaf-hand curled behind her lilac ear, had caught every syllable. Whatever the secret was, it pleased her, for she clapped both hands and called out:

"Listen! listen! Hepsy, Patty, Violet,—all of you,—listen!"

"What is it—what?" cried the other flowers, crowding near her.

"Did n't you hear what those two little girls were saying,—Winnie and—what *is* her name—Charlie?"

"No, we heard nothing. We were listening to the tiresome ones who quarreled. How horrid children are!"

"Go a flower-hunting indeed," tittered a blood-root. "They are welcome to hunt, but they will find no flowers."

"Indeed they wont. I 'd bite if they tried to pick me," said a dog-tooth violet.

"Ach! fancy their fingers at your stem," shuddered a pale wind-flower.

"How little they guessed that we were listening to it all," laughed a white anemone.

> "Ring-a-ling, ring-a-ling,
> We 'll be as late as we can this Spring,"

sang a columbine.

"We know when to go and when to stay; when to open and when to shut," said a twin-flower.

"Where is Mamma Spring?" inquired the dog-tooth violet.

"On the other side the wood," replied the columbine. "But she can't be interrupted just now. She 's very busy cutting out Dutchman's Breeches. There are five hundred pairs to be finished before night."

"All of the same everlasting old pattern," grumbled a trillium.

"But listen; you don't listen," urged the lilac hepatica. "*All* the children did n't quarrel. My two—the two I liked—were gentle and sweet, and they have a plan—a kind plan—about somebody named Blossom. They want to give her a surprise with flowers and a wreath, and make her Queen of the May, because she is ill and lies in bed. Let us help. I like them; and Blossom is a pretty name."

"Are you quite sure they did not quarrel?" asked the wind-flower anxiously. "It made me shiver to hear the others."

"No, they did n't quarrel. When the rest would not listen, they moved away and made their little plan in a whisper."

"And what was the plan?" inquired the blood-root.

"Oh, they are wise little things. The others are going to have a 'celebration' on Saturday, with a great deal of pie and cake and fuss. I shall tell Mamma Spring to order up an east wind and freeze them well, little monsters! But my two are coming into the woods quietly to-morrow to search for flowers. I heard Charlie tell Winnie that she knew where the first May-flowers always come out, and they would look there. We know too, don't we? in the hollow behind the beech-wood, on the south bank."

"They 're not there yet," said the columbine, yawning.

"No, but they 're all packed and ready," said the lilac hepatica. "Do let us telegraph them to start at once. I somehow feel as if I should like to please Blossom too."

So the trillium, who was telegraph operator, stooped down and dragged up a thread-like root, fine as wire.

"What is the message?" he asked.

"Be—in—flower—by—to-morrow—noon—for—Charlie—and Winnie," dictated the hepatica. "Precisely ten words."

"All right," responded the blood-root, with his fingers on the wire. Tap, tap, tap, tap, tap; the message was sent, and presently came an answering vibration.

"All right. We are off." It was the reply of the May-flowers.

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"What a fine thing is the telegraph," sighed a sentimental sand-violet, while the hepatica rubbed her little lilac palms gleefully, and exclaimed:

"I flatter myself that job is as good as done. Hurrah for Queen Blossom!"

The other girls did not notice Winnie and Charlie particularly next day as they stole from the rest and crept away almost on tip-toe to the south bank, where the arbutus *might* be in bloom. Drifted leaves hid the bottom of the hollow. At first sight there was no promise of flowers; but our little maids were too wise to be discouraged. Carefully they picked their way down, brushed aside the brown leaves, and presently a shriek from both announced discovery.

"Oh, the darlings!" cried Winnie.

There they were, the prompt, punctual May-flowers, so lately arrived that only half their leaves were uncurled and the dust of travel still lay on their tendrils. For all that, they were not too tired to smile at the happy faces that bent over them as the little girls lifted the leaf blankets and gently drew them from their hiding-place. Pale buds winked and brightened; the fuller flowers opened wide pink eyes; all shook their ivory incense bottles at once, and sent out sweet smells, which mixed deliciously with the fragrance of fresh earth, of moving sap, and sun-warmed mosses.

"Should n't you think they had come out on purpose?" said Winnie, kissing one of the pinkest clusters.

"We did! we did!" cried the May-flowers in chorus. But the children did not understand the flower-language, though the flowers knew well what the children said. Flowers are very clever, you see; much cleverer than little girls.

Winnie and Charlie hid their treasures in a tin dinner-pail, pouring in a little water to keep them fresh, and carefully shutting the lid. They did not want to have their secret found out.

Going home, they met the others, looking somewhat disconsolate.

"Where *have* you been?" they cried. "We looked everywhere for you."

"Oh, in the woods," said Winnie, while Charlie asked:

"Did you find any flowers?"

"Not one," cried Arabella, crossly; "the Spring is so late; it 's a shame. Carrie Briggs is chosen Queen, and Miriam Gray is going to lend us some paper flowers for the crown. They will do just as well."

"Paper flowers!" began Charlie indignantly; but Winnie checked her, and pretty soon their path turned off from that of the others.

"Come early to-morrow and help us make the throne," called out Marianne.

"We can't; we 've got something else to do," called back Charlie.

"What?"

"We 're going to see Blossom."

"Oh, pshaw! Do let that everlasting Sarah Jane alone, and come and have a good time," screamed Arabella after them.

Winnie only laughed and shook her head. The others went on.

Blossom lay in bed next morning. She always lay in bed now, and it was pitiful to see what a pale blossom she had become. Only a year before her cheeks had been rosier, her limbs more active, than those of any of the children who daily passed her window on their way to school. One unlucky slip on the ice had brought all this to end, and now the doctor doubted if ever she could get up and be well and strong as she used to be. The pretty name, given in her days of babyhood, sounded sadly now to the parents who watched her so anxiously; but no name could be too sweet, her mother thought, for the dear, patient child, who bore her pain so brightly and rewarded all care and kindness with such brave smiles. Blossom she was still, though white and thin, and Blossom she would always be, although she might never bloom again as once she did, until set in the Lord's garden, where no frosts come to hurt the flowers.

"Happy May-Day," she said, as her mother came in. "I wonder what the girls are doing. Winnie did n't come yesterday. I don't even know who is to be Queen. Have you heard, mamma?"

"I should n't think they 'd want to have any Queen on such a cold day as this," replied mamma. "Look how the boughs are blowing in the wind. It feels like March out doors."

"Oh, they 're sure to want a Queen," said Blossom. "May-Day is such fun. I used to like it better than any day in the year."

"Somebody wants to spake to ye, ma'am, if you pl'ase," said Norah, putting her head in at the door.

"Very well. Blossom, dear, you don't mind being left alone for a minute?"

"Oh no, indeed. I 've such a nice book here." But Blossom did not open her book after mamma went away, but lay looking out of the window to where the elm-boughs were rocking in the wind. Her face grew a little sad.

"How nice it used to be," she said to herself.

Just then she heard a queer noise in the entry—drumming, and something else which sounded like music. Next, the door opened, and a procession of two marched in. Charlie was the head of the procession. She wore a pink-and-white calico, and tied about her neck with a pink string, was Willie Smith's drum, borrowed for the occasion. Winnie,

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in her best blue gingham, brought up the rear, her mouth full of harmonica. Winnie also carried a flat basket, covered with a white napkin, and the two girls kept step as they marched across the room to Blossom's bedside, who lay regarding them with eyes wide open from amazement.

"Happy May-Day, Queen Blossom," sang Charlie, flourishing her drum-sticks.

"Happy May-Day, Queen Blossom," chimed in Winnie, taking the harmonica from her mouth.

THE PROCESSION MARCHES IN.

"Happy May-Day," responded Blossom. "But—how funny—what do you call me Queen Blossom for?"

"Because you *are* Queen, and we have come to crown you," replied Charlie. Then she laid down the drum-sticks, lifted the white napkin, and in a solemn tone began to repeat these verses, which she and Winnie—with a little help from somebody, I guess—had written the evening before.

Never mind who the others choose;
You are the Queen for us;
They 're welcome to their paper flowers
And fuss.

We bring our Queen a wreath of May,
And put it on her head,
And crown her sweetest, though she lies
In bed.

These flowers, dear Blossom, bloomed for you,
The fairest in the land;
Wear them, and give your subjects leave to kiss
Your hand.

Charlie finished the verses with great gravity. Then, drawing the May-wreath from the basket, she put it on Blossom's head, after which, instead of kissing the royal hand, according to programme, she clapped both her own and began to dance about the bed, exclaiming:

"Was n't that nice? Are n't they pretty? We made them up ourselves—Winnie and I. Why, Blossom, you 're crying."

In fact, Queen Blossom was crying.

It was only a very little cry—just a drop or two, with a rainbow to follow. In another minute Blossom had winked the tears away, and was smiling brightly.

"I did n't mean to cry," she exclaimed, "only I was so surprised. I thought you would all be busy to-day, and nobody would come. I never dreamed that I should be made Queen of the May again. How kind you are, dear Charlie and Win-

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nie, and where *did* you get the flowers—real May flowers? Nobody has begun to look for them yet."

"They came out on purpose for you," persisted Charlie; and the May-buds smiled and nodded approvingly as she said so.

Next, Winnie opened her basket, and behold, a cake, with white icing, and in the middle a pink thing meant for a crown, but looking more like a cuttlefish, because of the icing's having melted a little. Mrs. Boker had staid up late the night before to bake and ice this May-Day loaf. She, too, loved Blossom, and it pleased her that Winnie should plan for the enjoyment of her sick friend.

A knife was brought, and slices cut. Blossom lay on her pillows, nibbling daintily, as befits a Queen. Her subjects, perched on the bed, ate with the appetite of commoners. The sun struggled out, and, in spite of East Wind, sent a broad yellow ray into the window. The May-wreath made the air delicious; there could not have been found a merrier party.

"Please, dear Duchess, take off my crown for a minute," said Blossom, with a pretty air of command.

The Duchess, otherwise Charlie, obeyed, and laid the wreath on the coverlid just under the royal nose.

"How lovely, lovely, lovely it is," said Blossom, with a long sigh of delight.

"The sun is streaming exactly into your eyes, dear," said her mother.

She opened the window to close the shutter. A sharp, sudden gust of wind blew in, and mamma pulled the sash down quickly lest Blossom should be chilled. Nobody noticed that one of the May-flowers, as if watching its chance, detached itself from the wreath and flew out of window on the back of the interloping wind. But it did.

The wind evidently knew what was expected of it, for it bore the May-flower along to the woods, and laid it on the brown earth in a certain sunny spot. Then, like a horse released from rider, it pranced away, while the flower, putting her pink lips to the ground, called in a tiny voice:

"Hepatica—Hepsy dear, are you there?"

"Yes; what is it?" came back an answering voice, which sounded very near. It was the voice of the lilac hepatica. She and her companions were much nearer the surface than they had been two days before.

"It has all gone off so nicely," went on the May-blossom. "We were there in time, and I must say I never saw nicer children than that Winnie and Charlie. They picked us so gently that it scarcely hurt at all. As for Blossom, she's a little dear. Her eyes loved us, and how tenderly she handled our stems. I really wanted to stay with her, only I had such a good chance to go, and I thought you would all want to hear. It was the nicest May-Day party I ever saw."

"More—tell us more," said the underground flowers.

"There is no more to tell," replied the May-flower faintly. "It is cold out here, and I am growing sleepy. Good-night."

After that there was silence in the woods.

Winnie and Charlie never knew how the dear little flower-people had conspired to make their May-Day happy. Perhaps Blossom guessed, for when she laid aside her wreath that night she kissed the soft petals, which had begun to droop a little, and whispered gently:

"Thank you, darlings."

"WELCOME! LITTLE STRANGER!"

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THE GIN-GER-BREAD BOY.

Now you shall hear a sto-ry that some-bod-y's great, great-grand-moth-er told a lit-tle girl ev-er so ma-ny years a-go:

There was once a lit-tle old man and a lit-tle old wom-an, who lived in a lit-tle old house in the edge of a wood. They would have been a ver-y hap-py old coup-le but for one thing,—they had no lit-tle child, and they wished for one ver-y much. One day, when the lit-tle old wom-an was bak-ing gin-ger-bread, she cut a cake in the shape of a lit-tle boy, and put it in-to the ov-en.

Pres-ent-ly, she went to the ov-en to see if it was baked. As soon as the ov-en door was o-pened, the lit-tle gin-ger-bread boy jumped out, and be-gan to run a-way as fast as he could go.

The lit-tle old wom-an called her hus-band, and they both ran aft-er him. But they could not catch him. And soon the gin-ger-bread boy came to a barn full of thresh-ers. He called out to them as he went by, say-ing:

"I 've run a-way from a lit-tle old wom-an,
A lit-tle old man,
And I can run a-way from you, I can!"

Then the barn full of thresh-ers set out to run aft-er him. But, though they ran fast, they could not catch him. And he ran on till he came to a field full of mow-ers. He called out to them:

"I 've run a-way from a lit-tle old wom-an,
A lit-tle old man,
A barn full of thresh-ers,
And I can run a-way from you, I can!"

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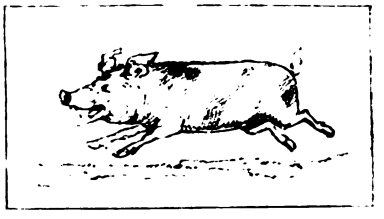
Then the mow-ers be-gan to run aft-er him, but they could n't catch him. And he ran on till he came to a cow. He called out to her:

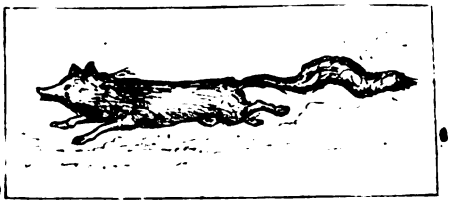
"I 've run a-way from a lit-tle old wom-an,
A lit-tle old man,
A barn full of thresh-ers,
A field full of mow-ers,
And I can run a-way from you, I can!"

But, though the cow start-ed at once, she could n't catch him. And soon he came to a pig. He called out to the pig:

"I 've run a-way from a lit-tle old wom-an,
A lit-tle old man,
A barn full of thresh-ers,
A field full of mow-ers,
A cow,—
And I can run a-way from you, I can!"



But the pig ran, and could n't catch him. And he ran till he came a-cross a fox, and to him he called out:



"I 've run a-way from a lit-tle old wom-an,
A lit-tle old man,
A barn full of thresh-ers,
A field full of mow-ers,
A cow and a pig,
And I can run a-way from you, I can!"

Then the fox set out to run. Now fox-es can run ver-y fast, and so the fox soon caught the gin-ger-bread boy and be-gan to eat him up.

Pres-ent-ly the gin-ger-bread boy said: "O dear! I 'm quar-ter gone!" And then: "Oh, I 'm half gone!" And soon: "I 'm three-quar-ters gone!" And at last: "I 'm all gone!" and nev-er spoke a-gain.

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JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

THIS is May, my children, but I 'm not at all sure that she will give us Spring weather. The months seem to have a curious way of swapping weather with each other. March will borrow some fine days from May, and then, when May comes along, we find that she has taken some of March's blustering winds in payment. By the way, the pretty school-mistress wrote a very queer piece about the months one day, just to amuse the children, as they sat with her upon the willow-stumps in my meadow. She called it an acrostic. I could n't help learning it by heart, not because I thought it pretty, nor because it was so queer, but because each one of her little folks in turn insisted upon reading it aloud. So you too shall have a chance, my dears:

THE SAD STORY OF LITTLE JANE.

Jan—e, little saint, was sick and faint,
Feb—rifuge she had none;
Mar—malade seemed to make her worse,
Apr—icots were all gone.
May—be, she thought, in some fair field,
June—berries sweet may grow;
July—and June, they searched in vain,
Aug—menting all her woe.
Sept—imus failed to find a pill—
Oct—oroon slave was he;
Nov—ice, poor thing! at feeling ill,
Dec—eased ere long was she.

CHARLES DICKENS AND THE BLIND CHILDREN.

TALKING of the pretty school-mistress, reminds me of something I heard her telling her boys and girls one day when they were seated about her, on the willow-stumps as usual. She said:

"Do you remember General S——t, my dears, who once visited us in the school-rooms?"

"O yes!" cried the children.

"Well, when he took tea with me on that afternoon, he happened to say that his boy had just been reading the 'Old Curiosity Shop' with great delight.

"Now, as I knew that the General's only son was blind, I was not a little puzzled. Probably General S——t read my feelings in my face, for he added:

"'Did you never hear of Charles Dickens' visit to the blind asylum where Benny was taught? He talked with the children, and became so very much interested in them, that he decided to have an edition of "The Old Curiosity Shop" printed in raised letters for their use. "Bless their hearts! They shall find little Nell in the dark!" he said, all aglow. And so, in time, my boy was bending over the story, as happy a little fellow as one could wish to see.'

"'Did he read it easily?' I asked.

"'O yes, quite so!' said the General, cheerfully. 'The letters, white as the rest of the page, are raised, and are about an eighth of an inch long. Benny runs his finger along the lines one by one, and understands every word. You would think he had eyes in his finger-tips. The sense of feeling is very acute, you know, when one's sight is gone.'"

"I like Dickens more than ever now," said one of the boys when the school-mistress finished her story.

"And so do I," said four of the children.

THOSE BRAZIL NUTS.

SO many dear and clever little folks have sent answers to my question in the March number of ST. NICHOLAS about Brazil nuts, that I have asked the editors to put their names and some of their facts in the Letter-Box. Bless their hearts—I can see them now, in my mind's eye, looking over dusty books and encyclopedias! Here 's a note from a little girl who did n't have to look in a book at all:

Albion March 3, '75

Mr. Jack in The pulpit
I can tell you some thing abowt those Brazil nuts My uncle Jerry has got a shell what they come in it looks like a Cocoanut only the Brazil nuts are inside and rattle and that is the reason they dont have any stem on them and pleas put me down as a Bird defender

NELLIE REYNOLDS.

QUEER EYES.

YOU have no idea what a good time your Jack has in noticing eyes. May be the eyes have a good time, too, in noticing your Jack; but that 's neither here nor there. I can't help being struck with the capital seeing arrangement of the birds. Why, bless you! opera-glasses and telescopes are nothing alongside of them, especially the high-flying fellows. They can adjust their eyes just about as they please. High in the air, they take up a long style of vision, and, as they descend, they haul in their eyes,—if I may use such an expression,—until they can see to pick a little grub off the ground.

Flies' eyes are wonderful things; they can see in every direction, but they never move. Snails, now, have eyes of another sort. They carry them at the ends of a pair of flexible horns, and while they are crawling over a leaf they can send their eyes under the edge of it to see what is going on there. I 'm told that fishes have n't any eyelids. Is this so?

The number of different kinds of eyes among

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animals, fish, reptiles, and insects, will astonish you if once you begin to look out for them.

JOY-BELLS.

My boys and girls, you are happier than kings and queens!

There was once a prince, who, on ascending the throne, had a bell raised in a tower over his palace, which he intended to ring whenever he was perfectly happy.

The bell never rang during his lifetime.

If little children had joy-bells over their heads, what wonderful chimes we should hear when the first snow-flakes fall, or the first Spring flowers are gathered.

EDDIE AND HIS TWIRL POETRY.

I know of a wonderful little boy, hardly six years old, who is going to be a poet one of these days, that is if he has a fair chance to be a child first. It would be dreadful if the gifts of his coming years should be brought to him so soon as to weight his childhood down and make him weary and worn before his soul has a chance to grow. I am glad to hear that he is a merry, free-hearted little fellow now, fond of play and not so very very good but that he can sometimes get into mischief. Still, those who are nearest to him know that strange thoughts flit through his baby brain, and that his dreamy eyes often look far, far away, whither no one may follow him. He goes to the sea-side with his mother sometimes, and digs wells in the sand like other youngsters, and runs about her in great glee. Then he will grow sober, and after a while he says:

"Write, mother—write just what I tell you. I'm going to make some Twirl poetry!"

Here is something that he made in this way after a few moonlight visits to the beach:

The Twirl Poetry.

O moon! O moon! O moon!
Throwing the light on the ground so holy-like,
And the stars twinkling so brightly and merrily,
As if it were Christmas,
Or a soft, witchy day when the witches charm their caldrons;
And the trees waving and shuddering in the court-yard,
And the lilies flowing on the brooks merrily and lovely,
And the pebbles glistening in the moonlight so merrily,
And the mountains with the flakes pouring on like pelts of rain—
Glistening, dropping, breaking,—
And the bears hiding with leaves and brush in their dens,
So dark and curious!

I never shall forget the moon! the moon! the moon!
Shining so merrily on the sea,
On the boisterous sea,
And the waves dashing and breaking on the beach,
And moving about so gracefully,
And the rainbows in the night so striped and lovely.

I never shall forget the wrecks! the wrecks! the wrecks!
And the rocks spreading danger in the sea,
The waves trickling in and out the rocks,
And the breakers whirling, twirling,
As if a giant were stepping on the earth and making it tremble,
And Jupiter throwing down all its riders out of heaven,
Thrashing up the earth, and breaking the heavens wide.

"Sign it 'By the great artist, Eddie, Esq., Nov. 27, 1874,'—just those very words, mother," he said when the verses were written, and then he ran off to play.

Here is the second part of this Twirl poetry, written two days afterward. You see he knows nothing of rhyme yet, and his thoughts are made up partly from what he observes himself, and partly from what he hears read and spoken by those about him:

The Twirl Poetry.—Part II.

And the water spurting,
And the whales diving in and out, and spouting water from their nostrils,
And the moon shining so brightly on the water,
And the water mermaids combing their long hair,
Dragging and floating in the water,
And their shell combs glistening,
And the sword-fish cutting the water with their great swords,
And the trees blowing and falling with the great hurricanes,
And the lobsters sniffing the ground and spouting up,
And the little shells washing on the beach and off again with the breakers,
And the pieces of board washing to shore off many wrecks
And the sea-weed washing on the beach,
And the frigates riding the waves and tossing about,
And yachts along the coast sailing, sailing, sailing.

Should you like to hear some of Eddie's prose? Well, you shall have a story composed for his grandmamma on Sept. 10, 1874, when he was exactly five years and four months old. His mother wrote down every word just as he dictated it:

The Raging Anaconda of the Dismallest Woods as South America bears in its Mighty Kingdom.

As the raging anaconda was sunning himself, one day, on the high branches of a weeping-willow, he no sooner opened his eyes than he espied some lambs of a farmer's in a near field; and no sooner he saw them than he sprang down the tree. No sooner the farmer beholded the "snek" than he teared after the "snek" three times round the swamp, and then climbed up the tree to catch him by the tail, when the anaconda turned and opened his mighty jaws and grabbed the farmer's hat. Then the farmer climbed down as fast as anything and ran away, and another anaconda and two wild boars came and chased him till he got out of breath, and then he made a feast on the old farmer.

HAVE FLIES AND GNATS NOSES?

Of course they have, if Jack knows anything about it; that is, they have the sense of smell, though whether they smell with their noses or not is for my children to find out.

You just set a piece of meat in the sun and cover it up so that no insect can see it, and you 'll find the shrewd little mites soon coming toward it from every direction. They *smell* it, or my name 's not Jack.

A HARD CASE.

Do you ever feel badly, my dears, because you are sent to bed early? Do you beg to stay just a minute longer, and do you seize upon every possible excuse for lingering? Ah, well, there 's a good time coming; one of these days you 'll be big and strong, and may go to bed when you please.

Hold! I don't positively promise that you shall sit up as late as you please when you grow big. It depends upon circumstances and family rules. For instance, the other day I heard the minister telling a lad this very hard case:

"Dr. Johnson, in 1773, dined with the Earl of Loudon, and met his mother, the Countess, who was ninety-three. She had a daughter, Lady Betty, who was seventy, and she used to send her to bed early after supper, because, said she, 'Girls must not use late hours.'"

How should you have liked to be poor Lady Betty?

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THE LETTER-BOX.

Lewiston, Me., February 26, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to shake hands, and I must 'fess a little, too. When I first saw you, like so many silly people who have "first impressions," I thought I should n't like you, but this Winter I 've been getting acquainted and bringing my little ones to know you.

They were so delighted at the thought of writing some notes and joining the Bird-defenders, that I hope you will pardon the trouble it may make you.

O, that Jack-in-the-Pulpit! I wonder if Mrs. Dodge has n't been a teacher, and she did n't feel sad when she used to see how little so many mothers knew of their own children. God bless her and every other woman who tries to be a teacher and helper of the children. How I wish I could hear her talk right out of her heart; but the ST. NICHOLAS lightens my work every time I take it up.—Yours most truly, A. M. L.

The names of the scholars referred to in the above letter will be found among the Bird-defenders. We are always glad to hear from our young friends.

THE author of the "Gingerbread Boy," in our pages for Little Folks, writes as follows: "The 'Gingerbread Boy' is not strictly original. A servant girl from Maine told it to my children. It interested them so much that I thought it worth preserving. I asked where she found it, and she said an old lady told it to her in her childhood. So it may possibly have been in print, though I have never seen it."

Norwich Town, Conn., Feb. 16, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is a puzzle which has been occupying our attention of late. It was attributed to Rev. E. E. Hale, but he denies having written it, and we are in doubt as to its authorship and as to the correct solution. Several answers have been suggested, among them "Axe," in connection with Charles I. and Cromwell. But we should be glad of a better one.—Yours truly, E. S. G.

ENIGMA.

To five and five
And fifty-five,
The first of letters add:
'T will make a thing
That killed a king
And drove a wise man mad.

CLARENCE DELLAM asks "if any of the ST. NICHOLAS subscribers can tell him how to crystallize flowers, and give him the recipe for making skeleton leaves." Who will answer?

Dayton, O., February 27, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I cannot tell how delighted I am with your magazine. I liked the *Young Folks* very much, but yours beats it altogether. But one thing I noticed was that the *Young Folks* allowed the boys and girls to contribute music. Now I should like to know whether you would allow the boys and girls of the ST. NICHOLAS to do the same.—Very respectfully, WILLIE WALTER.

In answer to Willie's request, we must tell him that our space is very valuable, and that in the interest of the majority of our readers we prefer to print music very seldom.

A PECULIAR GAME OF CROQUET, PLAYED WITH WORDS AND SKILL OF BRAIN, NOT WITH MALLET AND BALL.

Explanation.

The arch in center of field is C A; the four other central arches will be respectively named first, second, third, and fourth. The first arch, or bridge, on the left-hand side will be designated by L S A I, and the second in like manner, and the arches on the right-hand side in a similar manner. We are supposed to stand at the foot, and are looking down the field toward the head, or turning stake, H S, or the foot of the field, is the home stake, or place whence we start. T S is turning stake. The words by which we pass through the first and second arches, and second and third, must be reversible, so that we can return on the same word and thus preserve the symmetry of the entire arrangement. The stakes, and also the words, with which we commence the game must be reversible.

Commencement of the Game.

The H S is a dark place. First move is to pierce; first arch, or bridge, is what this game pretends to be. Second move is a character in mythology celebrated for his friendship; second arch, or bridge, is a simpleton, which we often think we are ourselves when we fail to pass through the first bridge Third move, or rather play, is always in darkness. First R S A is docile. Fourth play is an insane person; C A is what our country is now suffering from the effects of. Fifth move is not wide; second R S A is a condition in which a player sometimes finds his ball. Sixth play is a farming implement; the third A is a musician. Seventh play is what this game is composed of; the fourth A is a penurious man. The eighth play is what some of our puzzlers try to be among their fellow-workers who contribute to the ST. NICHOLAS. T S is the summit, or top, just as it should be.

Returning.

Please observe that, in passing through the central bridges again, as we have to do, it will be unnecessary to define those arches, or bridges, which we have already passed through.

First return play are animals known to us as little pests. Second play is a leather band, pierced with holes and provided with a buckle. Third move is to shine, as we need a little light to see our way farther on. First L S A is soup. Fourth move is a boy's name. Fifth move is a plant. Second L S A is an English title. Sixth move is an idea. Seventh move is a wanderer. Eighth play is nocturnal winged animals, which fly with us to the home stake and thus finish the game. "HYPERION."

The above game of croquet is quite difficult; but, before printing the solution, we should like to see if any of our young readers can find out the words, and send us a diagram of the game as played by themselves.

HERE 's a complaint from a boy: "There has been so much said in readers and magazines about girls being teased and annoyed by boys, especially their older brothers, I think it is time the other side was heard from. Don't you think it 's mean the way some girls have of teasing and plaguing *the boys?* I think it 's all the meaner because the girls know the boys can't hit them or do anything in return."

Calera, Ala., February 24, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: What do you mean by us Bird-defenders going to have a "grand campaign?" Please write to me and tell me. I do not go to school down here, because I have no place to go to, but I go to school to mamma. If any of the girls and boys that read the ST. NICHOLAS look on a railroad map and on the map of Alabama, they will find a railroad called the Selma, Rome, and Dalton Railroad, and if you look sharp you will see a town called Calera, and one mile above there, on the Selma, Rome, and Dalton Railroad, I live, about four or five hundred yards from the railroad, on a hill, and in a real pretty place. I have two dogs, a horse and colt, and a cat. Robbie, my brother, also has a horse and a colt. We have good times, too, in the Summer. We go hunting rabbits, and go fishing, and go in swimming, camp out, build boats, and go grape-hunting, and have nice times. There are deer here too. One day the hunters were hunting deer, and they started up one and shot him in the leg, and the deer ran on two—I mean three—legs, and jumped over our fence into our yard and out again, on three legs. We miss skating here though. I must close.—From C. B. DARE.

P. G., St. Louis.—The next time you send us a poem, we would prefer to have it original, and of a better class of poetry.

A CORRESPONDENT sends our boys and girls the following account of a monkey show:

One evening while we were in Berlin, we went to the monkey theater. The entertainment opened with a piece called "The Waiter," and served to show what skillful waiters monkeys could be. A lady monkey and a gentleman monkey sat at a table. They were waited on by two other monkeys gayly dressed, one as a boy, the other as a girl. A very dignified elderly monkey acted the part of head waiter. They performed their parts extremely well, the attendants bringing what was called for with great alacrity. A chair was placed close to the table, on which they sprang up and placed the food, wine, nuts, etc., before the guests. The boy monkey seemed to be an adept in drinking on the sly, for when he was sent for a fresh supply of wine he managed to help himself freely to the contents of the bottle while his master's back was turned. This piece was followed by others equally amusing. There was an elephant that danced about the stage and bowed very gracefully to the audience, also a white goat, that ascended a pyramid and danced on the top, and descended amidst great applause. After that there was a

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race, in which the monkeys proved themselves such excellent jockeys that we thought they were tied on the horses, until the man ordered them to jump off, which they did at a bound and as quickly resumed their seats and rode round, if possible more rapidly than at first, looking toward the audience with a very triumphant air, as much as to say, "We will show you what we can do." Then came the trained dogs; some dressed like girls, some like boys. They danced, but not very joyously. One poor white dog that was dressed up in crino'ine seemed to get very tired waltzing. When she was going off the stage she did not bow very gracefully, and wanted to get down on all fours, but the manager would not let her go. As punishment, she was compelled to waltz all around the stage again, and then she made a very graceful bow—graceful for a dog. The performance closed with the storming of the walls of a city and of a citadel. The walls had the appearance of great strength, but when the army of dogs attacked them they soon gave way, although they were vigorously defended by dogs inside. There was wonderful barking and howling, but the flames soon burst forth, the walls fell down, the dogs scampered off, and the funny entertainment was at an end.

THERE was a slight mistake in the article, "A Training School for Sailors," in our March number. The words "Don't give up the ship" originated with Commodore Lawrence, but the flag on which they were inscribed was used by Commodore Perry.

Albany Road, October 19, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you three names for the Bird-defender army—Albert Rundells, Charlie Heller, and Carrie Heller.

I would like to tell you a story about four little chickens. Their mother died the day they were hatched. I took them into the house, and put them in a basket with cotton in; then I fed them, and they ate real well. Then I took them out in the garden for a little while and watched them. Then I took them into the house and covered them up and put them by the fire, and they went to sleep. Every night, when they thought it was time to go to bed, they would get up in somebody's lap; and I used to put them in their basket and cover them up. I called one Fanny, one Nanny, one Mischief, and one Gypsy. Mischief was killed by a dog that came here; the rest are alive and quite large. Fanny turned out a rooster, so I called him Frank. Every night they come and get up on the window-sill, and I put them to bed. Frank is black and golden brown; Nanny is dark brown; and Gypsy is black. Mischief was black and white.—Yours truly, CARRIE R. HELLER.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, four years old. I have a brother, Dewitt. He takes the ST. NICHOLAS, but I do not. I like some of the stories very much. The one about little Bertie and the birds was so nice. I liked it because she has my name. I like some of the letters in the back, too, very much. BERTIE CRANE.

HERE is a letter from a little girl in Turkey. With the letter came a package of curious bread, pretty hard and quite stale, but it gave a good idea of the kind of bread the Turks eat. It was thin, like a buckwheat cake. There is a missionary paper published at Erzroom, called *Whiffs from Ararat*, and "Addie," the editor informs us, sets up most of the type for the paper, which, however, is a very small one:

Erzroom, Turkey, January 20, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little missionary girl, almost eleven years old. I like you very much, and my little two-year-old sister Belle (she calls me "Sitty Addie") likes you too, only she thinks you don't put in ponies enough. When you made your first visit to me you took me by surprise, for my papa had not told me that he had invited you. I think, if you had eyes to see, you would be very much surprised, because everything in Turkey is so queer. But, as you have n't, I will tell you something about it. You don't see anybody here with hats on. Men wear a funny red cap called a fez, and boys wear them too. Women tie their heads up in handkerchiefs, and when they go out-doors they put on a large white cloth all over them called an azeam. They have very funny bread. I will send you some, so you can see what it is. I will write again and tell you more. These things do not seem strange to me, because I was born here. I send you our little paper. These sheets of bread are nearly a yard long and half a yard wide.—Your far-off friend,

ADDIE PARMELEE.

THE following is a description of the Brazil nut, about which "Jack" inquired in the March number. Very good descriptions have been received from Tracy Lyon, Lincoln Righter, Ida A. Wendell, May B. Roys, Fanny Brady, Katie F. Gibson, "St. Nic.," and Alice Hurd:

THE BRAZIL JUVIA, CASTANIA, OR PARA NUT.

The tree sometimes reaches one hundred and twenty feet, attaining a diameter of four feet, and frequently rises one hundred feet before putting forth a branch. The nuts are not borne singly, but are packed with remarkable exactness, from twelve to twenty, in a hard, ligneous capsule, which is nearly round in shape, although inclined to pear-shape. When ripe, this pod is so heavy that it is dangerous to pass under the trees, even for Indians. Monkeys are so fond of these nuts that they hammer patiently on the capsule to obtain them. They watch for the fall of a pod with great eagerness, and should the capsule (or case) burst it is the signal for a scramble, the lively sentinels of a hundred lofty branches swinging themselves from bough to bough by means of their long tails to reach the precious nuts. The Indians make use of the imitative monkeys to gather this Castania crop by pelting the animals with stones, who in turn hurl the capsules down at the human antagonists. On the river Aripecuri, a branch of the Amazon, a large number of the Indian Castanheiros ascend the stream to gather the harvest, upon which they depend for the year's subsistence. The nuts frequently constitute the sole cargo of vessels of considerable burden. Fifty thousand bushels are annually exported to England. The Para nut is the most wholesome of hard-shelled fruits, and contains a fine sweet oil, often expressed for the use of watchmakers and artists in oil colors.

Washington, D. C., February 28, 1875.

DEAR MR. SCRIBNER: Please put this piece in the ST. NICHOLAS. It is the first I ever wrote. I am just seven years old. I did as well as I could. WALTER CLEPHANE.

Little baby lies on his bed,
Laying down his little head.

He likes to see papa,
And talks to mamma.

A baby is sweet;
I love him indeed.

He smiles when I talk;
I wish he could walk!

He rings his bell,
And I love him well.

BIRD-DEFENDERS.

Some of our late readers have not seen the earlier numbers of the magazine, and, therefore, do not understand all this talk about the army of Bird-defenders. As we have received several letters asking for information, we here print an extract from the original resolutions, which will explain the purpose and aims of the army. The grand muster-roll will appear next month. We will also state that Mr. Haskins will probably have something to say to the army in the June number. Meantime we hope to receive a great many new names.

The extract is as follows: "Resolved, that we severally pledge ourselves to abstain from all such practices as shall tend to the destruction of wild birds; that we will use our best endeavors to induce others to do likewise, and that we will advocate the rights of birds at all proper times."

Of the lists received this month, the following from Clinton B. Poe, of New York, takes the lead: Louis P. Sledge, Frank Thayer, Harry Samson, William Jackson, Alfred Mestry, Edward Wells, Fred Lane, Nat. Lane, Ed. Palmer, Harry Wood, Will Chase, Will Perry, Harry Brower, John Brower, Charles Bogert, Sam Bell, Joseph Bell, David Bell, Will Gorden, Fred Norton, Gus Wells, Jamsie Cohen, Angus McKenzie, Malcolm McKenzie, Spencer McKenzie, Hetty Seixers, Emma Scott, Susan Huntoon, Lizzie Gregory, Winnie Gregory, Nettie Gregory, Aggie Scott, Lizzie Scott, Minnie Samson, Flora Scott, Pauline Unger, Mildred McKibbin, Jane Clooney, Kate Clooney, Mary Bannen, Carrie McGinnis, Georgiana Armond, Susie O'Brien, Cynthia Wells, Lottie Kip, Pussy Keyes, Grace Cabot, Winnie Norton, Susy White, Etta Palmer, Gracie Howard.

Then comes this list from Eulalie Guthrie, of Dawn, Ohio: Gertrude Burtch, Minnie De Rush, Flora De Rush, Mabel Boes, Kate John, Carrie John, Ella John, Dolly Rush, Lilly John, Sarah Coppess, Sydney Miller, Sarah Miller, Nettie Boes, Ellen Johnson, Mary A. Johnson, Mary A. Coppess, Ella Stephens, Dora McFarland, William Sheffel, Solomon Sheffel, Alonzo Boes, John Deming, Willie Deming, John Brown, Samuel Brown, William Brown, James Brown, John McKahn, Charlie Coppess, Otwell McCowan, William McCowan, Elmer Collins, Bowen John, William John, David Reigle, Isaac Stephens, Milton John, Samuel Morrison.

Miss Annie M. Libby, of Lewiston, Me., sends the following names with a letter, which will be found in another column: John Carter Baker, George Henry Packard, Arthur Howard Dingley, Joseph Bixby Lesner, Johnny Lanagan, Albert Nye Cleveland, James Everett Small, Frank Albert Huntington, Joseph Henry Cheetham, Arthur Brown Towle, George Wood, Wesley Miller, George Emmet Lynch, Nealy Clifford, L. E. Elder, Patsy Lahey, Emma Watson

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Litchfield, Abba Ardell Washburn, Luella Robbins, Effie May Pratt, Rosa D. Nealy, Belle Manning Baker, Winifred E. Nason, Emma Frances Cobb, Hattie May Whitney, and Lizzie T. Sargent.

Next we have a list from Eddie H. Eckel, of Wilmington, Del., already a Bird-defender: Lewis Hilles, Davis Grubb, D. W. Jordan, G. B. Hittinger, C. H. Hittinger, Edwin Cooling, Paul Birnie, W. M. Barrelle, Norrie Robinson, L. F. Eckel, George R. Groff, Zachary T. Guthrie, Edwin S. Farra, Robert E. Sayers, Eddie Canby, J. B. Grubb, Walter L. Butler, Eddie A. Ryon, Richard W. Gilpin, Willie S. Mitchell, Cyrus P. Enos, Willie Beggs, James Hile, David P. Michner, N. Dushane Cloward, and John J. Britt.

Florence P. Spofford sends the following list: Helen Nicolay, Lizzie M. Junken, Emily Snowden, Flora Freyhold, Mattie W. Garges, Annie Beers, Blanche Jordan, Emma Stewart, Laura Seymour, Susie Hartwell, Florence P. Spofford, R. A. Ware, John F. Clark, Dan'l Clark, Charles S. Jones, and Harry Morton.

Katy E. Gilligan sends a list: Sydney D. Gilligan, Josie D. Gilligan, Romolo Balcazer, Constance M. Burke, Nellie Gilligan, John D. Stephens, Robert M. Stephens, Minnie W. Stephens, Norma L. Freeman, Ada G. Marsh, Emily B. Giroff, Belle McKeage, Lillie Coward, and Katy E. Gilligan.

Sidney M. Prince sends the following names: Nelson Bodine, Jennie Bodine, Mattie Lester, Mary Lester, Garra Lester, George G. Prince, Cora L. Frink, George L. Dancer, Clelie L. Dancer, Eugene Dancer, Jason S. Dancer, and Alvin Dancer.

Emily T. Carow sends her own and the following names: Kitty Waldo, Carrie Sutton, Genie Dart, Susy Kunhardt, Madline Smith, Kitty C. Pratt, Corinna Smith, Edith Marshall, Alice Towle, Addie Close, Annie Close, and Laura Agnew.

Charles H. Mathewson sends this list: Edwin L. Mathewson, Charles B. Tyler, S. Mason Tyler, Charles Mason, Howard Budlong, William Barbour, and Irving Hicks.

C. Burton Jones sends a few names besides his own: George N. Thompson, Jennie A. Chidsey, Ida S. Woodruff, Belle A. Woodruff, John R. Crawley, Bertha J. Woodruff, Horace L. Judd, and Charlie C. Judd.

Sadie D. Morrison joins, and sends other names as follows: Annie Brace, Mary A. Flanner, Mary Gardner, Emma B. Harwood, Emma J. Hubble, Mary E. Kaneen, and Nellie Underwood.

Fannie R. Rose sends a list as follows: Kittie A. Comstock, Belle Northrop, Fannie R. Rose, Nellie A. Knowles, Chickie M. Bull, and Julia S. Savage.

Dolly W. Kirk also sends a list: Maggie Prieto, Josephine Prieto, Madeline Prieto, Margaret Sharp, and Irene Givens.

Hannah J. Powell sends this list: Annie E. Eaton, George E. Eaton, Stewart Eaton, Maud Eaton, Mattie Eaton, and George J. Powell.

Charlie Balestier sends his own name and those of Carrie Balestier, Josephine Balestier, Beatty Balestier, and Bella Hartz.

Delia M. Conkling joins with the following friends: Alice E. Palmer, Francine M. Yale, Natalie B. Conkling, Ollie H. Palmer.

Willie H. Patten joins, and sends a few other names: May Elizabeth Patten, Jessie Allen, and Emma Vandusen.

Other names have been received, as follows: George De Lorenzo Burton, Effie Thompson, Charles R. Baldwin, Belle Baldwin, Ella G. McSwaly, Willie H. McSwaly, Johnny Flagg, Annie Louise Wright, Winnie Louise Bryant, Mac Moorhead, Attie E. Campbell, J. B. Parmelee, Lolie C. Hoy, Arthur I. Clymer, Nathaniel Haven, Daisy Haven, Charles B Davis, Richard H. Davis, Freddie H. Shelton, Lulu Conrad, Fred B. Nickerson, Willie B. Nickerson, Edward L. Anderson, Grace Nunemacher, J. Chase, Florence Ballantine, Eddie L. Heydecker, Zuilee Hubbard, Katy E. Gilligan, Mamie A. Johnson, Katie S. West, Susie H. West, Fred N. West, Mabel Williston, Emily Williston, Constance B. Williston, Alice M. Williston, Willie Sherwood, and Nellie Reynolds.

OUR correspondents must remember that the numbers of ST. NICHOLAS are prepared for the press about two months previous to their date. Consequently, all matter for the Letter-Box (which is one of the latest departments prepared) should be in our hands *at least* two months before the first day of the month for which the magazine is published. Thus, communications for the July Letter-Box should reach us by the first of May.

Names and short items sent after that date may possibly be inserted, but it is not safe to wait.

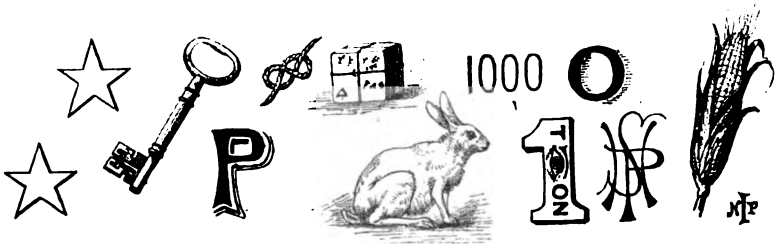
Many very kind letters have lately been received to which it is impossible to reply in this department or otherwise, but the writers may feel sure that their generous expressions are fully appreciated.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ENIGMA.

I AM composed of six letters. My 2, 3 and my 5, 6 are both prepositions. My 6, 5, my 3, 2, and my 1, 2 are often used as interjections. My 4, 5 is a verb. My 5, 1, 4 characterizes Metheusalah. My whole is a city in Europe. J. C. M.

REBUS, No. 1.



TRANSPOSITIONS.

FILL the blanks with the same word used in another sense. 1. The —— under the floor are of more use to a church than the —— in the seats. 2. I saw the —— of Tartary riding upon a —— from South America. 3. A —— came down my chimney and took a —— from my pitcher. 4. I wonder if our fossil —— are as old as the —— that vexed the Jews. 5. I heard them discussing —— at the counter, —— —— that betrayed anger. B.

HIDDEN SQUARE.

HE arrived at Omaha in due time. There is not a person present who knows it. Stop a little before you proceed. Do you like smelts? G. E. M.

BEHEADED BLANKS.

A PRIEST throws down a silver ——
The future destiny to ——
Of a couple in his church;
When lo! a private quarrel ——
Between the pair, about their ——
And leaves him in the lurch! B.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

MY first is a consonant. My second is a piece of wood. My third is one of the books of the Old Testament. My fourth is a confection. My fifth is an American poetess. My sixth is a town in New York State. My seventh is to coincide. My eighth is before. My ninth is a consonant. FAN FAN.

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ELLIPSES.

1. I SAID "——!" to those ——. 2. I saw some —— with a —— on their collar. 3. You have the right —— but not the right ——. 4. I should not —— to —— in that town. 5. He has no ——, and his ears are an —— too long. 6. I bought some —— of the —— grocer. 7. —— those ends, and I will —— them again. 8. The —— implies authority to —— sin. 9. We have a —— —— lamb. 10. I have —— it ——! 11. That mutton is raw; it will —— on the ——! 12. The reign of —— was one of the —— in Egyptian history. 13. When the wind blows how that —— does

R.

REBUS, No. 2.

CHARADE.

My first, it is strong,
It is deep, it is long;
What it holds a sailor best knows.
My second is good
For animals' food,
And in various latitudes grows.

My whole is quite sweet,
And considered a treat
By little folks everywhere.
Go search through the town
For its shining brown!
If you find, do give me a share!

A. O'N.

A GEOGRAPHICAL ROMANCE.

A YOUNG man, named (a county in the S. part of Illinois, on the Mississippi River; a town in Bristol Co., R. I.), a (county in N. E. Indiana) youth; was a dealer in (a county in S. E. Alabama), who dwelt in one of our cities famous for its (town in Tunica Co., Miss). Yet, though possessed of wealth, he was not content; something was still wanting to complete his felicity, and that was a blissful (county in the W. central part of Ohio) by marriage with a certain lady named (a county in S. middle part of Va.), whose (city in Cayuga Co., N. Y.) locks had captivated him. One fine day, he invited her to accompany him in a ramble over the hills, and she, being a good (county in N. W. Georgia and town in S. part of Chatauqua Co., N. Y.), consented; and they set out, with his dog following. And that animal, in his joy at his (town in N. E. part of Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.), seemed to be trying to turn (the plural of a town in N. E. part of Niagara Co., N. Y.), to show his happiness. About half-way up one of the hills, they sat down in a deli shaded by a (town in Burlington Co., N. J.), where a (village in W. part of Putnam Co., N. Y.) was conveniently at hand, and luxuriant vines waved overhead. A fallen tree, overgrown with (a sea-port town of Norway, 32 miles S. of Christiana), made a comfortable seat, and here they passed the afternoon so pleasantly that the youth did not notice that the daylight had (the past tense of a county in N. E. Penna.), and that it was growing (a county in W. Ohio). The lady sneezed (a river in W. Tenn. which runs into the Mississippi), remarked that the (sea-port town of Scotland, S. S. W. of Glasgow) was becoming (a republic of S. America, on the Pacific Ocean), and proposed that they should return. The gentleman had unearthed a piece of (a county in S. E. Miss.) with his (county in N. E. Ill.), and by some hard (county in central Ohio) against a rock, broke off a piece of it, which he gave to the lady as a memento. She presented him in return with a branch of (a county in S. E. Kentucky). The dog, having fallen asleep, with his head on the gentleman's hat, heedless of the (plural of a county in S. E. center of Mo.) he might make thereby, was now awakened; and with the light of the (island of Russia in the Baltic) to guide them, while the (county in N. W. center of Penna.) of a distant (county in central part of Texas) warned them of the lateness of the hour, they wended their way homeward. At a point where the path turned to the (county toward S. part of Mo.), they stopped a moment to (a mountain in N. W. part of Ga.) at the lovely valley, and village with its twinkling lights. Finally, when they reached the door of the house where the lady resided, they stood talking in the moonlight, and the youth, resolved to win her if possible, pressed his suit, and said: "Is there no (town in Warren Co., N. J.) for me?" But she sadly replied: "(A village in Edgar Co., Ill., E. of Springfield), you must see that I do not reciprocate your love. Oh! (a river of England, flowing into the Severn near Chepstow) did you ask? But if we must part, let it be in (a post township of Aroostook Co., Me.), and without heart- (a city of France, 17 miles S. of Marseilles)."

M. C.

EASY PUZZLE.

TAKE one hundred and one,
And to it affix
The half of a dozen,
Or, if you please, six.
Put fifty to this,
And then you will see
What every good child
To all others should be.

M. E.

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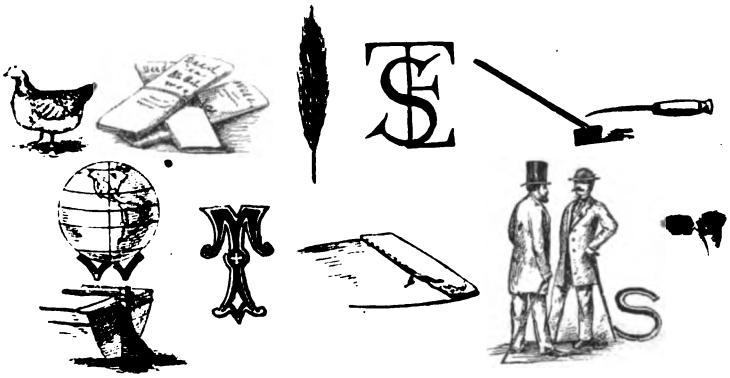
CHARADE.

MY first, to shield himself from my third, wears my second. My whole is an island of the United States. RUTHVEN.

REBUS, No. 3.



SQUARE RIVERS.

A RIVER in Utah. A river in Spain. A river in Italy. A river in Minnesota. ST. N.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals form a flower. 1. A looking-glass. 2. A boy's name. 3. An Egyptian deity. 4. To divide. IDA.

DECAPITATIONS.

BEHEAD a city; get a disease. Behead a river; get part of the body. Behead a plan; get an animal. Behead a river; get severed. Behead a color; get a useful article in a house. NIP.

PYRAMID.

THE left slope is a timepiece. The central is an injury. The right slope is a people of Europe. The cross-words are: 1. A consonant. 2. A verb. 3. To turn. 4. Angles. 5. A will. R. M.

PUZZLE.

UNTO a certain numeral one letter join—sad fate! What first was solitary, you will annihilate. A. B W

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN APRIL NUMBER

ENIGMA.—"When Greek meets Greek." (Easy, because it contains no vowel but e.)

HIDDEN LAKES.—1. Erie. 2. Wener. 3. Pepin. 4. Earn. 5. Itasca.

QUADRUPLE ACROSTIC.—Lias, Sail. Leer, Reel.

L—iverpoo—L
I— rene —E
A—nemon—E
S—hovele—R

PUZZLE.—1. Coleridge (G recoiled). 2. Chatterton (T chatter on). 3. Whittier (H wittier).

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Portia, Hamlet.

P—eao—H
O—nor—A
R—oa—M
T—el—L
I—dl—E
A—n—T

REBUS, No. 1.—"Men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders."

GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Venice, Athens.

V—irgini—A
E—gyp—T
N—orwic—H
I—sl—E
C—aribbea—N
E—uphrate—S

LINEADUCTIONS.—1. Stale, State. 2. Fell, Felt. 3. Will, Wilt.

SQUARE WORD.—

P O E S Y
O V A T E
E A R E D
S T E E D
Y E D D O

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

D
M A P
M I N U S
M I L D R E D
D A N D E L I O N
P U R L I N G
S E I N E
D O G
N

GEOGRAPHICAL CHARADE.—Amsterdam.

REVERSALS.—1. Gulp, Plug. 2. Dine, Enid. 3. Rats, Star. 4. Are, Era. 5. Live, Evil. 6. Pins, Snip. 7. Nuts, Stun.

THE TEA-PARTY.—Carrie, Fred, Cake, Tarts, Candy, Nuts, Party, Seven, Sleep, Dreams.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Allowable, All below a. 2. Exhibition, No I exhibit. 3. Parted, Depart. 4. Modellers, Mere dolls. 5. Disperse, Presides.

REBUS, No. 2.—"Is it a dagger that I see before me?"

CHARADE.—Wake-robin (Trillium).

EASY METAGRAMS.—Mold, Gold, Cold, Bold, Fold, Hold, Old, L.

GEOGRAPHICAL DIAMOND PUZZLE.

B
B O N
A L L E R
B O L I V I A
H A V R E
A I X
A

CENTRAL PUZZLE.—St. Nicholas. 1. CaSte. 2. AlTar. 3. CaNoe. 4. Allas. 5. MaCaw. 6. OcHre. 7. OvOid. 8. PaLsy. 9. PiAno. 10. ReSin.

BEHEADED RHYMES.—Clink, Link, Ink, Chair, Hair, Air.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, previous to March 18, from Eddie H. Eckel, John S. Rogers, James P. Sullivan, Patsey Boliver, Minnie Emory and Mollie Stark, B. Sewall, Lulu Paine, Lolie C. Hoy, E. S. Gregory, "Cock-Robin," "Jenny Wren," Laure C. Marcellus, Lottie E. Frost, Louie Frost, G. C. Mosher, Bessie H. Van Cleef, Annie E. Thayer, Charlie Balestier, Fanny Cushing, Arnold Guyot Cameron, Frank S. Halsey, L. B. Coggeshall, Frank Belknap, Beamy Johnson, Harry C. Powers, Jessie Barnes, William M. Jones, Clinton B. Poe, J. Wade McGowin, Rachel Hutchins, Johnny Flagg, Frank H. Belknap, W. H. Rowe, Mary Lucia Hubbard, Jessie R. Sharp, Willie H. Patten, Frederic B. Studwell, Charlie E. Maxfield, Hannah Taylor, James J. Ormsbee, Annie Louise Wright, Gertrude C. Eager, Winnie Louise Bryant, Ellen G. Hodges, Hattie H. Jones, May Ogden, Mary E. Goodwin, George S. Smith, "Agnes Wickfield" and "Betsy Trotwood," Willie Boucher Jones, Clara Lee, Lulie M. French, Julia Bacon, Clara Hurd, H. B. Nichols, Attie E. Campbell, Jennings Brajan, John L. Woolfolk, "Tasco," Helen B. Hall, George L. Crocket, Mary J. Tilghman, Dorothea, Florence L. Spofford, Charlotte W. R., Anson Cuyler Bangs, Nathaniel Haven, Bessie Gardner, Fred B. White, Elmer E. Burlingame, Belle M. Evans, W. Dibblee, C. Brabrook, Emmie T. Lane and Hattie M. Coe, Allie and Paul Murphy, Marion E. Burke, Allie Anthony, Fred B. Nickerson, Frank Havens, Edward L. Anderson, Emily Bodstein, Grace Nunemacher, Eugenia Pratt, Fannie H. Smith, May Keith, Joseph C. Beardsley, Willie Mosher, Charlie D. Shay, Laurens T. Postell, Nellie S. Colby, E. C. Powles, Nellie F. Elliott, Perry C. Ellis, Carrie Simpson, Willie S. Burns, Helen Worrell Clarkson, Keyda Richardson, Marcia E. Billings, Harry Wegmore, "Gussie," J. Chase, S. Walter Goodson, George Brady, Katy E. Gilligan, "Jamie and Lucy," Mamie A. Johnson, Fannie B. Hubbard, "Menelaus," Edward Roome, W. H. Healy, Bertha E. Saltmarsh, Florence Lockwood, Leon Haskell, Edwin E. Slosson, Ida and Rosa Simons, Lena Tilghman, Fred Richardson, Bessie R. Vroom.

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MILMY-MELMY.

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ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. II. JUNE, 1875. NO. 8.

MILMY-MELMY.

BY RACHEL POMEROY.

MANY hundred years ago,
People say,
Lived in busy Rhineland
Giants gay;
Folks of mighty stature,
Made so tall,
They would hit the sky in walking—
Stars and all.

When one stretched him on a mountain
For a nap,
Why, the clouds would fit him
Like a cap;
In the valley under
Sprawled his toes;
How he could get out of bed
No one knows!

Did he snore a little loudish
(Do you wonder)?
People only thought it
Heavy thunder.
Did he have the nightmare,
Knock-a-knock!
Everybody grimly muttered:
"Earthquake shock!"

One of these tremendous fellows,
I suppose,
Could have hung your father
On his nose.
Half a score like *you*, sir,
(Don't look pale!)
Might have straddled see-saw
His thumb-nail.

He'd have been a crony
Worth the knowing!
For they were the kindest
Creatures going.
So good-natured, somehow,
In their ways;
Not a bit like naughty giants
Now-a-days.

Well, the biggest one among 'em,
So they tell me,
Had a pretty daughter—
Milmy-Melmy;
Ten years old precisely—
To a T;
Stout enough to make a meal of
You and me.

On her birthday, Milmy-Melmy,
All alone,
Started on a ramble—
Unbeknown.
Left her toys behind her
For a run;—
Big as elephants and camels,
Every one.

Through the country, hill and valley,
Went she fast;
Willows bent to watch her
As she passed;
Hemlock slender, poplar
Straight and high,
Brushed their tops against her fingers,
Tripping by.

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Half a mile to every minute—
Like enough,
Though she found the going
Rather rough;
Men folk, glancing at her,
Cried aloud:
"We shall have a shower shortly—
See the cloud!"

Milmy-Melmy thought it rather
Jolly play
Nurse to leave behind, and
Run away;
In her life (imagine
If you can)
She had never seen a woman,
Or a man.

Three times thirty leagues of trudging
(Listen now)
Brought her to a plowman
At his plow;
Getting rather tired,
Stubbed her toe;
Stooped to see what sort of pebble
Hurt her so.

Picking up the plow and plowman,
Oxen, too,
Milmy-Melmy stared at
Something new!
Stuck them in her girdle,
Clapped her hands
Till the mountain echoes answered
Through the lands.

"Here's a better birthday present,"
Shouted she,
"Than the leather dollies
Made for me.
These are living playthings—
Very queer;
La! the cunning little carriage—
What a dear!"

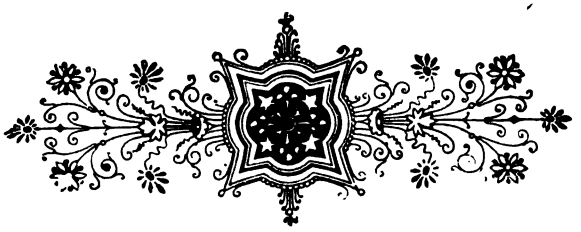
So into her apron, tying
The new toy,
Off she hurried homeward
Full of joy;
Stood it on a table
In the hall;
Ran to bring her father to it,
Told him all.

"Milmy-Melmy," cried the giant,
"What a shame!
You must take the plaything
Whence it came.
These are useful workers,
Daughter mine,
Getting food for human beings,—
Corn and wine.

"Never meddle with such tiny
Folks again;
Only ugly giants love to
Trouble men."
Milmy-Melmy pouted
('T was n't nice),
But she carried back the playthings
In a trice.

When she 'd made her second journey,
Little sinner
Really felt too tired
For her dinner
So to bed they put her,
Right away,
And she had her birthday pudding
The next day.

What the plowman did about it,
Mercy knows!
Must have thought it funny,
I suppose.
If you want a moral,
Ask a fly
What he thinks of giants such as
You and I!



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MY FIRST TROUT.

By Edward W. Cady.

Did you ever catch a trout? It is very exciting sport, especially the first time.

There are two kinds of trout, brook-trout and lake-trout. The name indicates where they are found; but the lake-trout is very much larger, and not nearly so handsome as the other. The brook-trout varies in size from about as long as your hand to a foot or more, and is of a reddish-gray color and beautifully marked with red and yellow spots. He is classed among the "game" fish, because trout-fishing requires skill in the fisherman, and is considered excellent sport. Trout are considered delicious eating, too. A brook-trout which weighs about a pound is considered a fair-sized fish, and one that weighs five pounds, a monster; but this last is not very common.

The water where trout live is very clear and cold, and they generally prefer a shady pool or the foot of a little cascade. Woe to the grasshopper which happens to jump into the water there, or the innocent butterfly hovering too near the surface! The trout never hesitates to jump clear out of the water to catch a bug flying near the surface. If you chanced to be close by at the time, you would be startled by a rush and a plunge, just like a flash of lightning, and good-bye to Mr. Grasshopper or Miss Butterfly!

It does n't seem to make any difference to the trout how small a brook is. I remember a little brook so narrow that the grass growing over concealed it from sight, and it seemed just as though you were fishing in the grass. This stream ran across a field where there were no trees nor bushes, and it seemed very queer to walk out into the middle of the field, let your line down through the grass, and pull trout right out of it.

But I began to tell you how I caught my first trout. It was one Summer when I was about ten years old. I used to go to my grandfather's in Massachusetts every Summer, and spend most of the time fishing, for I was very fond of it. I soon acquired a great reputation as a young fisherman, and felt very proud when I came home along the main street of the town with a large fish. But when I did n't catch any, it was always pleasantest to come through the fields by the back way.

The fish I caught were pickerel, perch, and shiners. I had never caught a trout. I had read about them, however, in a book on fishing which I owned—how shy they were, and how much skill it required to throw a fly well.

Do you know what "throwing a fly" means? If you don't, the book on fishing will explain it to you. You will read, as I did, all about the different kinds of flies, and what kind of a fly the trout likes this month and what kind that. For you must know that at different seasons the trout changes his diet just as we do; and just as in Spring we are very fond of lamb and green peas, so Mr. Trout must have a big brown bug with red head or white tail, or any jolly bug which is in the season. There are workmen who make artificial flies, which look so natural, that sometimes you yourselves may be deceived by them as well as the trout.

On this particular Summer which I am speaking about, my uncle had made me a present of a trout-pole, and, although I had not expected to use it, for it was too slender for the fish I was in the habit of catching, I had brought it with me to the country, so as to have it ready at any time.

Now, there was not much trout-fishing in the neighborhood where my grandfather lived. In fact, no one knew where there was any trout except one old man, the landlord of the tavern. He would take his horse and wagon, drive off before daylight, and come home with a fine string of fish. He never would tell any one where he went. I went one day and said to him, confidentially:

"Mr. Dickey, I want to catch some trout. Can you tell me where to go?"

"Why," he said, "go up along Bull brook, and you 'll find some."

I knew, by the way he said it, that he was n't telling me where *he* went. Still, I made up my mind I would go to Bull brook and try there. Bull brook was about three miles from the village, with not a single house for miles around. It was a lonely place, full of thickets, and was called Bull brook because a great many cattle were pastured about there.

Early in the morning, I started off with my pole, which being jointed could be carried very conveniently. I trudged along the road, which kept winding and growing more and more lonely and dismal, on account of large beech-trees and poplars and gloomy-looking pines which grew along the side of the road, and almost shut out the sunlight. I felt a little afraid of meeting a cross

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bull, but I whistled a lively tune, and marched on bravely.

At last I arrived at the brook, and got over the stone wall at the side of the road. There was a thick growth of bushes along the edge of the stream, so that I had to walk some distance before I found an opening where I could get close to the water. Everything was so still that I felt rather nervous and almost expected to see a fierce bull rush out upon me from somewhere. Crickets were chirping, and different kinds of insects were buzzing and humming. No other sound. But hark! What was that? A splash in the brook.

"I WENT HEELS OVER HEAD, BACKWARD ON THE GRASS."

A bull-frog, thought I. I looked in to see if I could discover him. There he was in the bottom of the shallow brook. No, on closer inspection that was not a bull-frog. It could n't be a fish, for fish swim around, and this little dark thing, whatever it was, was lying quite still on the bottom.

Just then, while I was wondering what it was, a grasshopper, which had jumped by mistake into the middle of the brook, went kicking along on the top of the water. In an instant there was a gleam just where the grasshopper was swimming, and before you could say "Jack Robinson" the grasshopper was gone. I was no longer in doubt about the queer thing at the bottom of the brook. It had disappeared. I knew it must be a trout.

"Ah!" said I to myself, "I 'll catch you, Mr. Trout! Then wont the folks in town be surprised, and wont they want to know where I caught him!"

I actually believe I thought more at that moment of what the people would say than I did of catching the trout. I was quite excited. I trembled all over. I captured a grasshopper, and my hand shook while I was putting it on the little hook. I got behind a bush and very carefully lowered my line until the bait touched the surface of the water.

I was terribly excited, as much so as if the brook was a big cannon and the moment the bait touched it there would be a tremendous explosion. There was an explosion, but of a *different* sort. A plunge, a splash, and I gave a jerk strong enough to tear the bottom of the brook right out.

I went heels over head backward on the grass, and, on scrambling to my feet, looked eagerly at the end of the line to see my trout. But no trout was there, and what was more, the grasshopper was gone.

"What a fool I was," said I to myself, "to tear the line out of the water in that way, and scare all the fish. Now I wont catch any, and the people will laugh at me when I get home."

I caught another grasshopper, and tried again and again, but it was of no use. The fish were evidently frightened. My feelings, from the highest pitch of hope and exultation, were reduced to those of despair and chagrin. I almost cried. I hated to give it up; so I tried a little further down the brook.

This time the grasshopper lay undisturbed on the top of the water for several minutes, and I was just about to pull him up and try somewhere else, when there was a ripple in the water—a splash! The grasshopper disappeared, and there was a jerk on my line! I, too, gave a jerk upward. Oh, how delightfully hard the line pulled up! And then, as I whisked my pole round toward the land, there came out the water a silvery, sparkling fish!

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In a moment, he was lying on the grass—my first trout!

How I walked around him and gazed at him, and admired his beautiful spots, resplendent in the sun!

No more fishing that day. I had my fish. It only remained now to get home. It was the middle of the afternoon when I folded up my rod, and with my trout strung upon a piece of fish-line, started homeward. I went along the road pretty rapidly, I can tell you. I had no fear of bulls now. I was too much interested in getting home with my fish to think about that. I verily believe if I had met a bull, and he had tossed me, I should have gone up into the air holding on to that trout like a martyr. Alexander the Great, when he entered in a triumphal car one of the cities he had conquered, could not have felt prouder than I did when I entered the village, dusty and tired, and exhibited my prize to the astonished townspeople.

I have a great many times in my life worked hard and overcome difficulties, but I do not remember ever feeling such satisfaction and such pride as when I caught my first trout.

EIGHT COUSINS.

By Louisa M. Alcott.

Chapter XI.

POOR MAC.

Rose's sacrifice was a failure in one respect, for, though the elders loved her the better for it, and showed that they did, the boys were not inspired with the sudden respect which she had hoped for. In fact, her feelings were much hurt by overhearing Archie say that he could n't see any sense in it; and the Prince added another blow by pronouncing her "the queerest chicken ever seen."

It is apt to be so, and it is hard to bear; for, though we do not want trumpets blown, we do like to have our little virtues appreciated, and cannot help feeling disappointed if they are not.

A time soon came, however, when Rose, quite unconsciously, won not only the respect of her cousins, but their gratitude and affection likewise.

Soon after the Island episode, Mac had a sunstroke, and was very ill for some time. It was so sudden that every one was startled, and for some days the boy's life was in danger. He pulled through, however; and then, just as the family were rejoicing, a new trouble appeared which cast a gloom over them all.

Poor Mac's eyes gave out; and well they might, for he had abused them, and never being very strong, they suffered doubly now.

No one dared to tell him the dark predictions of the great oculist who came to look at them, and the boy tried to be patient, thinking that a few weeks of rest would repair the overwork of several years.

He was forbidden to look at a book, and as that was the one thing he most delighted in, it was a terrible affliction to the Worm. Every one was very ready to read to him, and at first the lads contended for this honor. But as week after week went by, and Mac was still condemned to idleness and a darkened room, their zeal abated, and one after the other fell off. It *was* hard for the active fellows, right in the midst of their vacation; and nobody blamed them when they contented themselves with brief calls, running of errands, and warm expressions of sympathy.

The elders did their best, but Uncle Mac was a busy man, Aunt Jane's reading was of a funereal sort, impossible to listen to long, and the other aunties were all absorbed in their own cares, though they supplied the boy with every delicacy they could invent.

Uncle Alec was a host in himself, but he could not give all his time to the invalid; and if it had not been for Rose, the afflicted Worm would have fared ill. Her pleasant voice suited him, her patience was unfailing, her time of no apparent value, and her eager good-will was very comforting.

The womanly power of self-devotion was strong in the child, and she remained faithfully at her post when all the rest dropped away. Hour after hour she sat in the dusky room, with one ray of light on her book, reading to the boy, who lay with shaded eyes silently enjoying the only pleasure that lightened the weary days. Sometimes he was peevish and hard to please, sometimes he growled because his reader could not manage the dry books he wished to hear, and sometimes he was so despond-

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ent that her heart ached to see him. Through all these trials Rose persevered, using all her little arts to please him. When he fretted, she was patient; when he growled, she plowed bravely through the hard pages—not dry to her in one sense, for quiet tears dropped on them now and then; and when Mac fell into a despairing mood, she comforted him with every hopeful word she dared to offer.

He said little, but she knew he was grateful, for she suited him better than any one else. If she was late, he was impatient; when she had to go, he seemed forlorn; and when the tired head ached worst, she could always soothe him to sleep, crooning the old songs her father used to love.

"I don't know what I *should* do without that child," Aunt Jane often said.

"She 's worth all those racketing fellows put together," Mac would add, fumbling about to discover if the little chair was ready for her coming.

That was the sort of reward Rose liked, the thanks that cheered her; and whenever she grew very tired, one look at the green shade, the curly head so restless on the pillow, and the poor groping hands, touched her tender heart and put new spirit into the weary voice.

She did not know how much she was learning, both from the books she read and the daily sacrifices she made. Stories and poetry were her delight, but Mac did not care for them; and since his favorite Greeks and Romans were forbidden, he satisfied himself with travels, biographies, and the history of great inventions or discoveries. Rose despised this taste at first, but soon got interested in Livingston's adventures, Hobson's stirring life in India, and the brave trials and triumphs of Watt and Arkwright, Fulton and "Palissy, the Potter." The true, strong books helped the dreamy girl; her faithful service and sweet patience touched and won the boy; and long afterward both learned to see how useful those seemingly hard and weary hours had been to them.

One bright morning, as Rose sat down to begin a fat volume entitled "History of the French Revolution," expecting to come to great grief over the long names, Mac, who was lumbering about the room like a blind bear, stopped her by asking abruptly:

"What day of the month is it?"

"The seventh of August, I believe."

"More than half my vacation gone, and I 've only had a week of it! I call that hard," and he groaned dismally.

"So it is; but there is more to come, and you may be able to enjoy that."

"*May* be able! I *will* be able! Does that old noodle think I 'm going to stay stived up here much longer?"

"I guess he does, unless your eyes get on faster than they have yet."

"Has he said anything more lately?"

"I have n't seen him, you know. Shall I begin?—this looks rather nice."

"Read away; it 's all one to me." And Mac cast himself down upon the old lounge, where his heavy head felt easiest.

Rose began with great spirit, and kept on gallantly for a couple of chapters, getting over the unpronounceable names with unexpected success, she thought, for her listener did not correct her once, and lay so still she fancied he was deeply interested. All of a sudden she was arrested in the middle of a fine paragraph by Mac, who sat bolt upright, brought both feet down with a thump, and said, in a rough, excited tone:

"Stop! I don't hear a word, and you may as well save your breath to answer my question."

"What is it?" asked Rose, looking uneasy, for she had something on her mind, and feared that he suspected what it was. His next words proved that she was right.

"Now look here, I want to know something, and you 've *got* to tell me."

"Please, don't ——" began Rose, beseechingly.

"You *must*, or I 'll pull off this shade and stare at the sun as hard as ever I can stare. Come now!" and he half rose, as if ready to execute the threat.

"I will! oh, I will tell, if I know! But don't be reckless and do anything so crazy as that," cried Rose, in great distress.

"Very well; then listen, and don't dodge, as every one else does. Did n't the doctor think my eyes worse the last time he came? Mother wont say, but you *shall*."

"I believe he did," faltered Rose.

"I thought so! Did he say I should be able to go to school when it begins?"

"No, Mac," very low.

"Ah!"

That was all, but Rose saw her cousin set his lips together and take a long breath, as if she had hit him hard. He bore the disappointment bravely, however, and asked quite steadily in a minute:

"How soon does he think I *can* study again?"

It was so hard to answer that! Yet Rose knew she must, for Aunt Jane had declared she *could* not do it, and Uncle Mac had begged her to break the truth to the poor lad.

"Not for a good many months."

"How many?" he asked with a pathetic sort of gruffness.

"A year, perhaps."

"A whole year! Why, I expected to be ready for college by that time." And, pushing up the

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shade, Mac stared at her with startled eyes, that soon blinked and fell before the one ray of light.

"Plenty of time for that; you must be patient now, and get them thoroughly well, or they will trouble you again when it will be harder to spare them," she said, with tears in her own eyes.

"I wont do it! I *will* study and get through somehow. It's all humbug about taking care so long. These doctors like to keep hold of a fellow if they can. But I wont stand it—I vow I wont!" and he banged his fist down on the unoffending pillow as if he were pummeling the hard-hearted doctor.

"Now, Mac, listen to me," Rose said, very earnestly, though her voice shook a little and her heart ached. "You know you have hurt your eyes reading by fire-light and in the dusk, and sitting up late, and now you 'll have to pay for it; the doctor said so. You *must* be careful, and do as he tells you, or you will be—blind."

"No!"

"Yes, it is true, and he wanted us to tell you that nothing but entire rest would cure you. I know it's dreadfully hard, but we 'll all help you; I 'll read all day long, and lead you, and wait upon you, and try to make it easier ——"

She stopped there, for it was evident that he did not hear a sound; the word "blind" seemed to have knocked him down, for he had buried his face in the pillow, and lay so still that Rose was frightened. She sat motionless for many minutes, longing to comfort him, but not knowing how, and wishing Uncle Alec would come, for he had promised to tell Mac.

Presently, a sort of choking sound came out of the pillow, and went straight to her heart; the most pathetic sob she ever heard, for, though it was the most natural means of relief, the poor fellow must not indulge in it because of the afflicted eyes. The French Revolution tumbled out of her lap, and, running to the sofa, she knelt down by it, saying, with the motherly sort of tenderness girls feel for any sorrowing creature:

"Oh, my dear, you must n't cry! It is so bad for your poor eyes. Take your head out of that hot pillow, and let me cool it. I don't wonder you feel so, but please don't cry. I 'll cry for you; it wont hurt *me*."

As she spoke, she pulled away the cushion with gentle force, and saw the green shade all crushed and stained with the few hot tears that told how bitter the disappointment had been. Mac felt her sympathy, but, being a boy, did not thank her for it; only sat up with a jerk, saying, as he tried to rub away the tell-tale drops with the sleeve of his jacket: "Don't bother; weak eyes always water. I 'm all right."

But Rose cried out, and caught his arm: "Don't touch them with that rough woolen stuff! Lie down and let me bathe them, there 's a dear boy; then there will be no harm done."

"They do smart confoundedly. I say, don't you tell the other fellows that I made a baby of myself, will you?" he added, yielding with a sigh to the orders of his nurse, who had flown for the eye-wash and linen cambric handkerchief.

"Of course I wont; but any one would be upset at the idea of being—well—troubled in this way. I 'm sure you bear it splendidly, and you know it is n't half so bad when you get used to it. Besides, it is only for a time, and you can do lots of pleasant things if you can't study. You 'll have to wear blue goggles, perhaps; wont that be funny?"

"RUNNING TO THE SOFA, SHE KNELT DOWN BY IT."

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And while she was pouring out all the comfortable words she could think of, Rose was softly bathing the eyes and dabbing the hot forehead with lavender water, as her patient lay quiet with a look on his face that grieved her sadly.

"Homer was blind, and so was Milton, and they did something to be remembered by, in spite of it," he said, as if to himself, in a solemn tone, for even the blue goggles did not bring a smile.

"Papa had a picture of Milton and his daughters writing for him. It was a very sweet picture, I thought," observed Rose in a serious voice, trying to meet the sufferer on his own ground.

"Perhaps I could study if some one read and did the eye part. Do you suppose I could, by and by?" he asked, with a sudden ray of hope.

"I dare say, if your head is strong enough. This sun-stroke, you know, is what upset you, and your brains need rest, the doctor says."

"I 'll have a talk with the old fellow next time he comes, and find out just what I *may* do; then I shall know where I am. What a fool I was that day to be stewing my brains and letting the sun glare on my book till the letters danced before me. I see 'em now when I shut my eyes; black balls bobbing round, and stars and all sorts of queer things. Wonder if all blind people do?"

"Don't think about them; I 'll go on reading, shall I? We shall come to the exciting part soon, and then you 'll forget all this," suggested Rose.

"No, I never shall forget. Hang the old Revolution! I don't want to hear another word of it. My head aches, and I 'm hot. Oh, would n't I like to go for a pull in the 'Stormy Petrel!'" and poor Mac tossed about as if he did not know what to do with himself.

"Let me sing, and perhaps you 'll drop off; then the day will seem shorter," said Rose, taking up a fan and sitting down beside him.

"Perhaps I shall; I did n't sleep much last night, and when I did I dreamed like fun. See here, you tell the people that I know, and it 's all right, and I don't want them to talk about it or howl over me. That 's all; now drone away, and I 'll try to sleep. Wish I could for a year, and wake up cured."

"Oh, I wish, I wish you could!"

Rose said it so fervently, that Mac was moved to grope for her apron and hold on to a corner of it, as if it was comfortable to feel her near him. But all he said was:

"You are a good little soul, Rosy. Give us 'The Birks;' that is a drowsy one that always sends me off."

Quite contented with this small return for all her sympathy, Rose waved her fan and sang, in a dreamy tone, the pretty Scotch air, the burden of which is:

> "Bonny lassie, will ye gang, will ye gang
> To the Birks of Aberfeldie?"

Whether the lassie went or not I cannot say, but the laddie was off to the land of Nod in about ten minutes, quite worn out with hearing the bad tidings and the effort to bear them manfully.

Chapter XII.

"The Other Fellows."

Rose did tell "the people" what had passed, and no one "howled" over Mac, or said a word to trouble him. He had his talk with the doctor, and got very little comfort out of it, for he found that "just what he might do" was nothing at all; though the prospect of some study by and by, if all went well, gave him courage to bear the woes of the present. Having made up his mind to this, he behaved so well that every one was astonished, never having suspected so much manliness in the quiet Worm.

The boys were much impressed, both by the greatness of the affliction which hung over him, and by his way of bearing it. They were very good to him, but not always particularly wise in their attempts to cheer and amuse; and Rose often found him much downcast after a visit of condolence from the Clan. She still kept her place as head-nurse and chief-reader, though the boys did their best in an irregular sort of way. They were rather taken aback sometimes at finding Rose's services preferred to theirs, and privately confided to one another that "Old Mac was getting fond of being molly-coddled." But they could not help seeing how useful she was, and owning that she alone had remained faithful, a fact which caused some of them much secret compunction now and then.

Rose felt that she ruled in that room, if nowhere else, for Aunt Jane left a great deal to her, finding that her experience with her invalid father fitted her for a nurse, and in a case like this her youth was an advantage rather than a drawback. Mac soon came to think that no one could take care of him so well as Rose, and Rose soon grew fond of her patient, though at first she had considered this cousin the least attractive of the seven. He was not polite and sensible like Archie, nor gay and handsome like Prince Charlie, nor neat and obliging like Steve, nor amusing like the "Brats," nor confiding and affectionate like little Jamie. He was rough, absent-minded, careless and awkward, rather priggish, and not at all agreeable to a dainty, beauty-loving girl like Rose.

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But when his trouble came upon him, she discovered many good things in this cousin of hers, and learned not only to pity, but to respect and love the poor Worm, who tried to be patient, brave and cheerful, and found it a harder task than any one guessed, except the little nurse, who saw him in his gloomiest moods. She soon came to think that his friends did not appreciate him, and upon one occasion was moved to free her mind in a way that made a deep impression on the boys.

Rose had gone to drive with Uncle Alec, who declared she was getting as pale as a potato sprout, living so much in a dark room. But her thoughts were with her boy all the while, and she ran up to him the moment she returned, to find things in a fine state of confusion.

With the best intentions in life, the lads had done more harm than good, and the spectacle that met Nurse Rose's eye was a trying one. The puppies were yelping, the small boys romping, and the

"THE SPECTACLE THAT MET NURSE ROSE'S EYE WAS A TRYING ONE."

Vacation was almost over, and the time drawing near when Mac would be left outside the happy school-world which he so much enjoyed. This made him rather low in his mind, and his cousins exerted themselves to cheer him up, especially one afternoon when a spasm of devotion seemed to seize them all. Jamie trudged down the hill with a basket of blackberries which he had "picked all his ownself," as his scratched fingers and stained lips plainly testified. Will and Geordie brought their puppies to beguile the weary hours, and the three elder lads called to discuss base-ball, cricket, and kindred subjects, eminently fitted to remind the invalid of his privations.

big boys all talking at once; the curtains were up, the room close, berries scattered freely about, Mac's shade half off, his cheeks flushed, his temper ruffled, and his voice loudest of all as he disputed hotly with Steve about lending certain treasured books which he could no longer use.

Now Rose considered this her special kingdom, and came down upon the invaders with an energy which amazed them and quelled the riot at once. They had never seen her roused before, and the effect was tremendous; also comical, for she drove the whole flock of boys out of the room like an indignant little hen defending her brood. They all went as meekly as sheep; the small lads fled from

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the house precipitately, but the three elder ones only retired to the next room, and remained there hoping for a chance to explain and apologize, and so appease the irate young lady, who had suddenly turned the tables and clattered them about their ears.

As they waited, they observed her proceedings through the half-open door, and commented upon them briefly but expressively, feeling quite bowed down with remorse at the harm they had innocently done.

"She 's put the room to rights in a jiffy. What jacks we were to let those dogs in and kick up such a row," observed Steve, after a prolonged peep.

"The poor old Worm turns as if she was treading on him instead of cuddling him like a pussy cat. Is n't he cross, though?" added Charlie, as Mac was heard growling about his "confounded head."

"She will manage him; but it 's mean in us to rumple him up and then leave her to smooth him down. I 'd go and help, but I don't know how," said Archie, looking much depressed, for he was a conscientious fellow, and blamed himself for his want of thought.

"No more do I. Odd, is n't it, what a knack women have for taking care of sick folks?" and Charlie fell a-musing over this undeniable fact.

"She has been ever so good to Mac," began Steve, in a self-reproachful tone.

"Better than his own brother, hey?" cut in Archie, finding relief for his own regret in the delinquencies of another.

"Well, you need n't preach; you did n't any of you do any more, and you might have, for Mac likes you better than he does me. I always fret him he says, and it is n't my fault if I am a quiddle," protested Steve, in self-defense.

"We have all been selfish and neglected him, so we wont fight about it, but try and do better," said Archie, generously taking more than his share of blame, for he had been less inattentive than either of the others.

"Rose has stood by him like a good one, and it 's no wonder he likes to have her round best. I should myself if I was down on my luck as he is," put in Charlie, feeling that he really had not done "the little thing" justice.

"I 'll tell you what it is, boys,—we have n't been half good enough to Rose, and we 've got to make it up to her somehow," said Archie, who had a very manly sense of honor about paying his debts, even to a girl.

"I 'm awfully sorry I made fun of her doll when Jamie lugged it out; and I called her 'baby bunting' when she cried over the dead kitten. Girls *are* such geese sometimes, I can't help it," said Steve, confessing his transgressions handsomely, and feeling quite ready to atone for them if he only knew how.

"I 'll go down on my knees and beg her pardon for treating her as if she was a child. Don't it make her mad, though? Come to think of it, she 's only two years or so younger than I am. But she is so small and pretty, she always seems like a dolly to me," and the Prince looked down from his lofty height of five feet five as if Rose was indeed a pigmy beside him.

"That dolly has got a real good little heart, and a bright mind of her own, you 'd better believe. Mac says she understands some things quicker than he can, and mother thinks she is an uncommonly nice girl, though she don't know all creation. You need n't put on airs, Charlie, though you *are* a tall one, for Rose likes Archie better than you; she said she did because he treated her respectfully."

"Steve looks as fierce as a game-cock; but don't you get excited, my son, for it wont do a bit of good. Of course, everybody likes the Chief best; they ought to, and I 'll punch their heads if they don't. So calm yourself, Dandy, and mend your own manners before you come down on other people's."

Thus the Prince with great dignity and perfect good nature, while Archie looked modestly gratified with the flattering opinions of his kinsfolk, and Steve subsided, feeling he had done his duty as a cousin and a brother. A pause ensued, during which Aunt Jane appeared in the other room, accompanied by a tea-tray sumptuously spread, and prepared to feed her big nestling, as that was a task she allowed no one to share with her.

"If you have a minute to spare before you go, child, I wish you 'd just make Mac a fresh shade; this has got a berry stain on it, and he must be tidy, for he is to go out to-morrow if it is a cloudy day," said Mrs. Jane, spreading toast in a stately manner, while Mac slopped his tea about without receiving a word of reproof.

"Yes, aunt," answered Rose, so meekly that the boys could hardly believe it could be the same voice which had issued the stern command, "Out of this room, every one of you!" not very long ago.

They had not time to retire, without unseemly haste, before she walked into the parlor and sat down at the work-table without a word. It was funny to see the look the three tall lads cast at the little person sedately threading a needle with green silk. They all wanted to say something expressive of repentance, but no one knew how to begin, and it was evident, from the prim expression of Rose's

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face, that she intended to stand upon her dignity till they had properly abased themselves. The pause was becoming very awkward, when Charlie, who possessed all the persuasive arts of a born scapegrace, went slowly down upon his knees before her, beat his breast, and said, in a heart-broken tone:

"Please forgive me this time, and I 'll never do so any more."

It was very hard to keep sober, but Rose managed it, and answered gravely:

"It is Mac's pardon you should ask, not mine, for you have n't hurt me, and I should n't wonder if you had him a great deal, with all that light and racket, and talk about things that only worry him."

"Do you really think we 've hurt him, cousin?" asked Archie, with a troubled look, while Charlie settled down in a remorseful heap among the table legs.

"Yes, I do, for he has got a raging headache, and his eyes are as red as—as this emery bag," answered Rose, solemnly plunging her needle into a fat flannel strawberry.

Steve tore his hair, metaphorically speaking, for he clutched his cherished top-knot and wildly disheveled it, as if that was the heaviest penance he could inflict upon himself at such short notice. Charlie laid himself out flat, melodramatically begging some one to take him away and hang him; but Archie, who felt worst of all, said nothing except to vow within himself that he would read to Mac till his own eyes were as red as a dozen emery bags combined.

Seeing the wholesome effects of her treatment upon these culprits, Rose felt that she might relent and allow them a gleam of hope. She found it impossible to help trampling upon the prostrate Prince a little, in words at least, for he had hurt her feelings oftener than he knew; so she gave him a thimble-pie on the top of his head, and said, with the air of an infinitely superior being:

"Don't be silly, but get up, and I 'll tell you something much better to do than sprawling on the floor and getting all over lint."

Charlie obediently sat himself upon a hassock at her feet; the other sinners drew near to catch the words of wisdom about to fall from her lips, and Rose, softened by this gratifying humility, addressed them in her most maternal tone.

"Now, boys, if you really want to be good to Mac, you can do it in this way. Don't keep talking about things he can't do, or go and tell what fun you have had batting your ridiculous balls about. Get some nice book and read quietly; cheer him up about school, and offer to help him study by and by; *you* can do that better than I, because I 'm only a girl, and don't learn Greek and Latin and all sorts of headachy stuff."

"Yes, but you can do heaps of things better than we can; you 've proved that," said Archie, with an approving look that delighted Rose, though she could not resist giving Charlie one more rebuke, by saying, with a little bridling up of the head, and a curl of the lip that wanted to smile instead:

"I 'm glad you think so, though I *am* a 'queer chicken.'"

This scathing remark caused the Prince to hide his face for shame, and Steve to erect his head in the proud consciousness that this shot was not meant for him. Archie laughed, and Rose, seeing a merry blue eye winking at her from behind two brown hands, gave Charlie's ear a friendly tweak, and extended the olive branch of peace.

"Now we 'll all be good, and plan nice things for poor Mac," she said, smiling so graciously that the boys felt as if the sun had suddenly burst out from behind a heavy cloud and was shining with great brilliancy.

The storm had cleared the air, and quite a heavenly calm succeeded, during which plans of a most varied and surprising sort were laid, for every one burned to make noble sacrifices upon the shrine of "poor Mac," and Rose was the guiding star to whom the others looked with most gratifying submission. Of course, this elevated state of things could not endure long, but it was *very* nice while it lasted, and left an excellent effect upon the minds of all when the first ardor had subsided.

"There, that 's ready for to-morrow, and I do hope it will be cloudy," said Rose, as she finished off the new shade, the progress of which the boys had watched with interest.

"I 'd bespoken an extra sunny day, but I 'll tell the clerk of the weather to change it. He 's an obliging fellow, and he 'll attend to it; so make yourself easy," said Charlie, who had become quite perky again.

"It is very easy for you to joke, but how would you like to wear a blinder like that for weeks and weeks, sir?" and Rose quenched his rising spirits by slipping the shade over his eyes, as he still sat on the cushion at her feet.

"It 's horrid! Take it off, take it off! I don't wonder the poor old boy has the blues with a thing like that on," and Charlie sat looking at what seemed to him an instrument of torture, with such a sober face that Rose took it gently away, and went in to bid Mac good-night.

"I shall go home with her, for it is getting darkish, and she is rather timid," said Archie, forgetting that he had often laughed at this very timidity.

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"I think *I* might, for she's taking care of my brother," put in Steve, asserting his rights.

"Let's all go; that will please her," proposed Charlie, with a burst of gallantry which electrified his mates.

"We will!" they said with one voice, and they did, to Rose's great surprise and secret contentment; though Archie had all the care of her, for the other two were leaping fences, running races, and having wrestling matches all the way down.

They composed themselves on reaching the door, however; shook hands cordially all round, made their best bows, and retired with great elegance and dignity, leaving Rose to say to herself, with girlish satisfaction, as she went in:

"Now, *that* is the way I like to be treated."

(To be continued.)

BOY AND OX.

(Translated from the German of W. HEY *by* THEODORE FAY.)

"GOOD-DAY, Mr. Ox! Of what do you think?
In deep scientific reflection you sink."
"Thanks, thanks!" the ox answered, as chewing he sat;
"You do me much honor! I'm not wise as that.
To men I leave science and study and thinking;
My business is pulling and eating and drinking.
They may toil to distinguish the false from the true;
But I am contented to sit here and chew."

He had not chewed long when his good master spoke:
"Ho! the ox to the wagon. Quick! on with the yoke."
The wagon was heavily loaded that day;
The ox bent his forehead and pulled it away.
Had great thinkers been called to drag up the hill
That wagon, 't would surely be standing there still!

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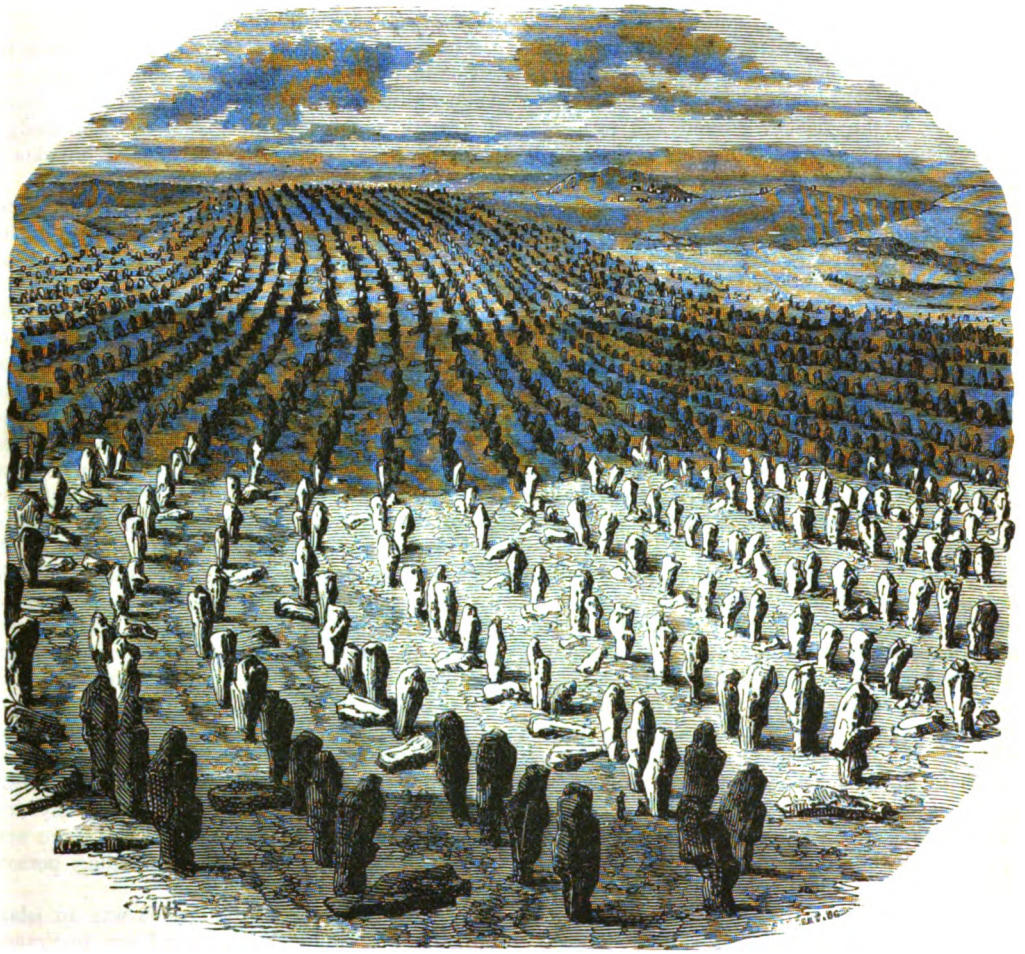
THE DRUIDS AND THEIR TEMPLES.

By Alexander Wainwright.



THE CURIOUS STONES OF CARNAC.

Near the town of Carnac, in Brittany, France, there is an extensive plain several miles wide, with a flat and barren surface. It is the last place in the world a tourist would care about visiting, if he were simply traveling in search of beautiful objects. In Winter the coldest winds blow over it with wild force, and in Summer it is unprotected by trees or shrubbery from the scorching shafts of the sun. But it is not wholly uninteresting, and I propose that we shall make a short visit to it.

We will suppose, then, that you and I are stopping at one of the quiet taverns in Carnac, and have wandered toward the plain for a walk. Just outside the town a bit of a hill rises high enough to show us the surrounding country.

There are few houses or trees on the plain; but it is divided into several avenues by long rows of unhewn upright stones, which, as far as the eye can see, are ranged in almost perfect order, like an army prepared for battle. There are over a thou-

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sand of them, and they stretch across the country from east to west for nearly seven miles. The largest are twenty-two feet high, and the smallest ten feet. A few have fallen, and others have been carted away; but originally they were placed apart at regular distances.

When you come nearer to them you will see many signs of age upon them. They are seamed, mossy, and battered. How old do you guess they are? Nobody is quite sure, not even the wisest of the historians, but we may safely say that they have held their present positions for over eighteen hundred years. For eighteen hundred years they have clung to the meager ground and withstood the combined assaults of time and storm, while generation after generation of the living has passed away.

How did they come there? The simple, credulous people of old, to whom all fairy stories were the truest histories, believed that giants brought them and planted them; but we know better than that.

They were erected by ordinary men, and you may imagine how much labor the work cost at a time when there were no carts or wheel-barrows, much less railroads or massive cranes. Years, perhaps centuries, were occupied, and to the builders the undertaking must have seemed as stupendous as the erection of the East River bridge seems to us.

Similar stones are found at other places in Brittany; but the most famous collection is on a plain near the town of Salisbury, in England. This is called Stonehenge, and consists of one hundred and forty stones, the smallest of which weigh ten tons and the largest seventy tons. The remains of men and animals have been also found in the vicinity, and these have given the antiquaries a clue as to the objects for which the stones were raised.

Nothing positive is known about them, but it is supposed that they mark the temples of the Druids, a religious order which possessed great power in France and England during the century before and the century after the coming of Christ. They obtained a complete mastery over the ignorant and superstitious people then occupying those countries, by the practice of mysterious arts, which often were extremely cruel. They professed to know the hidden nature of things, and the forms and movements of the sun and stars; but in reality they were not as wise as the children in our primary schools, and the simplest tricks of a good modern conjurer would surpass their most wonderful ones. They were astrologers and herb-doctors as well as priests and historians, and they attributed a sacred character to many plants.

The mistletoe was considered a cure for all diseases, and was gathered with great ceremonies. When it was discovered twined about the oak, which was also sacred, the Druids assembled near the tree and prepared a banquet and sacrifice. A priest in white raiment cut the twig off with a golden sickle, and two other priests, also dressed in white, caught it in a white apron as it fell. Two milk-white oxen were afterward sacrificed, and the ceremonies concluded with much rejoicing.

The marshwort was plucked by a priest with his left hand, his head being turned aside, as there was a superstition that the plant would lose its virtues if it were obtained otherwise; and the hedge-hyssop was gathered after offerings of bread and wine.

These plants were supposed to be remedies, not only for physical diseases, but also for mental diseases, and it was thought that they afforded protection against all evil spirits.

Little beads of amber were looked upon as safeguards against all dangers, but the most potent of all charms was a serpent's egg. It was said that when a serpent was knotted together, eggs came out of its mouth, and were supported in the air by its hissings. The priests hid themselves in the woods watching for this marvel, and, when it was observed, one of them would boldly rush forward, catch an egg in a napkin, mount a horse and gallop toward the nearest river, after reaching which he was safe from the pursuit of the serpent. This was their story about it. Even in this day, some impostors advertise in the newspapers that they can foretell future events, and the Druids claimed a like power. They examined the entrails of animals, and watched the flight of birds, from which they professed to tell things that would happen years afterward.

Human sacrifices formed one of the most terrible features of their religion. The victims usually were criminals or prisoners of war; but when there were none of these, innocent and unoffending persons were sacrificed.

The favorite resort of the Druids was an island opposite the mouth of the river Loire, in France, where, once every year, between sunrise and sunset, they pulled down and rebuilt the roof of their temples; and any priest who allowed the smallest part of the sacred materials to fall carelessly, was torn to pieces by his fellows.

The only traces of the order left to us are the rude stone buildings at Stonehenge and Carnac. Retreating before the Romans, the Druids went to the Isle of Anglesey, in Wales; and when they saw their conquerors following, they made preparations for a battle. Among their preparations—not exactly for the battle, but for what they expected to

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follow it—were immense altars, on which they intended to sacrifice the unfortunate Romans who should be left after the battle. They were quite sure that they would need these altars, for their oracles gave them every reason to believe in a glorious triumph of their arms. But the Romans were again victorious, and the Druids themselves were the ones sacrificed.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WOULD N'T SAY PLEASE.

By M. S. P.

THERE was once a small child who would never say please,
I believe, if you even went down on your knees.
But, her arms on the table, would sit at her ease,
And call out to her mother in words such as these:
"I want some potatoes!" "Give me some peas!"
"Hand me the butter!" "Cut me some cheese!"
So the fairies, this very rude daughter to tease,
Once blew her away in a powerful breeze,
Over the mountains, and over the seas,
To a valley where never a dinner she sees,
But down with the ants, the wasps, and the bees,
In the woods she must live till she learns to say please.

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THE BRIDGE.

By J. P. B.

"I 'LL take a kiss," said little Hal;
His mother, stooping, said, "You shall."
Hal took the kiss, then tipped his head,
His brown eyes bright'ning as he said:
"It is a bridge, without a cover;
My love to yours can go right over."

A RAGAMUFFIN PARTY.

By Lucy G. Morse.

It is a very misty evening, so that you cannot see just how ragged and forlorn the three little fellows are, coming out of a dark alley down in Baxter Street, until they stop under the lamp-post at the corner. Now you can see that their rags are very scant indeed, for their little bony forms are easy to trace through them, and their necks—so little, so very little—are not half covered. They are talking eagerly to one another, and "Hold it up to the light, Bob," says one.

Bob spreads his small legs apart and holds up a bit of something which he first smooths carefully between his fingers, that they may see the full glory of a crumpled motto-paper.

"Fringed sides!" exclaims little Tommy, overcome.

"Pink an' w'ite!" says Jake. "An' it aint tore any place! I say, that one orter be Meg's."

"O yes! Of course we 'll save that one for Meg, *sure*," says Bob. "She aint got nothin' at all, she aint. Let 's take it to her right off."

"No, no—don't!" says Jake. "They 'se allus on a bust o' nights to her house, an' ye don't know wot 'd happen. S'pose her mother tuk it from her!"

"Her mother!" cries Bob. "She aint got no mother."

"Yes, she has, too," answers Jake; "she 's got a bran' new one. I seen her bang her over the head this very mornin'."

"Then *that* aint no go," says Bob. "We 'll have to give it to her alone. We 'll have to git her out here."

"Was it at a real party ye got it, Bob?" asks Tommy.

"Yes," answers Bob, "a reg'lar party of a buthday of a little gal. One of the drivers of a kirridge a-standin' at the door said it was."

"Let us have a party for Meg's buthday!" cries Tommy.

"Hoo-ray!" shouts Jake. "That 's a good un! Let 's have it right here, under the light; an' let 's have the motter-papers an' supper, an' dancin', an' fix up for it, an' git wittles for it an' everything!"

"Hoo-ray!" cries Tommy. "An' let 's have it to-night!"

"No, no, Gummy!" says Bob, "for we 'll have to git ready for it an' tell Meg fust. Let 's go tell her now." And, in a bustle and skurry, the little fellows dart back into the alley.

Here they come, the next night, hustling out of it, their baskets hitting against each other and its narrow sides, chattering faster than ever, for they have Meg with them this time; and in full dress for the occasion evidently, for Bob exclaims, as the light falls upon her:

"I say, Meg, you do look illegant! W'ere did ye git them shavin's?"

"Roun' to Jim Riley's lumber-yard," she answers, tossing her head and trying to get a view of her back.

"Jes' look at that hin' curl! Aint that a splendid un?" cries Jake.

"Hi! aint it though?" says Tommy. "How did ye hook 'em on, Meg?"

"Oh, roun' my ears; an' the hin' ones is on a string, but it 's too short, an' they falls off easy. So look out, Tommy; ye must n't touch 'em."

"Wot 's yer hood roun' yer waist for?" asks Jake.

"W'y! It 's for a sash, don't ye see?" says

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Meg. "An' my skirt 's pinned up reg'lar Brordway," she adds, spreading out her arms and turning round that they may all have a good view. "Bob," she says, stopping suddenly, "play I 'm all dressed in pink, like the girl at the party, will ye?"

"Yes," says Bob, "so we can, 'cause she had long yaller curls too, mos' the color o' them shavin's."

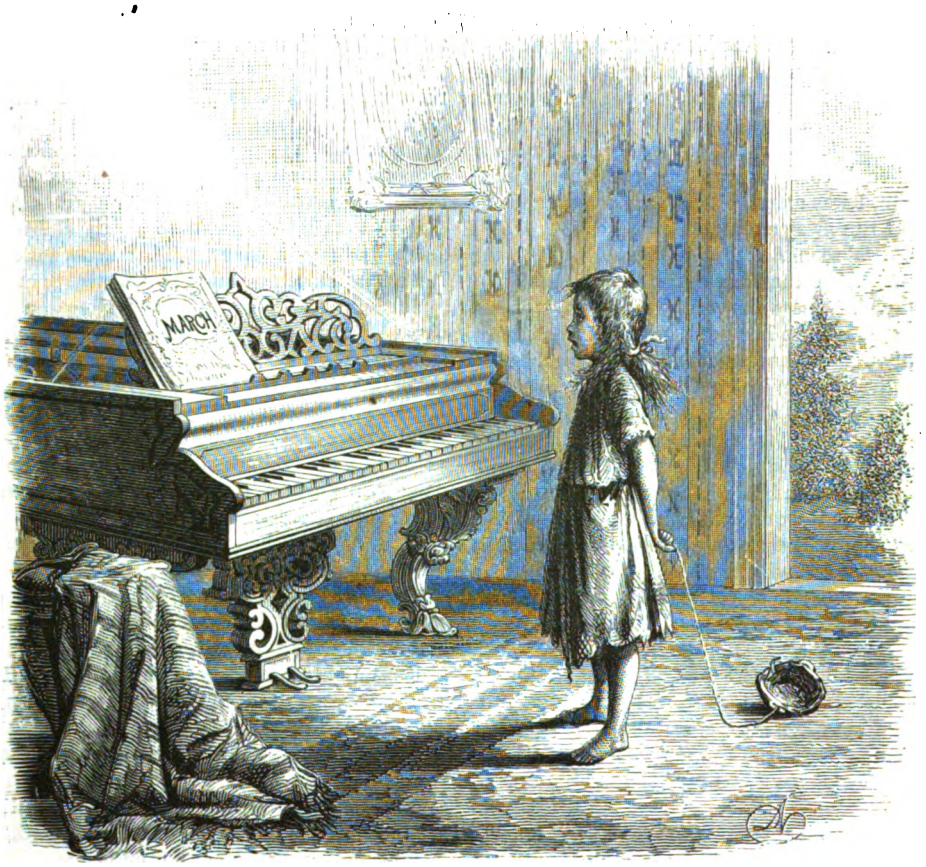
"An' play me han's was w'ite—reel w'ite, like a lady's" (spreading them out before her)—"with heaps o' rings on 'em; an' that I could play illegant" (here she works her fingers over an imaginary key-board) "on a great splendid orgind—a orgind with high legs an' a big, monstruss lid, like a roof to a shanty—an' a place for the musicks an' a long row o' black an' w'ite teeth wot ye play on, 'stead o' turnin' a handle to make it go!"

"Of course—of course!" strikes in Jake, as Meg's hands, arms, and whole body get going at her mimic performance. "She means a pi-anny! *I* seen one wunst took out of a cart. W'ere did you see your 'n, Meg?"

"Oh, *I* seen *mine* in a *house!*" says Meg, with immense superiority. "I was playin' in the street, by a park, an' I seen a lady go up a stoop, an' she seen me. An' she says, 'was I cold?' An' I says, "No, but I 's hungry.' An' she says to come along o' her; an' I goes in wid her. An' she says to wait in the entry; an' I waits, an' she goes back in a room. An' they 's a big door open right aside o' me, an' I looked in, an' I seen the orgind."

"Pi-anny!" cries Jake.

"Pi-anny, then!" repeats Meg, hurrying on.



MEG AND THE "PI-ANNY."

"So I went in jes' to look at it, an' I never seen anything like it. It was as big as a wagon, and I tell ye, its w'ite teeth did shine! An' afore I know'd it, the lady come back with a plate an' some wittles, an' I did n't know she was there till ever so long, an' then I was frightened an' looked roun' to see if I could git out, but I could n't."

"Cricks! Wot did she do to ye?" asks Tommy.

"W'y, wot do ye think? She did n't do nothin', on'y she laughed. An' she axed me did I ever see nothin' like that, an' I says, 'No, I did n't never.'

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An' then I was n't afeerd, an' I looked in under it, an' says I did n't see no handle for to make it go; an' she laughed ag'in, an' axed me would I like to hear it go, an' I says 'yes.' An' then she sot down afore it an' she made her han's go like mad, all back an' for'ards along the teeth. An' they was rings on every one of her fingers, an' they jingled splendid. Oh, an' had n't ye orter seen her! Her fingers flied so ye could n't hardly see 'em, an' her arms went so" (here Meg swayed from side to side, and made much of her elbows), "an' her head was jest a leetle on one side. Then she stopped an' turned roun' to me, laughin' beautiful to me; then she guv me the wittles, an' she said if I 'd come ag'in some day she 'd make the orgind —pi-anny—go for me another time. An' she tells me to look out, I was skwushin' the pie, an' sure 'nough I was, for I was n't thinkin' o' the wittles at all. Then I come away; but one day, w'en I went ag'in, I was afeerd o' the man wot opened the door, so I run away as fast as ever I could. But I wish ye 'd 'a' seen *her*, Bob! Was the girl to the party beautifuller than *she* was, do ye think?"

"Oh, wal, I guess she was!" says Bob, "'cause *she* had a wreath on her head, an' pink boots!"

"Will ye play *I* had stockin's on, an' pink boots, jes' like her 'n too?" Meg asks anxiously, holding back her scant drapery and putting out her little bare foot.

"O yes!" cries Bob, "an' I 'll be the feller with the blue trousers on!"

"An' I 'll be the one with gold buttons down me jacket!" shouts Tommy, slapping his ragged shirt in ecstasy. "An' who 'll you be, Jake?"

"I 'll be the feller wot passed roun' the ice-cream an' fixin's," says Jake. "Come on! Let 's begin. Hoo-ray!"

"Hoo-ray! hoo-ray!" they all shout, Tommy's voice piping up high above the others.

"Wot do we do fust?" asks Jake. "Bob mus' tell us, 'cause he 's been to the *real* party."

"Did they all say 'hoo-ray' at the fust, Bob?" asks Meg.

"Wal, I was n't there till the last of it, ye know," he answers, "an' I was n't there long, anyways; for the man, he pulled the windy down soon after I slid me hand in under an' got the motters, an' they begun the dancin'. But I guess they *must* 'a' said 'hoo-ray' w'en the gal in the pink boots come in at fust. Here, Meg, you be comin' in jes' like her! Skit roun' the corner an' come back. Now, fellers, git ready!"

And as Meg comes back, holding out her skirts and stepping on the tips of her toes, in a manner that might do credit to the French ballet, the boys all shout: "Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray for Meg!" and the party is fairly begun.

"Now git ready to dance," says Bob. "Ye mus' git in a row—so. Now——" And, taking a commanding posture, he shouts: "Take partners for the gallus!"

"Oh, oh!" they all cry at once, and Meg exclaims: "W'y, Bob, they never had a gallus there!"

"W'y, no; of course they did n't," he answers. "It don't mean *that*,—it means every feller take a gal! And here 's only Meg! Wal—every feller take Meg!"

So Bob begins, and each in turn spins round with Meg, until she can see no longer, and her curls are scattered right and left. But they pick them up in a minute; she says, "No matter," and then, a bright idea striking her, she sacrifices the hood as a sash, and gets Bob to tie it on her head like a turban, to secure the curls. He does it after a manner of his own, with a wrench and a jerk that brings the water into her eyes; but when he says: "Hullo! I did n't mean to hurt ye, Meg," she sniffs, and says stoutly: "That was n't nothin',—I can bear more nor that any time."

So Bob cries out again: "Now for another dance! Take partners for——" and there he stops short.

"For wot?" asks Jake.

"W'y, I don't know," Bob answers. "Ye see, I did n't see nothin' but the gallus. Wal, it aint no matter—they don't allus have the same kind o' dancin' to parties, I s'pose. Take partners for a shake roun' the lamp-post!"

So they join hands and "shake" round the post until they all are dizzy.

Then they have a march, single file, on the curb-stone; and another, two and two, down the alley; and another, four abreast, around the corner. Bob walks round the lamp-post on his hands, Tommy hitches himself up to the top of it and down again, Jake jumps over a water-spout. Then Meg improvises a piano on a step of the old rickety stoop at the side of the alley, and, with much spirit and violent motion of all the joints in her small body, she performs many original pieces, to the great delight and admiration of her audience.

"Shakes" of various kinds, and many repetitions of the "gallus," are sprinkled in between, until all are tired, and Bob says it 's time for Jake to pass round the ice-cream, and then there is a rush for the baskets.

"Give Meg the seat up ag'in' the lamp-post, 'cause it 's her buthday," says Bob.

"Is it your *reel* buthday, Meg?" asks Tommy.

"However 'd I know that?" she asks in answer. *I* don't care if it is or not; it 's jest as good. No, it aint; it 's a hunderd million times better. I don't care about my real buthday, and I don't want to

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know w'en it was. Who cares? Jake, aint ye goin' to pass the ice-cream?"

"Yes, I am," he answers; "but that don't come till the last. We must eat the other wittles fust."

"Every boy must sit in a row in front of Meg," says Bob, "an' we must set out a reg'lar table on the pavemunt. I 'm goin' to empty my basket fust. I 've got five bits of bread and—there! Wot do ye think o' *that?*" he asks, holding out a mutton bone for the admiration of the company. "That 's a leg o' mutton, that is. But no; wait, an' I 'll tell ye; we 'll have that for turkey!"

"Hooray for the turkey!" shouts Tommy; and all the others cry "Hooray!" again.

Then Jake displays his treasures—more bread, some potatoes, and a lump of something, which, he explains, "The gal *said* was pudding, but I don't believe it is, for it 's too hard."

"No," said Bob, sniffing at it, "I guess it 's some kind o' cheese."

"Chuck it away!" says Jake.

"No, no," says Meg, "put it on the table, 'cause it helps to fill up, an' that looks more like a real party."

Meg and Tommy have done rather a dull business to-day, but Meg has a prize in the form of a lemon, which the company eagerly seize upon and examine.

"It 's been skwuz," she says, "but we might *play* it was somethin'."

"Take out the insides, an' play it was a gold cup for to pass the lemmingade," suggests Tommy.

"O yes!" cries Jake. "An' I 'll bring water in it from the hydrink."

"Now let 's begin," says Bob. "Pass roun' the turkey. Meg must have the first bite."

It is a hard tug for her, but she manages to get off a little of the meat and passes it to Tommy, who finds it harder still, but sticks to it manfully, and so it goes round until it is of no use to tug at it any longer, for Bob says, "The grissle wont come off nohow," and Tommy says, "No, better leave the grissle for the dorgs."

Jake passes the "lemmingade" laboriously, the bread is eaten up, and at last it is time for the ice-cream.

"Where is it?" asks Tommy.

"In my hat, along with the motters," says Jake, bringing it forward. "Meg, you must have yourn in the lemmingade cup," he adds as he breaks a piece from a solid lump of boiled rice, stuffs it into the lemon rind, and hands it to her. The others take their portions in their fingers and there is a moment of silence as they fall to eating it. They begin at it bravely, evidently expecting much delight, but, after one taste, they continue after the manner of the princess in the "Arabian Nights," picking at the separate grains.

"It aint got no sugar nor nothin' in it, has it?" says Meg, trying very hard to like it.

"It seems to me it 's been in amongst pickles, kind o'," says Tommy, gently.

"I say," says Jake, speaking with his mouth full, "I can't swaller mine, an' I think I 'll have to take it out."

The disappointment rests heavily upon them for a minute, but they cheer up when Jake says, "No matter. We don't care for ice-cream; we 've got the motters left;" and, throwing away the rice, he handed his hat, full of bits of twisted newspaper, with the precious motto on top, to Meg, saying, "That 's for you, Meg; Bob said it was. Look out! they 'se something inside." And they all look on in silence while she opens the paper and discovers a peanut.

"O my!" she cries, "a reel one! If I did n't think it was only a shell! Is they any more?"

"Yes, indeed!" cries Tommy. "They 'se a cent's worth. A lady guv me a cent on the corner of Kernal Street w'ile I was a-standin' lookin' in a shop windy, and I was n't thinkin' o' nothin' at all, an' I never axed her for nothin, an' so we got peanuts, 'cause we could n't get so much of anything else, ye know. An' Bob could only git three motter papers,—two wot was a little tore an' yourn. So we tore one in half so they 'd go all roun', an' the one that aint tore is for you, 'cause it 's your buthday. An' the rest o' the peanuts is wrapped up in newspaper."

"This is real harnsome, anyway," said Meg, smoothing the paper tenderly over her knee, "an' I 'm goin' to save it for to keep. Bob, did ye say the girl in the pink boots had flowers in her hair?"

"Yes, roses," answers Bob.

"Well, then," she went on, "you mus' stick this in under my hood, right there, on top where you can see it, 'cause, ye know, I must be jest like her to-night."

Bob fastens it in the desired place, and is lost in admiration.

"Don't that look splendid?" he says. "I say, Meg, if you had on that gal's pink dress an' ribbings ——"

"Yes, Bob," she says, as he pauses.

"An' her pink boots, you 'd be ——"

"Yes, Bob, yes," she says eagerly. "I 'd be wot?" And as the light strikes her poor, pinched face, with its wistful look and grotesque decorations, another light strikes Bob's young bosom, and he says:

"No, Meg, no. Ye would n't play with us fellers then, an' ye would n't like this party. I 'm

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real glad you ain't got 'em, 'cause them shavin's an' that motter-paper makes you look every bit as good as she did."

"Really, Bob? Do you mean that indeed," she cries.

"Yes, I do," he answers stoutly. "An' Jake 'd mean it, an' Tommy, too, if they 'd 'a' seen her—I know they would."

"Of course we would!" they cry. And Meg's face glows and there 's a light of joy upon it that defies the "shavin's" and the "motter" as she clasps her hands above her head and cries:

"O, aint this the beautifullest buthday that ever was!"

And then something sparkles in her eye, her hands bring her head down upon her knee, and the boys hear a quick sob.

"W'y, Meg! Meg!" cries Bob, seizing her head and jerking it up suddenly, "wot do ye do *that* for?"

"O, nothin', Bob! nothin'! I aint a-goin' to do it, no I aint. There! It was only it come on me suddent that it 's time to —to—be goin' *home!*"

There 's a silence for a moment while the little face quivers in its effort at control, then Bob says:

"No matter, Meg. We 're all goin' with ye as far as the door, an' no one sha' n't touch ye to-night, you see if they will."

"I aint afeerd o' the'r doin' *that*," says Meg. "They don't do that very much; but I was thinkin' how,—if—if—they was on'y somebody—somebody to *keer* about—about—me, the way the girls to the party all has somebody,—I—I would n't keer for a pink dress, nor boots, nor a orgind, nor—nothin' at all—nothin' at all!"

"W'y, then," cries Tommy, "It 's all right, Meg, don't ye see? 'cause Bob, he cares heaps for ye, an' Jake cares, an' I cares, an' we 're goin' to look out for ye, an' we 're goin' to care for ye such a heap that nobody else need n't care nothin'—if they don't want to, they need n't. Need they, Bob an' Jake?"

"No, of course they need n't," cries Bob. "Who wants 'em to? We 'll keep on a-carin' and a-carin' till we learns how to care for ye, jest as if we was as good as anybody to the party or anyw'eres, we will."

"Try us, an' see if we wont," says Jake.

Meg's face gets bright again as she turns from one to another, and when they have all spoken she says stoutly, wiping her eyes:

"Then I wont care for nothin', I wont. Nor I wont forget about it no time, if I can help it. But I 'll jes' try an' see if I can't stop plaguin' 'em at home, an' may be some day they 'll care too a little. You keep it up, an' I 'll try" (here she screwed up her fist and gesticulated with it earnestly)—"I 'll try jest as *hard* as ever I can. But I wont let 'em git my motter, anyways; I 'll hide it," she says, taking it out of her hair and putting it in her bosom. "An' I better take off my curls too."

"Give me one?" asks Tommy.

"O yes, that 'll be jolly. Give us one all roun'," says Jake.

So Meg is laughing heartily as she distributes them.

"Now, fellers," cries Bob, "this party is a-goin' to end up, an' we 'll end it up with summersets. Meg, you stan' up ag'in' the lamp-post an' count. W'en you say 'One!' I 'll go over, an' w'en you say 'Two!' Jake, he 'll go over, an' w'en you say 'Three!' Tommy, he 'll go over, an' w'en you say 'Four!' we 'll all go over to wunst!"

Meg counts accordingly, and the plan is admirably carried out up to the climax reached at "Four!" which results in such a general collision of legs as to create some confusion and cause Tommy to say at the close, "W'y, I did n't know where *I* was at all!" Then they pick up their baskets and once more enter the dark alley. Coming out at the end of it into the court, they huddle together outside of Meg's door. Bob takes hold of her arm and whispers, as he shows her something in his hand:

"Do ye see that? Do ye know wot it is? It 's the ole mutton-bone! An' Jake an Tommy 's got sticks. Now, ye see, they think ye 're in bed, an' ye aint. Wal, you jest open the door an' skit upstairs w'ile we keep a watch at the windy, an' if we see 'em move as if they heerd ye, we 're goin' to bang these things ag'in' this ole barrel here an' strike up 'Shoo, fly! don't bodder me!' loud as we can, so they 'll come to see wot we 're up to. So now, are ye ready?"

"Yes," whispers Meg, drawing in her breath. "Good-night, Bob. Good-night, Jake an' Tommy. *I* don't feel bad; somehow I feel *good*,—good as can be,—'cause ye 're carin' for me. Good-night!" And in a moment the little figure disappears in the dark door-way.

"I guess she 's all right," says Jake; "I don't hear nothin'."

"No, she 's safe," says Bob. "Come on!"

And the little fellows separate for the night, to creep quietly each to his own resting-place in the court.

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THE NEST IN THE OLD GREEN TREE.

By Sidney Dayre.

Two little robins in Spring-time gay,
Talked about making a nest one day,
So snug and so warm, so cosey and neat,
To start at their housekeeping all complete.
"Chippety, chippety, chippety wee,
We 'll build us a nest in the old green tree."

Then how they twittered and how they sang!
As up and down in the boughs they sprang,
Peeping and spying all round about,
To find the cunningest corners out,
Because it must be, you see, you see,
The very best spot in the old green tree.

At last the two little birdies spied
The very best spot in the branches wide,
Cunningly sheltered, and hidden from view,
By a spreading branch, yet airy, too.
"Chippety, chippety, chippety wee,
What a home we 'll have in the old green tree."

How they went flitting all in and out!
How they both twittered and chirped about!
First they laid nice little twigs along
For a good foundation, firm and strong;
Then Papa Robin, said he, "I 'll find
Something or other our nest to bind,
For, don't you see, it must be, must be
A good, strong nest in the old green tree."

Down to the meadow he quickly flew,
Where the grass was springing fresh and new,
And said to a horse which was feeding there,
"Good Dobbin, I want some nice strong hair,
If you don't object, from your wavy tail;
It 's better for me than hammer and nail,
And we 'll sing you a song in glee, in glee,
As we build our nest in the old green tree."

With a whinny, good Dobbin gave consent,
And back to the tree busy Robin went,

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And worked at the nest with claws and bill,
To bind it up tight, with right good will.
And now Mrs. Redbreast downward flies,
A staid old cow in the field she spies,
Swinging her tail with a lazy care,
To switch off the flies she thought were there.
"Good Mrs. Brindle, I would bespeak
Some nice soft hair from your back so sleek;
I pray you give it to me, to me,
To line my nest in the old green tree."

So the saucy bird, without more ado,
Just helped herself, and then upward flew,
Leaving with Robin her treasure red,
And down to the barn-yard lightly sped.
The turkeys and ducks and chicks came round
As soon as they heard the cheery sound
Of madame's "chirp;" and they all agreed
To give her what feathers she might need.
Then who so happy as she, as she,
When she flew back to the old green tree.

And, last of all, to an old white sheep
Down under a beech-tree, half asleep,
Our Robin drew near, and there he spied
A bonnie lambkin close at her side.
"I 'd thank you, ma'am, for some nice soft wool
From your back so fleecy, white, and full,
So that our nest it may be, may be,
All snug and warm in the old green tree."

Then sheep and lamb, in plentiful store,
Gave, till Robin could carry no more,
Who soon, returning with downy spoils,
Betook himself to his happy toils.
Then they both labor so merry and fast,
That each little corner is finished at last,
And no one ever did see, did see,
A nest like that in the old green tree.

Five little blue eggs very soon were there,
And Madame Redbreast could hardly spare
A moment, for fear that the precious things
Should miss the warmth of her sheltering wings.
And when, in good time, each dear little bird
Hatched out, one by one, you never have heard
Such "chippety, chippety, chippety wee,"
As up in the nest in the old green tree!

THIS POOR FELLOW NEVER HAD A NEST!

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MRS. HEADACHE.

By Kieff.

I was taking a walk lately in a town which I sometimes visit, when I came suddenly upon a strange-looking little house, with narrow windows, in front of which were standing a crowd of queer-looking creatures, with very small bodies, big heads and mouths, and long, ugly arms.

"What can they be?" I wondered. "Perhaps elves or fairies."

I had read about elves and fairies, and knew that fairies are always very pretty, and very nicely dressed in what we would call evening dresses, but that elves are awkward and ugly, as well as poorly clothed. But these little fellows had very nice clothes on, all made of scarlet cloth. What and who could they be? So I stood looking at them until the tallest among them, by mounting on the shoulders of another, rang the bell. Very soon a little fellow, just like them, opened the door, and in they rushed. It was evidently their home. Before the little porter could shut the door I pushed in after them. I think now it was rather a rude thing to do under the circumstances; besides, if they had been elves they might have changed me instantly into a white mouse, or a rose-bush, or a brass door-knocker, and I might never have recovered my own shape to this day. But, without stopping to think of this, I went in. The little porter ushered me into a little parlor, where everything was very small. Here, at a little table covered with books and papers, sat a little old woman, dressed in bright green, and wearing spectacles.

She bowed her head. I bowed mine. Then I began to make an awkward sort of apology for the strange way in which I was behaving; but the lady of the house stopped me, by saying:

"Make no apologies. I am Mrs. Headache."

"Mrs. Headache!" I repeated.

"Yes; Mrs. Headache."

"Poor creature!" thought I to myself. "I wonder if she has a headache every day."

She really seemed to understand my thoughts, for she answered very quickly:

"No, I have no headaches myself, in your sense of the word, but I have the control of all the headaches among children in this part of the world. Those are my sons. Look!" And I looked and saw innumerable little fellows, all busy,—some hurrying out, some hurrying home, some waiting for orders. Mrs. Headache turned to her pile of books.

"Here," said she, "I have in writing all that they are to do to-day, Number 496!"

Number 496 came in at once.

"I want you," said his active little mother, "to take thirty-five of your brothers and go to the party in Grand Street this evening. There is to be a fine supper set out, and a great deal of gas lighted, and a great deal of heat. The children are to stay very late, and one of you will be needed to go home with every child, and remain with it all day to-morrow."

"Will they show themselves to the company?" I asked.

"No; my children will be invisible; but they will use their fists well, to pound and hammer the heads of those young guests to-morrow."

"How dreadful!"

"Not dreadful at all. Those children are all disobeying the rules of Health, which are very simple. I send my little ones to them, not as a punishment, but as a warning. I heard of a children's party yesterday in the open air. They all went home and to bed early. I sent no headaches there."

More little fellows came in for orders. She sent them away in crowds. Some went to children who would play in the hot sun; some, to some little boys who made themselves very dizzy sliding down the banisters; some, to children who spent a great deal of their pocket-money in colored sweet things which looked like pink and yellow eggs.

"Do you think, then, that children should never eat good things, Mrs. Headache, nor play much, nor run?"

"By no means. I want them to play and run. I want them to eat good things, but not such good things, or rather *bad* things, as pink and yellow and purple sugar-plums. I must send them my warnings if they will not obey the rules of Health. Some of them sit up a great deal too late; some walk a great deal too much; others not half enough. Some study too hard,—pore over their lessons when they ought to be playing. Oh! I have a great deal to do, I can tell you, but I can

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always wait upon you, ma'am, if you want me. Just let me know."

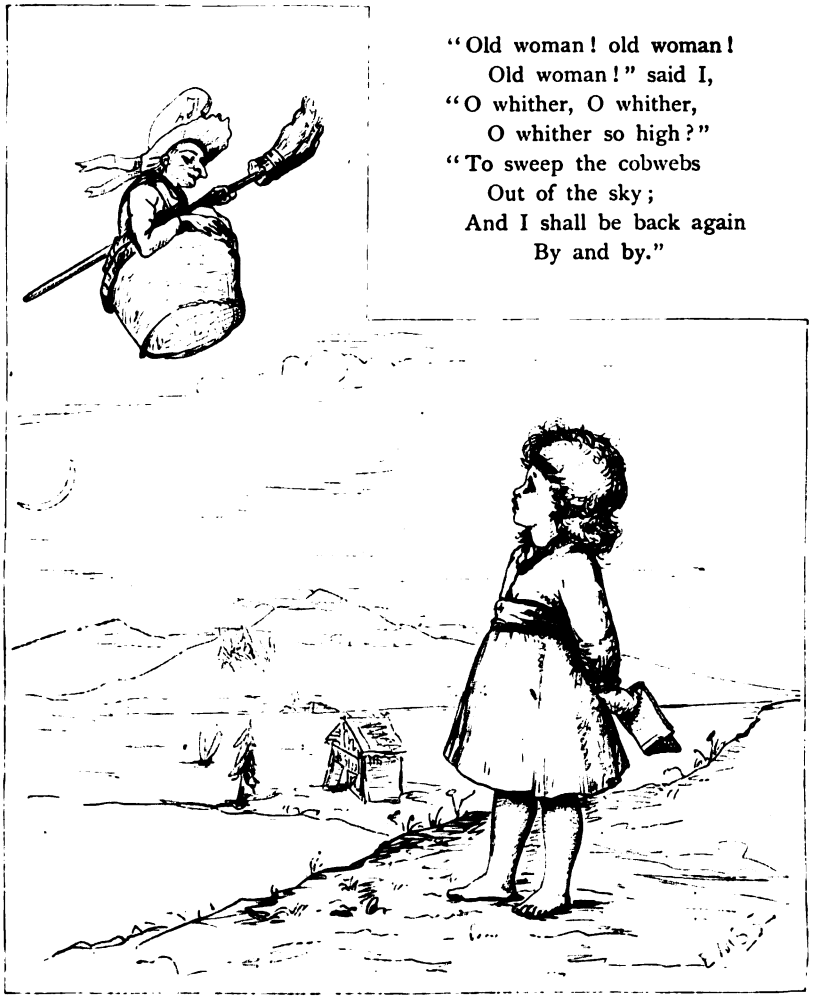
"By mail?" I inquired.

"No; by my telegraph. Sit in a very hot room, or eat anything you know to be bad for you, or sleep with your windows shut down,—there are many ways to summon me, and I will attend to the call at once, and let you have any number of my most active children to try their fists on the tenderest part of your head."

I thanked Mrs. Headache, and went home just as fast as I could.

THERE was an old woman tossed up in a basket,
Seventy times as high as the moon;
Where she was going, I could n't but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.

"Old woman! old woman!
Old woman!" said I,
"O whither, O whither,
O whither so high?"
"To sweep the cobwebs
Out of the sky;
And I shall be back again
By and by."



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PARSEE CHILDREN.

By Fannie Roper Feudge.

THE little folks whose pictures you will see on the next page are the natives of a sunny clime, born probably in Bombay or its vicinity, and have spent all their few years in the beautiful oriental homes, and among the graceful palms, of that land of flowers. It is true that the word *Parsee* is a corruption of Persian, and that all the modern Parsees are descended from Persian ancestors; but very few of them are now found in the land of their forefathers, and India has become the adopted home of nearly the whole race.

More than twelve hundred years ago, Persia was overrun and conquered by fierce Arab soldiers, who laid waste fields and gardens, murdered or drove out the inhabitants, burned their houses, and committed every sort of violence. The Arabs, who were Mohammedans, added to their desire for plunder a bitter hatred of the Persians, because they were fire-worshipers, and hunted them down with relentless fury, in order to compel them to adopt the Mohammedan faith. But the poor Persians fled from their homes, and gave up all their possessions — their beautiful fields and gardens — rather than renounce their religion. Most of them settled in Bombay and other cities along the western coast of India, where they have prospered and increased, till they form, at the present day, the most intelligent, wealthy, and charitable portion of the communities in which they live.

As the Parsees do not often intermarry with other races, they have, during all these years of exile, altered but little; so that a Parsee boy or girl, such as those you see in the picture, and whose ancestors for forty generations have not set foot on Persian soil, is in features, dress, manners, habits, and religion a perfect copy of the first exiles, whose well-preserved portraits are among the most precious adornments of the Parsee temples of India. No one but a Parsee is allowed to enter these temples; but they were described to me as entirely empty, except for the great altar in the center and these treasured portraits of the first exiles, with a few historical paintings representing scenes connected with their flight. Upon the altar burns the sacred fire kindled by their renowned prophet, Zoroaster, four thousand years ago. From this, they say, the exiles lighted brands, which they brought with them in golden vessels from their native land. I cannot assure you that this marvelous story of the fire-brands is true, but every Parsee boy and girl is taught to believe it.

Parsee children learn, from the very cradle, to be quiet, respectful, and obedient to all the forms and ceremonies required by the faith of their parents. The hours for eating and drinking, the kinds of food of which he may partake, and even the cut of his garments, are all prescribed by a Parsee's religion. His shirt must have five seams —no more, no less; and in wearing, must be laid across the breast in a particular way. Were he to fail, though ever so slightly, in observing any of these rules, he would be utterly cast off by his people, and not allowed to worship with them or to marry into their families; not even to buy or sell among them, or to enter the dwelling of his nearest kin.

The dress of the men consists of a shirt and loose trousers, both of white silk or linen, over which is worn a long *caftan* of embroidered muslin, confined at the waist by an elaborate girdle. This girdle, like the Mandarin's button in China, is the characteristic portion of a Parsee's dress, being more or less adorned with gold and precious stones, according to the rank and wealth of the wearer. On the head is worn a pasteboard cap, some ten inches high, covered with velvet and silk for rich people, and gray or brown nankeen for those of humbler grade. The costume of the women and children is very similar to that of the men, only that the women's *caftan* is longer and more flowing, and the turban not quite so high. The material of all the garments is usually silk or fine muslin, sometimes nearly covered with embroidery, like some of those in the picture.

The *caftans* of the little girls especially, are fairly radiant in their many-colored flowers of the brightest tints, and with the glitter of gold and jewels. The garments of infants even are of silk, though very plain and simple in form, consisting of a single long robe of soft white silk, and without a sash at the waist. Both men and women wear around their bodies a double string of twisted silken cord, which is always loosened when the wearer is at prayer. The Parsees attach so much importance to the wearing of this cord, that no contract is considered binding if made when either of the parties happens to be without it.

A child is first invested with the cord when he enters his ninth year; and the occasion is regarded

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as the most important of his whole life. A great feast is made; all the kindred are invited, and generally come loaded with presents, and for three days and nights nothing is thought of but music and dancing, feasting and frolic. After this, a boy may eat at the same table with his father, which before he was not allowed to do; and a girl, being now thought old enough for betrothal, must, from this time, be kept in retirement with her mother, and entirely away from the society of men and boys.

SOME PARSEE CHILDREN.

Among wealthy people, the girls grow up in ignorance and idleness, like so many pretty dolls. Few of them read or work, or even embroider; and music they do not care for, because they will not take the trouble to learn it. All their time is spent either in bathing and dressing, or in lolling on silken ottomans, fanning themselves, or twining fresh flowers in their beautiful hair. Boys, on the contrary, are carefully educated, and strictly trained to business habits, from a very early age. The large, central room on the first floor of Parsee houses is always the gentlemen's parlor, at one end of which is a sort of dais, or raised ottoman, the seat of honor belonging to the head of the family. Here he frequently sits, attended by one or more assistants, occupied in weighing or counting out money, while at desks ranged below him are clerks, some of whom are probably the sons of the house, all daintily clad in white nankeen, and busy with pens and account-books. Opening from this room, and ranged on either side, are the private apartments of the male portions of the family, while at the ends of the hall are long, covered verandas, where are kept in waiting, messengers and coolies ready for service at a moment's notice. In this domestic business college, under the immediate eye of their fathers, the sons of Parsee families are trained to the practical business of life, learning, almost from the cradle, in a sort of home bank or counting-house, the lessons in buying and selling and getting gain, by which they are expected to amass fortunes when they go out into the world. The second floor of the house, arranged on precisely the same plan, is for the use of the female

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members of the family; but a more striking contrast can scarcely be imagined than that presented by the listlessness and indolence of the occupants of the women's room, and the lively industry of the busy hive below.

The results of this difference in early training are plainly seen in the contrast between the two sexes when the girls and boys are grown up. All the Parsee men I ever met were intelligent, active, and in a measure, at least, both witty and wise. Most of them were energetic and successful in business, and very many had made large fortunes in trade. But the women of the same families were indolent, ignorant, and uninteresting. The solitary exception that I remember was the daughter of a Mr. Manuchjee, who, having traveled extensively in Europe, and being especially pleased with the manners and accomplishments of English ladies, determined to educate this daughter in the same way. He purchased a harp and a grand piano, hired an English governess, and gave his child every advantage his great wealth could command. She was about sixteen when I first saw her; in face and form fully matured, and very lovely, graceful, and accomplished. She was one who would be sure, in our country, to win admiration and esteem; but her father said she would not be likely to marry, as her own people were afraid of accomplished women for wives. It is certainly true that they frown down all attempts to introduce among their daughters a higher education, as well as the lovely, womanly employments that render our homes so attractive, and make the wives and daughters of America the companions of their husbands and fathers.

The Parsees are all fire-worshipers, and I think these devotees of the sun-god never change their creed for another. In Bombay and other large cities whole crowds of them may be seen an hour before sunrise, gathered in groups on the esplanade, eagerly watching to catch the first glimpse of the sun's cheery face. Even the last reflection of his fiery chariot at evening is watched with reverent devotion, followed by a general prostration. But there is a difference in the morning and evening worship. As their god sinks beneath the horizon, he is followed with saddened gaze, whilst his appearance is greeted only with joy. A group of juveniles, expecting this, may be seen in the illustration silently, almost devoutly, awaiting the first glimmer in the East that betokens the sign of his coming. Not an outspoken word is heard; all the uproariousness of childish glee is hushed for the time, and their very breathing seems subdued in the interval of eager watching, ended at last by one glad shout, that proclaims the advent of their King.

HE DID N'T MIND—AND WHAT TOLD.

By Margaret Eytinge.

"Not get into the hammock?"

Well, if he had n't been told not to get into it, it would n't have been half so hard to stay out of it. And above all things, a hammock!

But Uncle John had said, oh! so gruffly, "Don't you try to get into it; and, what 's more, don't you go near it. When I come home this evening, we 'll see. Now *mind!*"

And so, of course, Barry had been thinking about it ever since, and he could n't, for the life of him, study his geography lesson. Everything seemed bounded north, east, south and west by hammocks.

At last he threw down his book and ran out into the garden, and stood looking at the red and yellow net as it hung between two splendid old oak-trees.

"I would n't go near it, now, if he said I might," said Barry. '*Try* to get in it,' indeed, as though a baby could n't get in a hammock, let alone a fellow as big as I am. He need n't be afraid; I 'll stay away." He was standing about thirty feet from it, under a great big apple-tree. "But I 'll look at it as much as I please.

"Uncle John 's great, he is! What 'd he bring it here for, if he was n't going to let a fellow swing, and swing right away, too?

"The best fun in the world is swinging right away. Wonder what it 's made of? Don't care; I 'll stay here and eat apples."

And he sat down under the tree and picked up a fat rosy-cheeked apple, and took a boy's bite out of it.

"It 's sour," said Barry, making a wry face, and throwing it away.

"Oh! what a story!" said the apple-tree, in a loud whisper.

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"What?" asked Barry, looking up at it.

But the tree only rustled its leaves angrily, and said no more.

"Oh, dear!" groaned Barry; "what a long morning this is! What shall I do? Hello! there's a funny old toad. I'll catch him and make him hop."

So he rolled over and over on the green grass, until he reached a large stone under which the toad was sitting with three black beetles playing house.

The toad had just told the brightest beetle that he might take the other two and go to market to get something for dinner, when Barry put his hand in and seized it.

The poor thing was so frightened, it became as cold as well water.

"Ugh!" exclaimed Barry, dropping it in a hurry; and as the toad made a feeble hop, he continued, "Ha! ha! *you* can't jump worth a cent."

"You're polite," said the toad.

"What?" asked Barry. But the toad hopped off without answering.

Just then, a prince of the butterflies, dressed in purple and gold, rose from a flower near by, and flew in the direction of the hammock.

"I'd like to have that butterfly," said Barry.

So he whistled a little, in a trifling manner, and went after it.

It flew straight ahead, but stopped just two feet this side of the oak-trees to kiss a young white rose. Barry stopped, too, and when the butterfly unfolded its velvet wings to again take flight, "No, you don't," said he, and threw his hat over it.

But it *did;* for when he raised his hat it darted out and flew merrily before him.

"I bet I'll have you yet," said Barry; and, starting to run again, he came right up against the hammock.

"Crikey!" said he. "Well, I never, if here is n't the hammock! How funny! What a meany Uncle John is; I've a good mind to get in for a few minutes. Who's to tell?"

So he took hold of it; put up one foot, carefully; swayed about a little; then lifted the other foot; made a spring, and landed head first on the ground.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the apple-tree.

"*You* can't jump worth a cent," said the toad.

"No, you don't!" remarked the butterfly.

But Barry answered never a word. He got up with a large bump on his forehead and went back to the house. *And the bump told.*

RHYMING PLAY.

[Flowers.]

By J. D. Locey.

I'm tired of romping now, for one;
Let's try a little quiet fun.

St. Nicholas has come to-day;
Sit down, we'll try the "Rhyming Play."

First, name the noblest flower that grows,
In all its sorts, the queenly ——.

Next, one whose flavor many think
Exceeding sweet, the garden ——.

Third, find a name which rhymes with Willie;
What king was not clothed like the ——?

A little Western stream, the Jooshia,
Rhymes finely with the handsome ——.

Fifth, name me one to rhyme with Lena,
The graceful, delicate ——.

Where all the sweetest flowers are set,
I turn to seek the ——.

Part of a column is the plinth,
Which rhymes our H, the ——.

Now, start with A and end with L,
To find the yellow ——.

What constellation holds the "Dipper?"
The creature wears no —— ——.

Who has not roamed the meadow over
To find the magic four-leaved ——?

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Next, Shakspeare links the rare woodbine
With musk-rose and sweet ——.

This also comes from W. S.,
The odd name, Love-in- ——.

A flowery empire had King Cyrus,
So has the many-tinted ——.

Changing the accent in Salonica,
We fitly rhyme the fair ——.

This one is easy, rhymes with wagon,
A beast with open mouth, —— ——.

Don't try to make a pig-tail whistle,
Nor rashly dare to pick the ——.

Scotchmen, for much, sometimes say muckle,
Which rhymes a vine, sweet ——.

The tint of gloves which I prefer
Matches the dainty ——.

From the deep water, rising stilly,
A flower has gained its name, —— ——.

Last, name the poet's modest pet,
The timid wild-wood ——.

[Who can send us the names of the flowers needed to make the rhymes in the above verses?]

PERRY AND TERRY.

By Nellie Eyster.

IKE everything else, even trouble has its beginning, and that of Perry Hyde and his twin sister Theresa—or Terry, as she was pet-named—grew out of a boiled lobster, red as a brick, which lay upon a plate between them. It was the first day of August, 1873, and the dinner hour at Mrs. Rogers' boarding-house in the village of Clinton, Connecticut. The children, with their invalid mother, had come there a few days before from a town in Pennsylvania, hoping that the sea air from off Long Island Sound, near which the village lay, would restore her strength.

"I can't break off this lobster's legs," said Terry.

"They aint legs; they're claws," remarked Perry.

"I guess I know. *They are legs*," replied Terry, the color deepening in her cheeks.

"I say *claws*."

"And I *legs*."

"Claws."

"Legs."

"Children, leave the table and go into the yard!" quietly commanded Mrs. Hyde, remarking, as the door closed upon their flushed and mortified faces, "Their troubles always begin in such a fashion. They love each other tenderly, but in matters of opinion both are equally unyielding."

At the far end of the grassy yard an old fisherman, with hair as white as sea foam, sat astride a wood-horse mending the meshes of a hammock. His face wrinkled all over into smiles as Terry rushed toward him, exclaiming:

"Uncle Nat, have n't lobsters got legs?"

"Of course, or how could they crawl?"

"And claws, too?" cried Perry, just behind.

"Sure, or they could n't pinch."

"There! we were both right," said Terry triumphantly.

"And both wrong, I 'spect," said the shrewd old fellow; "leastways if you was wranglin' 'bout a lobster. Why, them 's the 'ceitfullest things on 'arth, 'cept—well—'cept Capen Kidd's money."

"Captain Kidd! Who is he? Does he live in Clinton?" asked Perry.

"Well, well. Where did you live ef you never heerd tell of Capen Kidd?" Then he told them the old story of the wonderful captain, who, nearly two hundred years ago, received permission, as commander of a sloop, to cruise as a privateer, but, turning pirate, robbed other vessels of gold, silver, precious jewels, and cloth of gold, and, locking them up in iron chests, buried them all along

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the coast, after which he was hung in Boston for being a murderer.

Never had he two more eager listeners.

"Who has all the gold and silver now?"

"Nobody yet; an' that 's why it 's as 'ceitful as lobster-catchin'. You 'll dig, an' dig, an' jest when you think you 're reddy to grab it, it aint there."

"Have *you* dug, Uncle Nat?" Terry asked this in a low whisper.

"'Deed I have, bushels o' times. I 've dug from our point here, miles away to Madison Beach, but never a dollar did I find, 'cept in the sellin' of the clams which I turned up while doin' it. But I 'spect that was all I had a nateral right to." And throwing the hammock over a chip-pile, he went into the house.

"Bars of gold and silver!" said Perry. "That means strips as long and thick as fence-rails. If we could get them we could buy strawberries and ice-cream every day in the year, Terry."

"Say, shall we go?"

"Yes; and not tell mamma?"

"No. We 'll s'prise her."

The Point, more than a mile from the village, was a narrow hand of the shore, reaching its long thumb into the sea, while the fingers, like a closed fist, were represented by a cluster of enormous granite rocks. On the broad summit of these, facing the water, was a small, low house of unpainted boards, the only whole thing remaining of what, previous to its explosion years ago, had been a factory for the expressing and refining of fish oil. Vessels had been wrecked and lost when very near those now ivy-clad rocks. It had long been deserted, save by a few old fishermen, and was only accessible from the village by land at low tide. Little did Perry and Terry know of all this, and less would they have cared had they known, as, with an old-fashioned fire-shovel they had found in Mrs. Rogers' smoke-house, and an empty cigar-box, in which Terry thought they might at least bring back Captain Kidd's precious stones, they started out gold-hunting. Over a little bridge across Hamonasset River, and along a narrow road of deep, damp sand, between walls of tall sea-grass alive with mosquitoes and grasshoppers, the twins plodded until, having reached the house, they stopped to breathe and look around at what they believed to be the Point.

"Oh! oh! oh! oh!" they cried, as for the first time in their lives they stood so close to the broad, blue, sunlit sea that they could pat it with their hands. The gold and silver-hued shells which lay upon the white sand, more finely polished than the costliest china; the thousand other wonders of moss and shells and "sea-things" which, day by day, the waves had cast upon that wonderful beach, so far exceeded anything they had ever before seen in or out of a toy shop, that they forgot Captain Kidd's buried treasures and hopped about like crumb-hunting sparrows. Instead of jewels, Terry filled her box with the "darlingest" shells, while daring Perry and the sea had already become such good friends, that as fast as he would dig a well with his shovel, close to its edge, a little white-rimmed wave would run in and fill it. Thus, for two hours or more, the water chased him farther and farther back until, at a shriek from Terry, "Clams! clams! I 've found clams!" he threw down the shovel and rushed to her.

Terry was right. Wherever she put her foot down heavily upon the black, wet sand, dozens of tiny jets of water spirting upward from it told the secret that clams were beneath the surface.

"Oh, Terry! let 's play we 're Robinson Crusoe, and have a clam-bake. I know how, for Uncle Nat told me. You be Friday, and dig a lot, while I hunt around for a stove-pipe. Then we 'll make a little fire between two stones, put the clams inside the stove-pipe, stop up each end of it with sea-weed, and lay it over the fire until it is red-hot. Then the clams are done, and ready for us to eat."

Sure enough, back a few yards upon a low hill, where bricks, fragments of iron, and other relics of the oil explosion lay around in loose heaps, he found a piece of battered, rusty pipe, two feet in length; and he soon had enough dry material lying between two rudely built brick pillars to burn down another Chicago. Terry meanwhile, wet and muddy to her knees, had unearthed at least a peck of clams. Together filling the pipe, scrambling with it over the stones, and laying it in proper position to get it "red-hot," they surveyed their work with intense satisfaction.

"But where 's the fire?" suddenly exclaimed Terry.

"Goody! I forgot that, and I have n't any matches," replied Perry, plunging his hands to the bottom of both pockets.

Poor little hungry, disappointed clam-diggers! They were tired too. The sunshine had gone, a strong wind was blowing, and something unseen roared, as though saying, "Go home, go home."

Quickly deciding to do so and return next day with some matches, they piled old shingles over the stove-pipe and fire-place and ran to the spot where they had left the shovel and box of shells. Not only they, but the place itself had disappeared. The sandy beach, the narrow road in which they had walked, the meadow of pink-tipped grass, all were gone, and in their stead was nothing but water, which looked green, cold and deep.

Bewildered, but not frightened, they climbed up

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the rocky bluff in the rear of the old, lone house and looked about them. To their right was miles of corn field running back to dense woods. Afar off in another direction was the white steeple of the Clinton church, but between them and it all was water.

"Something in the sea must have burst to make it spread out so wide," said Perry. "Let us wait until a ship comes near here and holler for them to take us home."

At least forty vessels were in sight. Some of the ships stood still, like great white butterflies with their wings folded; others were sailing on a straight blue line close up to the gray sky; but none came within hailing distance of the little Crusoes. It grew darker, and the rising tide, now almost at its height, made a fearful noise as the sea dashed against the rocks.

"May be this house has a door. Let's creep around to the front and look," suggested Terry.

Joy! It had, and standing wide open, too. There was but one room in it, containing a rough table or bench covered with fish-scales, and beneath it a small pile or bundle of loose straw. Upon this the children crept, and cuddling into each other's arms, were so quiet for a while that they could hear their hearts thumping like hammers. It was very dark, and each seemed afraid to speak first. At length Terry whispered:

"Perry, are you 'most crying? Please, don't."

"Not a bit of it," said he, bravely choking down a sob. "I'm only wishing I was a skipper, then I'd ——"

"You mean sailor, Perry," interrupted Terry.

"No, I don't. I mean what I say—skipper."

"No; sailor," she said sharply.

"I'm sure I know better than you, Terry."

But for once the retort failed to come. Seizing his arm and turning his face to the open door, she said, in a frightened tone:

"Only look! What is that coming up out of the water?"

They sat almost breathless, as, by the light of the rising moon, they plainly saw a figure, like that of a woman, standing motionless upon a wave with one arm stretched toward them, while the rest of her body was wrapped up as tightly as a mummy.

"What can it mean, Perry? Oh, I do wish we were with mamma!"

Her courageous spirit was quailing before the mystery of the quiet woman.

"You may say skipper. I wont contradict you no more; never."

"Yes, but sailor was best, after all," said the softened Perry. And, moving his lips along her hair, he fervently kissed the tip of her left ear. Just then a moonbeam came through a window behind them, and stopping in one corner, revealed something glittering in it like a pile of diamonds.

"I know what that is," said the excited Perry, springing to his feet, and thereby giving his head a furious bump against the table. "It's Captain Kidd's money—the very thing we came here to hunt for and forgot all about. That's his ghost daring us to touch it. Are you afraid, Terry?"

"I don't know." Her voice was full of awe, for the pile seemed to broaden and brighten the longer she looked at it. "Captain Kidd was the most wickedest man I ever heard of. We did n't dig for his money like other people. It aint ours, and you know 'Thou shalt not steal.' I wish his ghost would please go away, and it was daytime. What is the use of all that gold and diamonds if we never see mamma again." Her voice ended in a plaintive wail.

"Well, the clams that you dug are ours, anyhow, and if we can sell them for ten dollars, like Uncle Nat did, Captain Kidd and his old money may ——"

But a cloud that instant obscuring the moon, they were again in darkness and terror.

"Let us pray, Perry. Let us say, 'Dear Jesus, please dry up the ocean and make it daylight. Indeed and 'deed we don't want any of Captain Kidd's gold and silver.' Say that last *real right*, Perry. Oh! if we had n't been naughty at the dinner-table we should never have heard of him nor come here to hunt for it; should we?"

"No; but I contradicted first, Terry, and that began it. Let's pray. He'll help us give up to one another after this, you to me."

"Yes; and you to me first, because I'm a girl."

"No; I'm right as often as you. Boys ought to know."

"Perry Hyde! you're ——" Again the outline of the motionless figure was becoming visible. "You're my dear brother, and I'm very sorry! Let's ask him to please forgive us and let mamma find us, for Jesus' sake."

So the trusting little hearts were lifted in all a child's sweet faith to Him who was guarding every hair of their precious heads, and before they had got to "Amen" both were fast asleep.

Meanwhile half the village of Clinton was searching for the lost ones, while others were vainly trying to soothe the awful fears of the sorrowing mother. No clue to where they had gone could be found in any quarter. All night the sympathetic friends were in motion, and it was full dawn when Uncle Nat, by some means, found himself alone on Hamonasset bridge, with his weary, hopeless eyes turned toward the old house on the rocks.

"Bless me. The Point! the Point!" he shouted. "Why did n't I think before?"

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When did a pair of old legs run faster than his, as every step brought him nearer to the beach? Soon he saw a little shovel sticking in the sand as the tide had found and left it. A short way up the hill, and there lay the stove-pipe waiting its opportunity to get "red-hot."

"So, so! I see it all now. The scamps! the scamps!"

He could scarcely distinguish the sleeping children snuggled up in the hay for the tears of joy which blinded his faded eyes.

"Thank God."

It was said so loud and fervently, that the twins awakened at the same instant. What a surprise to Uncle Nat! What puzzling surroundings! What untold joy!

"*We* found Captain Kidd's treasure," at length said Perry, coming first to his senses. "It's there in the corner, loads of it."

No; that was not treasure; it was only some twisted scraps of clean tin, which had been brought there to scrape away the scales from fish.

"Well, there was an awful ghost just beyond the rocks!" said Terry with a shudder.

Not so. The long-ago wreck of a schooner lay near by with a post at the stern, five feet high, projecting above the water.

Then nothing was real but the lonely night and the happiness of being found.

"Nothin' else, darlin's, 'cept the clams. Oh yes, clams are allus grit and certain, but Capen Kidd's money, like everything else we don't come by honest and true, is 'ceitful as diamond tin and wooden ghosts."

"HE SAW A LITTLE SHOVEL STICKING IN THE SAND."

Uncle Nat always carried matches and a tobacco-pouch in the same pocket. Perry's fire was lighted, and the clams baked and eaten just as the sunrise turned, for a few moments, Long Island Sound into a cloth of gold.

What a rare breakfast they ate on the sand! Then they were hurried home to the clinging arms of a loving, thankful mother, with an experience all their own, which made them, for a day at least, feel as wise and old as Uncle Nat.

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A STORY FOR THE "BIRD-DEFENDERS."

BY HELEN B. PHILLIPS.

THE sunlight under apple bloom
Steals softly down upon our home,
And airily against the sky,
So tenderly, so tenderly
The soft winds singing lullaby—
Our nest swings high.

Dame Redbreast, in her modest gown,
Sits brooding there in sober brown.
Beneath her patient, throbbing breast
Four lovely eggs are warmly prest.
Was ever bird so highly blest
As now am I?

I love my dear Dame Redbreast so,
My swelling heart must overflow
In loving care and minstrelsy
While waiting for Love's mystery.
In all the world, dear Heart, to me
There 's none like thee.

"I LOVE my dear Dame Redbreast so!" This was the burden of Robin's song early and late. Never had birdies begun the world with brighter prospects. They had migrated in company, and mated with the approval of "all the world" of birds. During the long, breezy days, in sunshine and shower, the building of the nest had busied them until now. Everything was in perfect order, and Robin bustled about in anxious search of dainties for his dame, who seldom left her nest and precious eggs. All the world overflowing with fresh life, joy, and sunshine, Robin thought, was made solely and expressly for himself and little wife!

"Mamma, here 's a robin at my window. Every morning he comes flying up against the window by the apple-tree, and wakes me up. What does he want, mamma?"

Jessie's mamma came, but the robin had flown away. Day after day he came; and often, seated dejectedly on the ledge of the window, mamma found poor Robin. Sure enough, what *did* he want? Other birdies were busy with housekeeping and their mates; a few with their fledglings, teaching them to fly, and making as joyful commotion over them, as do human bipeds over *their* first darlings.

A most pitiful object was Jessie's robin. Experiments were made to find what he wanted. Crumbs he faintly picked at. The softest bits of wool, temptingly and conveniently exposed, he completely ignored.

Finally, the cook grew superstitious and tried to drive him away. All to no purpose. Jessie's room was on the ground floor; and, determined to solve the mystery, mamma came one day to the outside of the window and looked in. The pane of glass acted as a reflector, and she saw herself distinctly. Robin liked a mirror, it seemed. The vain little fop!

Yet this constant contemplation of himself did not seem to give him any satisfaction. He never showed vain and foppish ways. He was certainly no spruce "dandy robin," as Jessie now called him. He was either sick or in affliction, mamma said.

About this time Jessie's cousin, Georgie, came to visit her. Agile as a monkey, he was into all the trees and tumbling from the hay-loft. Of course the old apple-tree, with its crooks and crutches, was too tempting to escape a tour of inspection. With help, Jessie went too.

"Here 's where my dandy robin lives; don't disturb him! I guess his mate is on the nest; I never see but one."

Up they climbed to find the nest and the blue eggs, but no birdie was there. And no lady-bird ever came to hatch out those eggs, over which proud Robin had sung so joyfully.

Listen, for this is a true story. Somebody had killed the dear mate! (Jessie knew Tom Lane did such things, and in her heart accused him of this deed.)

The mystery was now explained. The bereaved robin, in searching for his dame, had alighted upon the window-ledge; seen his own reflection: mistaken it for his love; and so, day after day, he had come, hoping to find her free. It was a sad, sad sight to see the faithful little fellow, as I did, mourning for his love. As for him, all the life, joy, and sunshine had gone out of the world.

Who could intentionally or thoughtlessly have caused such sorrow to even the smallest of God's creatures? Will not He who marks the sparrows' flight take note and remember?

Jessie told Tom Lane one day about her robin, and took him to see the bird with his drooping plumage and woe-begone air. Tom was really touched, and said slowly:

"Sho, now! I should n't 'ave s'posed he 'd 'ave cared! Leastwise, not for so long."

"Yes, indeed," said Jessie, "birds *do* care. Of

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course he loved his mate. Don't you s'pose my papa 'd mourn some if my mamma should die? And was n't she Robin's little wife?"

Tom did n't say much, but somehow he could n't forget the poor bereaved robin on the window-ledge.

And if Jessie should ask him to join the army of Bird-defenders, I believe he would do it.

THE LIFE OF A CLOTHES-MOTH.

By Prof. A. W. Rattray.

Yes, I am only a moth—a common clothes-moth. Some call me a "miller," because I am mealy-looking, and flour the fingers of those who touch me. Well-informed people name me *Tinea Vestianella*, which I like better, because there 's often a great deal in a pretty name. I am only a tiny, fragile insect; but for all that, every good and wise girl and boy ought to know the story of my life, which, in some respects, is a very curious one.

Moths are well connected, I assure you, and not ashamed of their pedigree. Butterflies are nearly related to us, though they may not own it. They are one branch of the *Lepidoptera* (or scale-winged) family of insects, and we are the other. But they are proud creatures, and regard us as country cousins, although themselves only gaudy, showy things, fond of admiration and of airing themselves in the sun. And all of them together could not give you silk for one of those pretty dresses, which the children of one of our family, the silkworm moth, can easily supply you with.

Is it not a pity that our little ones cannot live on leaves, as they do, but must eat the nap of cloth, blankets, flannels, carpets, and other woolen stuffs? For it is chiefly on this account that we, their parents, are hated, hunted, and killed, instead of being courted and petted, like the butterflies. But, after all, can we or our children be blamed? Like yourselves, we must eat to live.

No, we are not ashamed of our connections. But pray do not confound our family, the clothes-moths, with the fur-moths *(Tinea pellionella)*, or with the hair-moths *(Tinea crinella)*. We are closely related, and, in fact, cousins; but, as you may readily imagine, they are less refined in taste—altogether more common, and do not take the same standing in insect society as ourselves.

You may make our acquaintance any evening after the lights are lit, for we fly chiefly at night, and often burn our wings in the glare, which attracts and blinds us. Fig. 1 is my likeness. As you see, I am a very plain, small, flat, grayish insect. I do not hold my wings up, like the butterflies, but fold them over my back; and my feelers (or *antennæ*) are pointed, and not club-shaped, like theirs. I would also like to show you the fur and the feather moths. But the differences in color, size, shape, &c., between them and ourselves are too slight to be detected by any but a good naturalist, or to be accurately shown in a wood-cut.

I was hatched last May. My first home was an egg, much smaller than a pin-head; and, when magnified by a microscope, something like those shown in Fig. 2. I cannot say how many little egg brothers and sisters I had, they were so numerous. But our mother took great pains to get a good home for us, so as to give us a fair start in

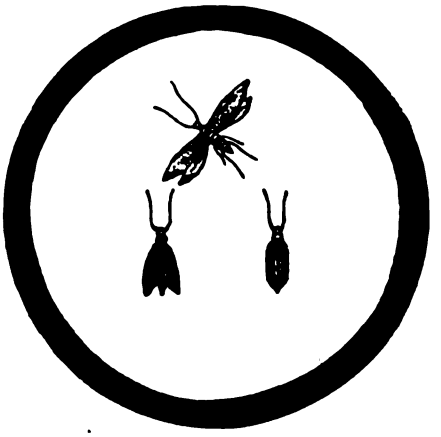

FIG. 1.—THE CLOTHES-MOTH.

life; and slily crept through chinks and even key-holes, into hundreds of corners, to find a dusty, damp, and undisturbed spot, especially among woolens. She told me herself that she first tried a furrier's store, but neither dust nor damp was allowed there, and the owner aired and shook his goods very carefully twice a week. Seeing my mother, he flung his handkerchief at her, saying: "Be off, there 's no room for you here."

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But moths are very active, and she was out of sight in a moment. Away she flew toward Fifth Avenue, and into the coach-house of an old lady, in which there was a cosey carriage, lined with fine blue cloth, and which was seldom used. Any

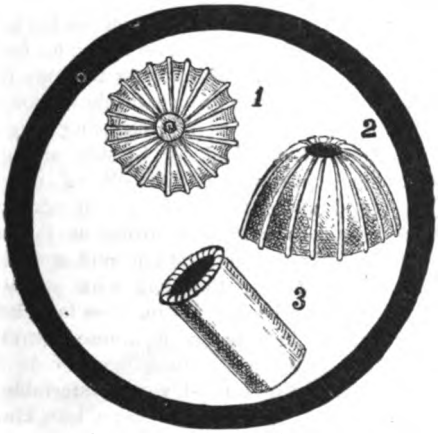

FIG. 2.—MOTHS' EGGS (MAGNIFIED). (1) EGG OF RUSTIC-MOTH. (2) EGG OF SHARK-MOTH. (3) EGG OF THORN-MOTH.

small crevice of this would have been just the thing; but the coach-maker had sponged the lining with corrosive sublimate water, which nearly poisoned my mother. And, besides this, the coachman smoked. This alone was enough to drive my mother away; we hate tobacco in every shape and form. Dense tobacco smoke will even kill us.

The old lady's open bedroom window, however, was just round the corner; and through this my mother made her way, it looked so tempting and pretty. Though kind-hearted, and one of those people who would not unnecessarily hurt a worm, the old lady had one serious fault. She hated moths, at least the house varieties, because one had, without permission, lived in and spoilt her muff, when she was a girl. She was fond of natural history, and often said: "It is not the moth itself which attacks our clothes, but its children, the little worms. Still, while we try to get rid of the latter, when we can catch it at work, and also to destroy the egg from which it comes, we should chiefly strive to drive away—or, still better, to kill—the moth-mother, the author of the entire mischief, and thus prevent her laying the eggs from which springs the worm which so annoys us."

Not a cupboard drawer or box could my mother find in the entire house that was not turned out, cleaned, and aired every week; and some vile-smelling stuff had been put among the clothes. The old lady liked, too, to make experiments, and, with this object, powdered her clothes with different things—some with black or cayenne pepper, others with snuff, and so on. She even wished that some poison could be discovered to attract and kill us as they kill flies.

Her four daughters were certainly pretty, amiable, and accomplished, but they had been taught to dislike us, and always tried to starve us out, by frequently shaking and airing their jackets, furs, and woolens, lest any stray moths, moths' eggs, or caterpillars might have got in by chance. They then, after carefully wrapping them in linen bags and old sheets, which moths cannot get through, scented them strongly. Rosa, for example, sprinkled hers occasionally with a little abietine, a new moth abomination; Mary liked benzine or turpentine better (the vapor of the latter kills us); while Ella chose carbolic acid, and Bertha put chips of red cedar-wood, or a few matured horse-chestnuts, or shavings of Russia leather, or a little bitter-apple powder, or a handful of unwashed wool, or a bit of tallow, in each drawer, to find out which was the best of these things for driving us away. Moths never touch greasy or unwashed wool or cloth.

The housekeeper was just as careful with her carpets, which were taken up and beaten once, and often twice, during Summer, when we were about; and then sprinkled with salt, cayenne, black pepper, and occasionally a little carbolic acid; while the woolen curtains, when not in use, were well beaten, peppered, wrapped in linen, and laid in a dry place. And all of them, mistresses and servants, took particular pains to do this during the moth

FIG. 3.—HOUSE-MOTH, LARVA OR CATERPILLAR (NATURAL SIZE) AT WORK.

season. Not a moth could or would put its nose into that house; and if one did by chance find its way there, it was hunted and killed before it could lay a single egg. My mother herself barely escaped being killed by the chamber-maid with a long feather brush.

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The neighbors of these enemies to our race, two old ladies, hated us still more; and the frequent airing, dusting, sweeping, cleaning, scenting, and

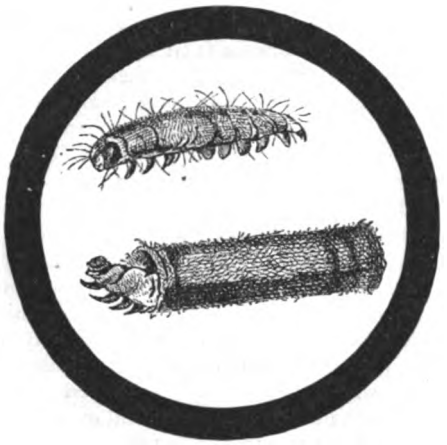

FIG. 4.—HOUSE-MOTH LARVA AND CASE (MAGNIFIED).

the linen bags, and what not, were enough to frighten away the most venturous insect.

So, declining to visit them, my mother flew through an open window into a magnificent mansion near Central Park; and found just what she wanted in a large dusty cupboard in a seldom-used bedroom, into which the lady of the house tossed her dresses, usually after wearing them only a day or two. Here I was put between the folds of a fine black-cloth jacket.

In a fortnight I was hatched, and left my egg as

FIG. 5.—CLOTHES-MOTH PUPA (OR CHRYSALIS) AND CASE.

a little whitish larva, or caterpillar, with sixteen legs, six very small eyes on each side of my head, strong, sharp, scissor or scythe-like jaws, which cut sidewise, and on the middle of my lower lip a little conical tube, or "spinner," from which I could squeeze out a sticky fluid, which soon hardened into the fine threads that you call silk. In Figs. 3 and 4 you have my likeness. Dozens of brothers and sisters were already busy at work near me; but our mother had scattered us, so that when born we might each have plenty of room and food.

Having taken a good meal of soft woolen nap, I began to construct a little case or house for myself, —a tube, like Figs. 3 and 4, longer than my body, and wider, enabling me to turn inside by doubling myself. This I made of nap, choosing long and straight hairs, which I laid side by side, and glued together and interwoven with silk of my own making; and so kept on adding and adding till my house was as long and strong as I wished. Then I lined it with the finest and purest silk, and tied or anchored it to the cloth with a few silk threads. We moths are not quite so luxurious as the silk-worm, which makes its house entirely of silk.

In this my house I lived very comfortably and happily all the Summer. It was a lazy kind of life. When I felt hungry, I had only to put my head out of my case to feed, as in Fig. 4. We are rather dainty, and usually prefer the short fibers and more compact body of the cloth for food, using the coarser, longer ones for house-building. Caterpillar appetites are very good; we eat heartily, perhaps you may say voraciously. Some of us can consume about twice our own weight in the twenty-four hours; but clothes-moth caterpillars are not quite so greedy as this. When I had used all the nap near me in food and for house-building, and made the cloth thread-bare and full of holes, all I had to do was to pull my house along to another place.

Thus to eat, to build, and now and then to repair my house, were all the work and amusement I had. But this last was my heaviest toil, for, like yourselves, small when born, I was at intervals compelled to enlarge my home. Now, how do you think I did this? Exactly as a tailor would! As I grew longer, I lengthened it by working in fresh hairs at the two ends; and as I got stout, I merely slit one side half-way up, and put in a patch; then did the same at the other side, and so at the other end. I did this so neatly that you could scarcely see the joining, and all with my mouth and silk of my own weaving, without needles or the help of a sewing-machine! In this way I made the same house last my whole caterpillar life. If I had used wool of different colors—red, blue, white, and so on—as I enlarged it, I could have made it of many colors, like Joseph's coat. This is the cause of the cross markings in the case sketched in Fig. 4. I changed my own skin several times as I grew; and when I had become a full-sized caterpillar, Winter came,

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and put me into a sleep, which lasted till the warm Spring again revived me.

Upon waking, I found that a change had come over me. I did not seem like the same creature. My appetite had gone, and I entirely left off eating. I felt as if something was about to happen to me. I was about to undergo what naturalists call a "metamorphosis," or transformation. Some of my brother and sister caterpillars preferred to remain where they were, to undergo this change, and only tied themselves a little more firmly to the cloth; but I crept out of the cupboard, and up to a dark corner of the room, where, for safety, I closed up one end of my house with silken threads, and hung myself to the ceiling. I then spun a kind of shroud round my body, and, again becoming torpid, went to sleep. I had thereby altered

FIG. 6.—COMPOUND EYE OF THE CLOTHES-MOTH (MAGNIFIED).

my shape, was now like Fig. 5, and re-christened with a new and prettier name than my last, viz., *Pupa*, or chrysalis. I was shorter than before; apparently had no head, limbs or wings; but traces of them could be seen closely pressed to my sides, and as if cemented by a kind of varnish.

While in this state I took no food, and did not even move. But in about three weeks my case began to swell, and then contract, till the skin of my back rent; and from this my head, and by degrees my body, emerged as a perfect, fully-fledged baby-moth, or *imago*, with four wings, six legs, and everything else complete, as you see in Fig. 1. But I had lost the powerful jaws with which I had eaten the cloth, and had now a spiral, rolled-up tongue, to suck water and liquid juices into my stomach, which was now unfit to digest solids. My body was at first soft and weak, my wings small and crumpled up; but they soon grew, and I stretched them and flew for the first time. How light and lively I felt! and how unlike myself when only a miserable worm, crawling slowly and darkly among old clothes, unable to see a yard ahead. It was a fine, warm, sunny day in April when I soared

FIG. 7.—PART OF CLOTHES-MOTH'S WING—MANY SCALES RUBBED OFF (MAGNIFIED).

over Central Park, and enjoyed a panoramic view such as probably no girl or boy has ever seen. How proud I felt, and how happy! These were the days of my childhood; the pleasantest in our life, as in yours. Thus had I undergone my second and final transformation.

You may think me a common insect, and perhaps despise me. Certainly I am not much to look at. But put me under your microscope, and you will soon change your opinion. How you will admire my compound eyes, with their hundreds of

FIG. 8.—SCALES (OR FEATHERS) FROM WING OF CLOTHES-MOTH (MAGNIFIED).

lenses (Fig. 6); and my wings (Fig. 7); and the scales on them (Fig. 8), like birds' feathers, which make the dust that stains your fingers when you

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touch me! Curiously, too, each different moth and butterfly has its own shape and size of scale, just as trees have different kinds of leaves, by which alone you can recognize them, as in Fig. 9. You ought to examine me for yourself. If you do, I am certain that the more minutely you look, the more wonderful you will consider me.

I have been a full-grown moth for a few days, and, as yet, have enjoyed myself very much. Our insect life is very different from your life. We have no brain with which to think and learn; and, therefore, no schools, lessons, teachers, or punishments for idleness. What we know and do comes to us naturally, by instinct. We have no memory to remind us of naughty behavior, or conscience to

FIG. 9.—SCALES FROM WINGS OF MOTHS AND BUTTERFLIES.

sting us. We find plenty to eat and drink, without working for it; never need clothes; have no anxious thought for the future, as you may when grown up; and cannot imagine what death is, and therefore do not fear it. Our life is one long, happy holiday. Even our bad luck and misfortunes

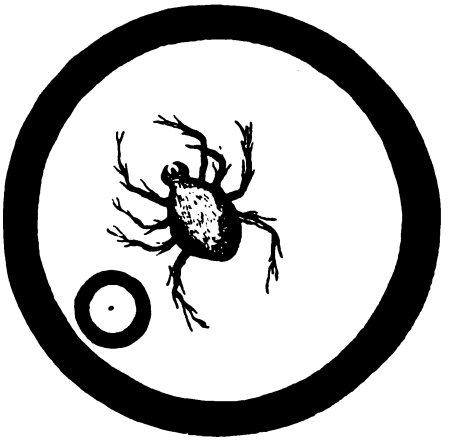

FIG. 10.—PARASITE OF CLOTHES-MOTH (MAGNIFIED). THE DOT IN THE SMALL RING SHOWS ITS NATURAL SIZE.

are soon forgotten. One of our chief worries is a tiny insect (Fig. 10), which, small as we are, sometimes lives on our skin.

Now, having heard my story, tell me—Don't you think that clothes-moths are quite interesting, after all, and that we are more to be pitied than blamed when we deposit the eggs and caterpillars which destroy your clothing? In doing this, we are merely looking after the welfare of our children, and this is what every good human mother does for hers. If, in spite of what I have said, you persist in catching and killing us, do not torture us, but spare us pain by doing the deed as quickly and thoroughly as possible.

CHRISTINCHEN'S ANSWER.

By Julia S. Tutwiler.

Welcome, welcome, dearest King!
Here thy children gladly bring
Knots of flowers and garlands gay
To greet our monarch on his way.
May God bless the royal house!
King and queen, with man and mouse;
This is what we humbly pray,
For our sovereign every day.

Christinchen was to say it. She was only six years old; but the teacher himself taught it to her very carefully. For two days all the spare moments he could find during school-hours were given to the little Mädchen; for news had come that, on the third day, the King would pass through their village!

Now Herr Schunke would not for the world have had his revered monarch pass through Weseke without showing him that, although it was only a little village, and far removed from the great cities of his realm, yet here also they had intelligent folks who knew what was what, and how to receive a

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royal personage. Especially he wanted to show the King that the Government had a very diligent, competent teacher in this village; and he was quite right in thinking so, for there was no official in all Prussia who filled his office, whether high or low, better than Herr Schunke. So all the preparations for the grand reception naturally fell upon him. He wrote the lines that Christinchen was to learn; for he was the poet of the village, and had written many a greeting in rhyme for friends and relations to deliver in writing or by word of mouth on such great occasions as christenings, betrothals, birthdays, and golden and silver weddings. He had taught them to her till the little Mädchen knew them perfectly, and could say them so clear and loud that you could hear her in the street as you walked by the school-house.

On the morning of the great day, Christinchen's mother came to the school-house, and wanted to take Christinchen home to put leather shoes on her, and a white dress, made like that of the burgomaster's daughter, and to curl her hair; but Herr Schunke talked so wisely and well, and explained to her so clearly how much it pleased the King to see his people keeping the good old customs of their forefathers, that at last she concluded to put on little Christinchen only a pair of new wooden shoes, shining black, and turned up to a point at the toes, with a bright gilt figure in the middle of each, and her best peasant dress, made just like her mother's Sunday one, with its little red bodice and little lace apron; and she left the long shining plaits of yellow hair still twined around the little head, in the fashion in which German women and girls have worn it, perhaps ever since the days when Cæsar came to Germany.

So at last the royal carriage drew up before the door of the little inn where the King was to dine. The footman, in splendid gold-trimmed livery, threw open the door, and the King, wrapped in the old military cloak which he had worn for thirty years, descended from the carriage. On the steps of the inn stood the landlord and all his people in their best dresses, with snow-white aprons. On one side stood the burgomaster and all the other officials of the village, decked out with their badges of office. On the other side stood Herr Schunke and his little band of scholars, and all around, behind this formal committee of reception, stood the other inhabitants of the village; every man with his eyes and mouth wide open and his hat in his hand; and as the King put his foot upon the ground they swung the hats round and round, cheering, and crying "Long live the King!" The King bowed and smiled on this side and on that; and then little Christinchen stepped forward, dropped a courtesy, and said her rhymes so loud—so very loud—you might have thought she fancied the King was deaf.

But she looked so sweet,—her eyes as blue as the corn-flowers of the Rhine meadows, and her yellow hair with its smooth plaits framing the earnest little upturned rosy face—that the good King, whom God had never blessed with a child of his own, smiled with pleasure, and taking from the pocket of his traveling-coat a beautiful orange, said:

"Little maiden, you said your poem so well that I am sure you go to a very good school, and have an excellent teacher; so I must examine you a little: To which kingdom does this orange belong?"

"To the vegetable kingdom," said the little maid, without a moment's delay, while Herr Schunke could scarcely keep on his feet from anxiety and excitement.

"And this?" taking a bright gold piece from his purse.

"To the mineral kingdom."

"Right—right, my little maid. And now tell me this: To which kingdom do *I* belong?"

He? to which kingdom did he belong? Little Christinchen looked at him with wide-open, solemn eyes, up and down. She had had object-lessons on the camel and the elephant, the crow and the magpie; and had even been allowed to hold the stuffed forms of the last two for a moment in her little hands; but a king! She had never had such a subject for an object-lesson; but she remembered that she always said his name every day in her prayers. So she raised her blue eyes confidently to his, and said, modestly, but very clearly:

"To the kingdom of heaven."

And the King caught the little maiden up in his arms and kissed her, remembering who had said to what kingdom she and such as she belonged, and wishing he might grow each day more like to them, and so have the promised right to belong there too. As he set her gently down, and dropped the gold piece and the orange in her apron, all the mothers that stood around with clasped hands sobbed, under their breath, "God bless him!" and even the burgomaster blew his nose.

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THE FAYS.

By Amelia Daley Alden.

They came to earth in a fleecy cloud,
And climbed to heaven on the rainbow's rim;
In the sweet sea-breeze they laughed aloud,
And sighed in the forest cool and dim.

There they went softly from door to door,
From lowly cottage to lofty hall,
From baby rolling upon the floor,
To grandma winding her knitting-ball.

They climbed high up in the apple-tree,
And shook the young in the robin's nest;
And then, as frightened as they could be,
Hid under the brooding mother's breast.

She never knew that the sprites were there,
She thought that only her young ones stirred,
And piped a tremulous motherly air,
To comfort the heart of each little bird.

Each fairy then a great bumble-bee caught,
And threatened his life if he let her fall;
And so, on their buzzing steeds, they sought
The homes of mortals in cottage and hall.

To every mortal a fairy spoke,
In tones that nobody else could hear,
And sullen looks into sunshine broke,
And saddened voices grew full of cheer.

The grandmother's heart went back to youth,
The child sewed gayly her tiresome seam,
The maiden thought of her lover's truth,
And the baby smiled in a happy dream.

And then the sprites, a loving band,
As shadows lengthened and grew more deep,
Took each a tired baby's hand,
And led her into the Land of Sleep.

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THE YOUNG SURVEYOR.

By J. T. Trowbridge.

Chapter XXII.

THE WOODLAND SPRING.

Very pale, with the bridle dangling from his arm, and Lion walking dejectedly by his side (the sympathetic dog always knew when his master was in trouble), Jack returned to the "castle."

Lord Betterson, meeting him in the door-yard, touched his hat and bowed.

"Where—is—your—quadruped?" he asked, with a cool, deliberate politeness, which fell upon Jack's mood like drops of water on red-hot steel.

"That villain! he claims the reward for him! But I never 'll pay it in the world!"

Betterson smiled and said: "Ah! Peakslow! Highly characteristic!"

"He threatened to shoot me!"

"Very likely. He has threatened to shoot *me*, on one or two occasions. I said, 'Shoot!'" (Jack wondered whether he said it with that condescending smile and gracious gesture.) "It is n't agreeable to have dealings with a person who talks of shooting his fellow-men; but I imagine there 's no danger, if you keep cool."

"I could n't keep cool," said Jack. "I got as mad as he was. I could have shot *him*."

"That, my friend," Lord Betterson replied, with a wave of the hand, "was an error,—quite natural, but still an error. You stay to dinner?"

"Thank you, I have promised myself that pleasure."

Jack was ashamed of having given way to his anger; and he determined from that moment, whatever happened, to keep calm.

As he threw his useless bridle down, and left Lion to guard it, he saw Wad starting off with a pail, and asked where he was going.

"For water," said Wad.

"More water? I should think you had all had enough for one day!"

"Yes, for the outer man," drawled Wad. "Where 's your horse?"

"I concluded to let Peakslow keep him a little longer. He seemed willing to; and I am not ready to ride home. May I go with you?"

"Glad to have ye," said Wad.

They walked a little way along the road toward Peakslow's house, then entered the woodland, descended into a little ravine, and, on the slope beyond, found a spring of running water in the shade of an oak grove.

Jack was not inclined to talk of Snowfoot, but he had a good deal to say about the spring.

"Why, this is charming! What a clear basin of water! Is it always running over?"

"Always, even in the dryest season. We first noticed that little stream trickling down into the ravine; and that 's about all there was to be seen, till Rufe and I hollowed out this basin."

"Why don't you come here with your wagon and tubs, instead of going to the river?"

"There 's no good way to get in here with a wagon; and, besides, we can't dip up more than two or three pailfuls at a time—then we must wait for the spring to fill."

"You could sink a barrel," said Jack, "and always have that full, to start upon. Now dip your pail, and let 's see how long it takes for the basin to fill."

The experiment was tried, and Jack grew quite enthusiastic over the result.

"See! how fast the water comes in! I say, Wad, you 've got something valuable here."

"Yes," said Wad. "I only wish the house had been built somewhere near. This is part of the land Peakslow pretended to claim. The swing, where Cecie got hurt, is in the grove, just up here."

The place was so cool and pleasant that Jack let Wad return alone with the water, and walked about the spring and the swing, and up into the woods beyond, calming his inward excitement, until dinner time.

At table, he gave a humorous account of his late interview with Peakslow.

"He was so very cordial in his request that I should leave Snowfoot, that I could n't well refuse, —though I *did* decline to trouble him, till he brought out a double-barreled argument,—stub-twist, percussion lock,—which finally persuaded me. He is one of the most urgent men I ever saw," added Jack, mashing his potato.

Vinnie smiled, while the others laughed; but her eyes were full of anxiety, as they beamed on Jack.

"Isn't it possible," she said, "to meet such arguments with kindness? I did n't think there was a man so bad that he could n't be influenced by reason and good-will."

"It might rain reasons on Peakslow, forty days and forty nights—he would shed 'em, as a duck does water," Jack replied. "Is n't it so, Mr. Betterson?"

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"I have certainly found him impervious," said my lord.

"I might have stopped to argue with him, and threaten him with the law and costs of court, and perhaps have settled the matter for five or ten dollars. But the truth is," Jack confessed, "I lost patience and temper. I am not going to have any more words with him. Now let 's drop Peakslow, and speak of something more important. That spring over in your woods, Mr. Betterson,—I 've been looking at it. Is it soft water?" (Jack lifted a glass and sipped it); "as good for washing as it is for the table?"

"It is excellent water for any purpose," said Mr. Betterson. "There is only one fault in that spring —it is too far off."

"We are going to move the house up there, so as to have it handy," said Link.

"That is one of my young friend's jokes," said Jack. "But, seriously, Mr. Betterson, instead of moving the house to the spring, why don't you bring the spring to the house?"

"How do you mean? It does n't seem to me quite—ah—practicable, to move a spring that way."

"I don't mean the spring itself, of course, but the water. You might have that running, a constant stream, in your kitchen or back room."

"I apprehend your drift," said Betterson, helping Jack to a piece of prairie chicken. "You mean, bring it in pipes."

"Thank you. Precisely."

"But I apprehend a difficulty; it is not easy to make water run up hill."

Jack smiled, and blushed a little, at Betterson's polite condescension in making this mild objection.

"Water running down hill may force itself up another hill, if confined in pipes, I think you will concede."

"Most assuredly. But it will not rise again higher than its source. And the spring is lower than we are—lower than our kitchen sink."

"I don't quite see that," replied Jack, with the air of a candid inquirer. "I have been over the ground, and it did n't strike *me* so."

"It certainly looks to be several feet lower," said Betterson; and the boys agreed with him.

"We generally speak of going *down* to the spring," said Rufe. "We go down the road, then down the bank of the ravine, and then a little way up the other bank. I don't know how we can tell just how much lower it is. We can't see the spring from the house."

"If I had my instruments here, I could tell you which is lower, and how much lower, pretty soon. While I am waiting for Snowfoot (I can't go home, you know, without Snowfoot!), I may, perhaps, do a bit of engineering, as it is."

Chapter XXIII.

Jack's "Bit of Engineering."

The boys got around Jack after dinner, and asked him about that bit of engineering.

"In the first place," said Jack, standing outside the door, and looking over toward the spring, hidden by intervening bushes on a ridge, "we must have a water-level, and I think I can make one. Get me a piece of shingle, or any thin strip of wood. And I shall want a pail of water."

A shingle brought, Jack cut it so that it would float freely in the pail; and, having taken two thin strips of equal length from the sides, he set them up near each end, like the masts of a boy's boat.

"Now, this is our level," he said; "and these masts are the sights. To see that they are exact, we will look across them at some object, then turn the level end for end, and look across them again; if the range is the same both ways, then our sights are right, are they not? But I see we must lay a couple of sticks across the pail, to hold our level still while we are using it."

The boys were much interested; and Link said he did n't see what anybody wanted of a better level than that.

"It will do for the use we are going to make of it," said Jack; "but it might not be quite convenient for field service; you could n't carry a pail of water, and a floating shingle with two masts, in your overcoat pocket, you know. We 'll aim at a leg of that grindstone. Go and stick your knife where I tell you, Link."

Jack soon got his level so that it would stand the test, and called the boys to look.

"Here! you stand back, Chokie!" cried Link; while Rufe and Wad, one after the other, got down on the ground and sighted across the level at the knife-blade.

"Now," Jack explained, "I am going to set this pail of water in your kitchen window, by the sink. That will be our starting-point. Then I want one of you boys to go, with a long-handled pitch-fork, in the direction of the spring, as far as you can and keep the pail in sight; then set up your fork, and pin a piece of white paper on it just where I tell you. As I raise my hand, you will slide the paper up; and, as I lower my hand, you will slip it down."

Wad and Link both went with the fork, which they set up on the borders of the woodland, back from the road. Then Wad, wrapping a piece of newspaper about the handle, held it there as high

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as his head, with a good strip of it visible above his hand.

Jack, standing in the kitchen, looked across the sights of his level placed in the open window, and laughed.

"What do you think, Rufe? Is the paper high enough?"

TESTING THE LEVEL.

"It ought to be a foot or two higher," was Rufe's judgment.

"*I* say *a foot* higher," remarked Lord Betterson, coming up behind.

"What do you say, Vinnie?"

"I think the paper is too high."

"Now look across the level," said Jack.

All were astonished; and Lord Betterson could hardly be convinced that the level was constructed on sound principles. It showed that the top of the paper should be just below Wad's knee.

"Now we will take our level," said Jack, after the paper was pinned in its proper place, "and go forward and make another observation."

He chose a place at the top of the ridge beyond Wad, where, after cutting a few bushes, he was able to look back and see the fork handle, and also to look forward and see the spring. There he set his pail on the ground, waited for the water to become still, adjusted his level, and caused a second strip of paper to be pinned to the fork handle, in range with the sights.

The boys then gathered around the fork, while Jack, taking a pocket-rule from his coat, ascertained that the second paper was six feet and an inch above the first.

"Which shows that our level is now six feet and an inch higher than it stood on the kitchen window," said he. "Now let's see how much higher it is than the spring."

Link was already on his hands and knees by the pail, turning the sights in range with the spring, on the further side of the little ravine. He suddenly flapped his arms and crowed. "No need of setting the fork over there," he said. "The spring is *almost* as high as the pail!"

"Let's be exact," said Jack; and he went himself and thrust the fork, handle downward, into the basin of the spring. "Now, Link," he cried, "you be the engineer; show your skill; tell me where to fix this paper."

Link was delighted with the important part assigned him.

"Higher!" he commanded, from behind the pail. "Not quite so high. Not quite so low. Now just a millionth part of an inch higher—there!"

"A millionth part of an inch is drawing it rather fine," said Jack, as he pinned the paper.

Afterward, going and looking across the level, he decided that Link had taken a very accurate aim. Then, his pocket measure being once more applied, the paper was found to be only seven inches higher than the water in the basin.

"Seven inches from six feet one inch, leaves five feet six inches as the height of the spring water above the level of our sights at the kitchen window. Now, I measured, and found they were there thirteen inches higher than the bottom of the sink; which shows that if you carry this water in pipes, you can have your spout, or faucet, thirteen inches higher than the bottom of your sink, and still have a head of water of five feet and six inches, to give you a running stream. If you make your reservoir here four and a-half feet deep, then the bottom of it will be a foot higher than your spout."

The boys were much astonished, and asked how it happened that they had been so deceived.

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"You have unconsciously based all your calculations on the fact that you go *down* to Peakslow's. The road falls a little all the way. But it does n't fall much between your house and the place where you turn into the woodland. There you take a path among the bushes, which really rises all the way, though quite gradually, until you pass the ridge and go down into the ravine. Vinnie has n't been accustomed to talk of going down to the spring, as you have; and so, you see, she was the only one who thought Wad at first placed his paper too high. Perhaps this does n't account for your mistake; but it is the best reason I can give."

"How about the pipes?" Rufe asked.

"You can use pump-logs for pipes."

"But we have no pump-logs!"

"You have enough to reach from here to North Mills and return. They are growing all about you."

"Trees!" said Wad. "They are not pump-logs."

"Pump-logs in the rough," replied Jack. "They only need cutting, boring, and jointing. All pump-logs were once trees. These small-sized oaks are just the thing for the purpose; you have acres of them, and in places the timber needs thinning out. You can use the straight stems for your aqueduct, and the limbs and branches for fire-wood."

"That 's an idea!" said Rufe, rubbing his forehead and walking quickly about. "But how are we going to turn our tree-trunks into pump-logs? We have no tools for boring and jointing."

"No, and it would cost a good deal to get them. You want an iron rod, or auger-shaft, long enough to bore half-way through your longest log; then a bit—an inch bore would be large enough, but I suppose it would be just as easy, perhaps easier, to make a two-inch bore,—the auger would be more apt to get clogged and cramped in a smaller hole; then a reamer and a circular joint-plane, to make your joints,—the taper end of one log is to be fitted into the bore of the next, you know. You will also need some apparatus for holding your log and directing the rod, so that you sha' n't bore out, but make your holes meet in the middle, when you bore from both ends; and I don't know what else. I 've watched men boring logs, but I don't remember all the particulars about it."

"You seem to remember a good deal," said Wad. "And I like the idea of a stream from this spring running in our back room—think of it, Rufe! But it *can't be did*—as the elephant said when he tried to climb a tree. No tools, no money to buy or hire 'em, or to hire the work done."

"You boys can do a good deal of the work yourselves," said Jack. "You can cut the logs, and get them all ready for boring. Then you can get the pump-maker at the Mills to come over with his tools and help you bore them by hand; or you can haul your logs to him, and have them bored by machinery,—he has a tread-mill, and a horse to turn it. In either case, I 've no doubt you could pay for his labor by furnishing logs for his pumps."

"I believe we can!" said Rufe, by this time quite warmed up to the subject. "But how about laying the logs? They have to be put pretty deep into the ground, don't they?"

"Deep enough to keep the water in them from freezing. A trench four feet deep will answer."

"How wide?"

"Just wide enough for a man to get into it and lay the logs and drive the joints together. By the way, you 'd better be sure there are no leaks, and that the water comes through all right, before you cover your logs."

"But there 's work in digging such a trench as that!" said Wad, shaking his head.

"So there is work in everything useful that is ever accomplished. Often the more work, the greater the satisfaction in the end. But you boys have got it in you,—I see that; and, let me tell you," said Jack, "if I were you, I would take hold of things on this place in downright earnest, and make a farm and a home to be proud of."

"I never could get in love with work," replied Wad. "I 'm *constitutionally tired*, as the lazy man said. The thought of that trench makes my back ache."

"It wont be such a back-aching job as you suppose. You 've only to take one stroke with a pick or shovel at a time. And as for that constitutional weariness you complain of, now is the time in your lives to get rid of it,—to work it out of your blood,—and lay the foundations of your manhood."

"I must say, you preach pretty well!" observed Wad.

"I 'm not much of a preacher," replied Jack; "but I can't help feeling a good deal, and saying just a word, when I see young fellows like you neglecting your opportunities."

"If father and Rad would take hold with us, we would just straighten things," said Rufe.

"Don't wait for your father to set you an example," replied Jack. "I don't know about Rad, though I 've heard you speak of him."

"Our cousin Radcliff," said Rufe. "He 's a smart fellow, in his way, but he don't like work any better than we do, and he 's off playing the gentleman most of the time."

"Or playing the loafer," said Wad.

"Let him stay away," said Jack. "You 'll do better without any gentlemen loafers around."

"Did *you* ever do much hard work?" Wad asked.

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"What do you think?" replied Jack, with a smile.

"I think you 've seen something of the world."

"Yes, and I 've had my way to make in it. I was brought up on the Erie Canal,—a driver, ignorant, ragged, saucy; you would n't believe me if I should tell you what a little wretch I was. All the education I have, I have gained by hard study, mostly at odd spells, in the last three years. I had got a chance to work on a farm, and go to school in winter; then I took to surveying, and came out here to be with Mr. Felton. So you see, I must have done something besides loafing; and if I talk work to you, I have earned the right to."

"I say, boys!" cried Link, "let 's put this thing through, and have the water running in the house."

"It will do for you to talk," said Wad; "mighty little of the work you 'll do."

"You 'll see, Wad Betterson! Haint I worked the past week as hard as either of you?"

"This thing is n't to be pitched into in a hurry," said Rufe, more excited than he wished to appear. "We shall have to look it all over, and talk with the pump-maker, and do up some of the farm-work that is behindhand."

"Why don't you take the farm of your father," said Jack, "and see what you can make out of it? I never knew what it was to be really interested in work till I took some land with another boy, and we raised a crop on our own account."

Rufe brightened at the idea; but Wad said he was n't going to be a farmer, anyway.

"What are you going to be?"

"I have n't made up my mind yet."

"Till you do make up your mind, my advice is for you to take hold of what first comes to your hand, do that well, and prepare yourself for something more to your liking."

"I believe that 's good advice," said Rufe. "But it is going to be hard for us to get out of the old ruts."

"I know it; and so much the more credit you will have when you succeed."

Jack moved away.

"Where are you going now?" Rufe asked.

"To reconnoiter a little, and see what Peakslow has done with my horse. I ride that horse home, you understand!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

PREPARING FOR THE ATTACK.

THE boys showed Jack a way through the timber to a wooded hill opposite Peakslow's house. There Link climbed a tree to take an observation.

"I can look right over into his barn-yard," he reported to his companions below. "There 's old Wiggett with his ox-cart, unloading something out of Peakslow's wagon; and there 's Peakslow with him. Hark!" After a pause, Link laughed and said: "Peakslow 's talking loud; I could hear him say, 'That air hoss,' and 'Not if I live!' Now old Wiggett 's hawing his oxen around out of the yard."

"I must head him off and have a word with him," said Jack, and away he dashed through the undergrowth.

Reaching a clump of hazels by the road-side, he waited till the old man and his slow ox-team came along.

"What 's the news, Mr. Wiggett?" Jack said, coming out and accosting him.

"Whoa! hush! back!" the old man commanded, beating his cattle across the face with a short ox-goad. He shook with laughter as he turned to Jack. "It 's tremenjus funny! He had a quirk in his head, arter all. Hankers arter that reward of twenty dollars!"

OLD WIGGETT.

"What did you say to him?"

"Told him he had no shadder of a claim,—he might sue ye through all the courts in seven kingdoms, he could n't find a jury to give him the reward for stolen prop'ty found in his hands. He said for that reason he meant to hold ontew the hoss till you 'd agree to suthin'."

"Where is the horse now?"

"In Peakslow's stable. He wants to turn him out to pastur', but he 's afraid you 're hangin' round. He has set his boys to diggin' taters over ag'in Betterson's lot, where they can watch for ye. What he re'ly wants is, for you to come back and

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make him an offer, to settle the hash; for he 's a little skittish of your clappin' the law ontew him."

"I wonder he did n't think of that before."

"He did, but he says you 'd showed yerself a kind of easy, accommodatin' chap, and he 'd no notion o' your gettin' so blamed riled all of a sudden."

"That shows how much good it does to be easy with a man like him!"

And Jack, thanking old Wiggett for his information, disappeared in the woods.

He found the boys waiting for him, and told them what he had learned.

"Now my cue is," said he, "to make Peakslow think I 've gone home. So I may as well leave you for the present. Please take care of my saddle and bridle and gun till I call for them. Good-by. If you *should* happen to come across the Peakslow boys—you understand!"

Rufe carelessly returned Jack's good-by. Then, leaving Wad and Link to go by the way of the spring and take care of the pail and fork, he walked down through the woods to the road, where he found Zeph and his older brother Dud digging potatoes in Peakslow's corner patch.

"Hullo!" Dud called out, so civilly that Rufe knew that something was wanted of him.

"Hullo yourself, and see how you like it," Rufe retorted.

"Where 's that fellow that owns the hoss?" Dud inquired.

"How should I know?"

"He stopped to your house."

"That 's so. But he 's gone now."

"Where?"

"I don't know. He told us to keep his saddle and bridle and gun till he called for 'em, and went off. You 'll hear from him before many days."

Rufe's tone was defiant; and the young potato-diggers, having, as they supposed, got the information they wanted, suffered their insolence to crop out.

"We aint afraid of him nor you either," said Zeph, leaning on his hoe.

"Yes, you are afraid of me, too, you young rascal! I 'll tie you into a bow-knot and hang you on a tree, if I get hold of you."

"Le's see ye do it!"

Rufe answered haughtily: "You would n't stand there and sass me, if you did n't have Dud to back you. Just come over the fence once, and leave Dud on the other side; I 'll pitch you into the middle of next week so quick, you 'll be dizzy the rest of your natural life." And he walked on up the road.

"Here! come back! I 'll fight you! You 're afraid!" Zeph yelled after him.

"I 'll come round and 'tend to your case pretty soon," Rufe replied. "I 've got something of more importance to look after just now; I 've got a pig to poke."

Dud went on digging potatoes; but Zeph presently threw down his hoe and ran to the house. Shortly after, he returned; and then Jack, who had sat down to rest in a commanding position, on the borders of the woodland, was pleased to see Peakslow lead Snowfoot down the slope from the barn, and turn him into the pasture.

Rufe got home some time before his brothers, who seemed to linger at the spring.

"There they are!" said Lill; "Link with the fork on his shoulder, and Wad bringing the pail."

Rufe was sitting on the grindstone frame, as they came into the yard.

"Did you hear me talkin' to the Peakslow boys? They think Jack —— Hullo!" Rufe suddenly exclaimed. "I thought you was Wad!"

"I am, for the present," said Jack, laughing under Wad's hat. "Do you think Peakslow will know me ten rods off?"

"Not in that hat and coat! Lill and I both took you for Wad."

"I am all right, then! Where 's your father? I wonder if he would n't like to try my gun."

Lord Betterson now came out of the house, fresh from his after-dinner nap, and looked a good deal of polite surprise at seeing Jack in Wad's hat and coat.

"Mr. Betterson," said Jack, "Peakslow thinks I have gone home, and he has turned Snowfoot out to grass. Now, if I *should* wish to throw down a corner of the fence between his pasture and your buckwheat, and take my horse across, have you any objection?"

"None whatever," replied my lord, with a flourish, as if giving Jack the freedom of his acres.

"And perhaps," said Jack, "you would like to go down to the buckwheat lot with me, and try my gun. I hear you are a crack shot."

"I can't boast much of my marksmanship nowadays; I could fetch down a bird once. Thank you—I 'll go with pleasure."

"You are not going to get into trouble, Jack?" said Vinnie, with lively concern, seeing him tie the halter to his back.

"O no! Mr. Betterson is going to give me a lesson in shooting on the wing. I take the bridle along, so that if Snowfoot should happen to jump the fence when he sees me, I shall be ready for him, you know. Now I wonder if we can take Lion along, without his being seen. He is tired of sitting still."

"We can take him to the farther side of the corn-field, easily enough."

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"That will answer. Come, Lion!" The dog bounded with joy. "Keep right by my heels now, old fellow, and mind every word I say. Don't be anxious about us, Vinnie. And, Rufe, if you could manage to engage the Peakslow boys in conversation, about the time we are shooting hens pretty near the fence, you might help the sport."

"I 'll follow you along, and branch off toward the potato-patch, and ask Zeph what he meant by offering to fight me," said Rufe.

"I 'm going to get up on the cow-shed, and see the battle," said Link. "On Linden when the sun was low, and the buckwheat-patch was all in blow, —I 'm a poet, you know!"

CHAPTER XXV.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOUNDARY FENCE.

THE little party set off, watched by Vinnie with a good deal of anxiety. The dog was left in the edge of the corn; and Jack, with a good milky ear in his pocket, followed Mr. Betterson into the buckwheat field.

"There 's Wad and his dad after prairie chickens," said Zeph.

"Yes," said Dud, "and here comes Rufe after you. He 'll give you *Hail Columby* one of these days, when I aint round."

"I 'll resk him," muttered Zeph.

"Look here, you young scapegrace!" Rufe called from over the fence, "I 've come to take you at your word. Want to fight me, do ye? I 'm ready, if you 're particular about it."

"Come near me, and I 'll sink a stun in your head!" said Zeph, frightened.

"You 've got that phrase from the Wiggett boys," said Rufe. "I 'd fight with something besides borrowed slang, if I was you."

Betterson meanwhile brought down a prairie chicken with a grace of gesture and suddenness of aim which Jack would have greatly admired if he had not had other business on his mind.

The bird fell in the direction of the boundary fence. Jack ran as if to pick it up, at the same time giving a low whistle for his dog. He stooped, and was for a minute hidden by the fence from the Peakslow boys—if, indeed, Rufe gave them leisure just then to look in that direction.

Darting forward to the fence, Jack took down the top rails of a corner, and made a motion to Lion, who leaped over.

"Catch Snowfoot! catch Snowfoot!" said Jack, quickly placing the ear of corn in the dog's mouth.

The horse was feeding some six rods off, near Peakslow's pair, when the dog, singling him out, ran up and began to coquet with him, flourishing the ear of corn.

The boys were talking so loud, and Jack had let down the rails so gently, and Lion had sped away so silently, that the movement was not observed by the enemy until Snowfoot started for the fence. Even then the excited boys did not see what was going on. But Peakslow did.

If Snowfoot had been in his usual spirits he would have soon been off the Peakslow premises. But his long pull from Chicago had tamed him; and though hunger induced him to follow the ear of corn, it was at a pace which Jack found exasperatingly slow—especially when he saw Peakslow running to the pasture, gun in hand, and heard him shout:

"Let that hoss alone! I 'll shoot you, and your dog and hoss too!"

Jack answered by calling:

"Co' jock! co' jock! Come, Lion! Come, Snowfoot! Co' jock!"

At the same time, Zeph and Dud took the alarm, and ran toward the gap Jack had made,—they on one side of the fence, while Rufe raced with them on the other. Meanwhile Betterson, having coolly reloaded his discharged barrel, walked with his usual quiet, dignified step, to the broken fence.

"Better keep this side," he said with deliberate politeness to Jack. "You are on my land; you 've a right here."

"Oh! but that horse never will come!" said Jack. "Co' jock! co' jock!"

"He is all right; keep cool, keep cool!" said Betterson.

On came Peakslow, the inverted prow of his hooked nose cutting the air,—both hands grasping the gun, ready for a shot.

Jack did not heed him. Snatching the corn from Lion's mouth, he held it out to Snowfoot;—in a moment Snowfoot was crunching corn and bits, and the bridle was slipping over his ears.

"Head him off, boys!" shouted Peakslow. Then to Jack, "Stop, or I 'll shoot!"

"If there 's any shooting to be done," said Betterson, without for a moment losing his politeness of tone and manner, "I can shoot as quick as anybody; and I will shoot, if you draw trigger on that boy!"

"Take care of him,—go!" cried Jack, giving Lion the bridle-rein and Snowfoot a slap. Then confronting Peakslow,—"I 've got my horse; I 'm on Mr. Betterson's land; what have you to say about it?"

"I 'll shoot your dog!"

"No, you wont!" and Jack sprang between the infuriated man and Lion leading off the horse.

Both Dud and Zeph were by this time on Betterson's side of the fence, hurrying to head off Snowfoot.

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"Keep out of our buckwheat!" cried Rufe. "Now, Zeph, I've got you where I want you."

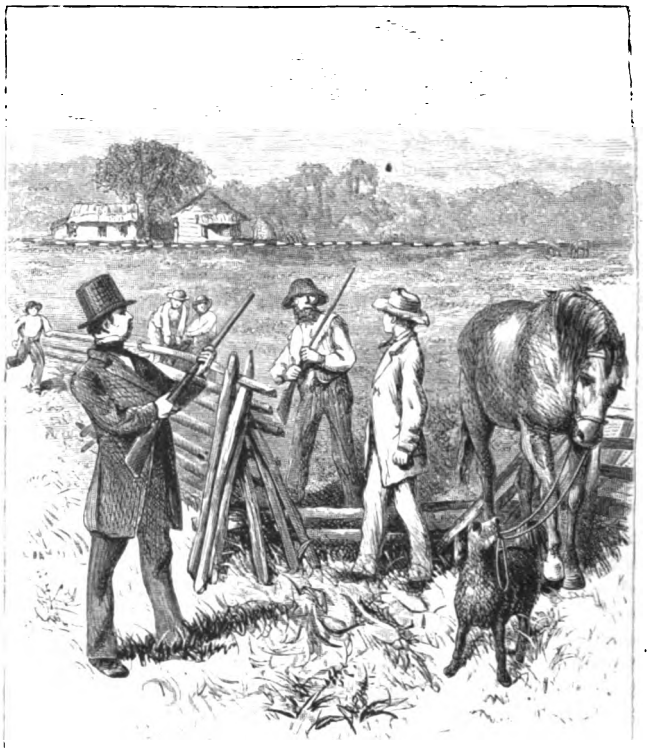
"Help! Dud, Dud — help!" screamed Zeph.

But Dud had something else to do. He sprang to seize Snowfoot's bridle; when Lion, without loosing his hold of it, turned with such fury upon the intruder, that he recoiled, and, tripping his heels in the trodden buckwheat, keeled over backward.

Meanwhile Rufe had Zeph down. and was rubbing the soft black loam of the tilled field very thoroughly into his features, giving especial attention to his neck and ears. Zeph was screaming, and Rufe was saying:

"Lie still! I'll give your face such a scouring as it has n't had since you was a baby and fell into the soft-soap barrel!"

Jack backed quietly off, as Peakslow, cocking his gun, pressed upon him with loud threats and blazing eyes.



"STOP, OR I'LL SHOOT!"

The angry man was striding through the gap in the fence, when Lord Betterson stepped before him, courteous, stately, with a polite but dangerous smile.

"Have a care, friend Peakslow!" he said. "If you come upon my premises with a gun, threatening to shoot folks, I'll riddle you with small shot; I'll fill you as full of holes as a pepper-box!"

(To be continued.)

HOW TO CAMP OUT AT THE BEACH.

By Frank E. Clark.

WHERE shall we spend our next Summer vacation, boys? Perhaps you do not consider this a very pressing problem as yet, but you will think it so by the time the hot, bright days begin to make the school hours tedious.

So we propose to take time by the forelock and tell you now of a real jolly way of spending a part of those vacation weeks.

Some of you will go to Saratoga, or Long Branch, or the White Mountains, with your parents, although such a way of spending a vacation requires a heavier pocket-book than many of us possess. Yet when we get back next Fall, and school begins again, we will warrant you that those who go with us will bring back such reports of a grand, good time that you will all want to join our party next year.

One great advantage of our plan is that it costs so little that almost any of us can carry it out, and when you ask papa about it, and he looks over his spectacles and shakes his head, as much as to say, "I can't afford it," you can tell him that it will not cost him much more than if you staid at home.

Then if mamma looks troubled and fears you

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will catch cold, and Aunt Jane warns you not to get drowned, and sister Kate suggests that "there will be lots of bugs and snakes and ugly things creeping about," you can tell them that the man who told you the plan has been there himself and knows all about it, and that those lions in the way will all be found to be chained when you get to them.

Now, before we conjure up any more of the objections which the home friends will raise, it may be important to tell you that our plan is to take a tent and camp out for a few weeks upon the seashore in the most approved "Robinson Crusoe" style, with the exception that we shall have Tom and Dick and Harry for our companions instead of Friday and the goat.

In the first place, you must know that this is not to be an ordinary visit to the beach, such as any one with plenty of money can make, but we are going to leave our good clothes and our every-day life at home as much as possible, and take, besides our old clothes, a large stock of good-nature and a determination to be pleased with whatever we find.

And we expect to bring back sun-burned cheeks, robust health, and the remembrance of some charming vacation weeks.

In the first place, we must be careful about selecting our party. We are to rough it, you know,—to catch our own fish and cook them too, to sleep on the ground, and perhaps get wet and cold, without grumbling. So we want five or six good fellows in our party, but no babies, or dandies, or fault-finders.

The next thing to be thought of is the tent. This should be large enough to hold us all comfortably, as we lie stretched out at night, with a little spare room for our stores. An A tent is the best—that is, one with a ridge-pole, supported at each end by uprights—since this gives more available room than a circular tent with one pole in the center.

This we can hire of any sail-maker for about three dollars per week.

To keep us warm through the chilly nights, which we almost always find near the sea, we shall want a heavy army blanket and an old Winter overcoat,—no matter how worn,—which we can put on, if necessary, when we go to bed.

Besides these, on account of the dampness, we should have two or three rubber blankets to spread on the ground.

What shall we eat, and what shall we drink? are the next questions of vital importance. The latter question is easily answered by pitching our tent within sight of some good spring or well, but the former demands more attention. In our party we do not intend to fare sumptuously every day; in fact, you will be surprised to know how few things in the edible line are necessary to our comfort. Here is a list, and perhaps even one or two of these might be omitted: Hard tack, salt pork, ham, potatoes, corn meal, coffee, sugar, condensed milk, salt, and pepper.

We have found that a barrel of hard tack will last a party of six between three and four weeks, if they occasionally manage to get a small supply of softer bread.

Of salt pork, which we shall find indispensable in cooking the fish, we shall want at least ten pounds. The corn meal will be useful to roll the fish in before frying them, as well as in making corn dodgers, slapjacks, and Johnny cakes. Indeed, for any of those dishes which our genius for cooking can invent, corn meal is far better than flour, and twenty, or even thirty pounds of it will be none too much for a three weeks' trip. One good-sized ham, six pounds of coffee, twenty pounds of sugar, four cans of condensed milk, and a liberal supply of salt and pepper will complete our stores. It may be easier to get the potatoes near the camp than to take them from home.

The only things now left to be provided are the cooking utensils. A small sheet-iron stove is much more convenient than a fire-place of stones, and any good tinman will give us just what we want if we ask for a "camp stove." This, together with coffee-pot, spider, tin pail for boiling potatoes, tin plate, cup, knife, fork, and spoon for each member of the party, ought not to cost more than fifteen dollars.

These articles are all made especially for camping parties, so as to go inside of the stove, which has a handle at each end, and can thus be carried easily like a small trunk.

Now that our preparations have all been made, let us count the cost before setting out.

Here is the bill, founded on a careful estimate, in about the shape that our treasurer will present it when we come to leave the beach:

Tent for three weeks, at $3.00 per week	$9.00
Provisions taken with us	22.00
Stove and cooking utensils	15.00
Fresh provisions bought at the beach, such as eggs, meat, fresh bread, &c	15.00
Incidentals	20.00
Total	$81.00

This sum divided among six, you see, makes each one's share of the expense $13.50 for three weeks, or $4.50 per week.

Of course this does not include the cost of traveling to the camp.

We have taken pains to be minute and accurate in these figures, since we know that their amount will decide the point, in many cases, whether a party can go to the beach or not.

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When we have obtained from Aunt Jane her best receipts for fish chowder and fried fish, corn cakes, coffee, &c., we may consider ourselves ready to start at a moment's notice.

There are precautions to be thought of before we make up our minds to start on such an expedition. In the first place, we must not persuade any boy of very weak constitution to go with us, because, although sea air and bathing would probably be of the greatest service to such a one, our rough mode of living might be an injury to him.

And then, before we go, we should determine to be careful to select a camp where the bathing is safe and where there is no strong undertow. It will be easy enough to do this if we take a little trouble and make proper inquiries.

Now that we are all ready we are confronted by the important question: Where shall we go?

Very likely you know, or if not, your friends will tell you, of "just *the* place" for a tenting party. In fact, "just the places" are so numerous along our Atlantic coast, and you to whom we are writing are so widely scattered, that it would be difficult to name any one place that would be convenient for many of you. We would only suggest that you should not choose a fashionable watering-place, but some retired spot, where you will feel at ease and be undisturbed. Moreover, you should spread your canvas on a dry slope, if possible, where the water will not settle, and in a place where the sea breezes will have a fair chance at you too; for they will be a better preventive against mosquitoes and troublesome flies than all the penny-royal and catsup in the world.

If you were to have an inland camp, the shade of trees would be indispensable, but at the beach the breeze, which almost always springs up before noon from seaward, will serve to keep you cool.

As to fish, there are generally plenty of them, of various kinds, to be found all along our coast, but unless you have a row-boat always at command, you should choose a place with convenient rocks to catch them from. So, to put it in a word, the best place for our camp is a retired spot on a little slope, with bold rocks not far off, jutting out into the sea.

Now that these preliminaries have been settled, we will suppose that, with all our baggage, we have been transported to some such seaside paradise as we have described. First, up goes the tent. A little practice will make this only a ten minutes' job. Then a committee of two should be detailed to dig a trench six or eight inches deep about the tent, which will carry off the water and save us from a wet skin in rainy weather.

Two more will resolve themselves into a fire-wood brigade, to collect the fuel which Neptune has kindly cast up at our feet in the shape of drift-wood, and the rest will betake themselves to the rocks, with their lines and poles, to catch the supper, which we feel pretty confident is awaiting us just beneath those green waves.

For bait we shall use clams, or worms, or mussels,—whichever are most convenient. Sea-worms, or "sand-worms,"—ugly-looking crawlers they are, with almost innumerable legs,—can often be found in great numbers under the stones when the tide is low, and they make excellent bait.

If none of the party understands such matters, almost any fisherman we may meet will teach us how to prepare our fish. Then we must boil the coffee, and lay the fish in the sizzling frying-pan; stir up the Johnny cake, fry the potatoes, and in half-an-hour we shall be all ready to sit down to a royal supper. At least this will be the verdict of our sharp appetites.

By the time supper is disposed of, and the dishes are washed up, it will begin to grow dark.

So we will pile the largest pieces of drift-wood on the fire, roll ourselves up in the blankets with our feet to the blaze, and see who can tell the best stories, until the sleep-fairies persuade us to listen to stories of their own in dreamland.

And here, snugly rolled up in your blankets, the last story told, the last conundrum given up, and pleasant dreams hovering around, we propose to leave you.

Our purpose in this article has been accomplished if we have told you *how* to go. Though we might go on for pages describing the pleasures of those three weeks of camp-life, we will not do so, but hope that, before Spring comes again, many of you will know by experience, far better than we can tell you, what rare fun there is in a vacation spent at "the tent on the beach."

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THE BAD LUCK OF BUBBY CRYAWAY.

By Abby Morton Diaz.

THE small pair of twin brothers called the Jimmyjohns, who live in Prairie Rose Cottage, are never happy when their faces are being washed. Perhaps it is no more than right to tell the whole truth of the matter and confess that they cry aloud at such times, and drop tears into the wash-basin, which last is a foolish thing to do, seeing there is then water enough already in it.

One morning, as little Mr. Tompkins, the lobster-man, came wheeling his wheelbarrow of lobsters up to the back door of the cottage, he met these small Jimmies scampering off quite fast. After them ran Annetta, calling out, "Come back! come back! you little Jimmyjohn Plummers!" Effie, standing in the door-way, shouted, "Tum back! tum back! oo ittel Dimmydon Pummers!" Mrs. Plummer, from the open window, cried, "Boys! boys! come and be washed before you go!" Hiram said nothing, but, by taking a few steps with those long legs of his, he got in front of the runaways and turned them back, making motions with his hands as if he had been driving back two little chickens. Mr. Tompkins took one under each arm and presented them to Mrs. Plummer. Mrs. Plummer led them into another room. Strange sounds were heard from that room, but when the ones who made those sounds were led back again their rosy cheeks were beautiful to see!

Mr. Tompkins sat with a broad smile on his face. He seemed not to be noticing the two little boys, but to be smiling at his own thoughts. And the while he sat thinking, the smile upon his face grew broader; his eyes twinkled at the corners; his lips parted; his shoulders shook; there came a chuckle, chuckle, chuckle in his throat, and then he burst out laughing.

"I was thinking," said he, "of a boy who—he—he—he!—thinking of a boy I used to know a long time ago, down in Jersey, who—he—he—he he!—who tried to get rid of a small wetting, but—he—he—he!—he got a big one. I shall have to tell you about that smart chap; I knew him very well. He was afraid to have his face washed, even when he got to be quite a large boy, and afraid to have his hair cut. Sometimes, in the morning, when his mother forgot to shut the windows before she began, people would burst into the house, crying, 'What's the matter? Anybody tumbled down-stairs, or out the chamber window, or got scalded, or broken any bones?'"

"Why, did he cry so loud as that?" asked Annetta.

"Oh yes. And pulled back and twisted his shoulders and turned his head the wrong way. I can tell you it was hard work getting him ready to go out in the morning. The boys called him 'Bubby Cryaway.' They were always watching for chances to wet him. If he passed near a puddle, splash! would come a great stone into the water. When he staid out after sunset they would begin to shout, 'Better go in, Bubby; *the dew's a falling!*' Sometimes they called him 'dry goods.'

"But this is what I was laughing about. One morning he thought he would start out early before his Sister Sally said anything about washing his face or cutting his hair. They had then been coaxing him for a long, long time to have his hair cut. So he crept down the back stairs, and across the back yard, and through a back alley, which took him into the worst-looking street in town. Here he met a fellow named Davy Bangs. Davy Bangs' mother kept a little shop in that street; I've bought fish-hooks of her, many's the time. Davy Bangs asked him if he was going to the circus. He said 'no;' he had n't any money. Davy Bangs asked him why he did n't catch frogs and sell them to the circus-riders. He asked Davy if the circus-riders would buy them.

"'Yes, and be glad to,' said Davy, 'They eat the hind-quarters; that's what makes 'em jump so high. And if you 'll go over to Dutch Meadows,' said Davy, 'to that little swamp they call Duck Swamp, you can dip up frogs with a dip-net; and if you want a dip-net I 'll lend you our old one.'

"He went and got Davy Bangs' old dip-net, and was hurrying along the streets with it, when a ragged country boy—who had come in to the circus, I suppose—cried out:

"'Hullo, little fisherman! The man that keeps the furniture store wants you!'

"Bubby turned back and found the furniture store, and went in, and there he stood, waiting, waiting, waiting, till at last a workman ordered him off. As he was walking away he saw the country boy grinning at him from around a corner, and shouted:

"'The man did n't want me! Now what did you say that for?'

"'Thought he 'd want your hair to stuff cushions with!' cried the boy, and then ran off."

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"Now I think that was mean enough," said Annetta.

"Pray, Mr. Tompkins, go on," said Mrs. Plummer. "I want to hear what happened to the little fisherman."

"Plenty of things happened to him," said Mr. Tompkins. "He had to run so fast, to make up for waiting, that he stumbled over cellar doors and tumbled down half-a-dozen times, besides bumping against everybody he met. When he came to Dutch Meadows he turned down a lane, thinking there might be a short cut that way to Duck Swamp. This lane took him past the house of a Mr. Spleigelspruch." Here the chuckling sound came into Mr. Tompkins' throat again, and presently he burst into a hearty laugh.

"Now do please tell us; then we can laugh; but now we can't," said Annetta.

"I will," said he. "I 'll tell—I 'll tell—he—he—he—he—he!—I 'll tell right away. That Mr. Spleigelspruch was a Dutchman—a short, fat, near-sighted, cross old Dutchman. His wife took in washing. His wife's sister and his wife's sister's sister-in-law, Winfreda, lived in the same house, and they took in washing too. Winfreda was poor, and the others made her do all the hardest jobs of work. Mr. Spleigelspruch got his living by selling eggs, poultry, and garden stuff, and by raising the uncommon kinds of fowls—fowls which brought high prices. He was troubled a good deal by boys coming around there chasing his hens and stealing his eggs and trampling on the clean clothes spread out on the grass. I suppose that was what made him so cross."

"And did that old cross man touch that boy?" asked Johnny Plummer.

"I should think he did touch that boy!" said Mr. Tompkins. "Yes, yes, yes!—he—he—he—he!—I 'll tell you how it was. Just as the boy got to Mr. Spleigelspruch's, a dozen or more people came running down the lane, screaming 'Elephant! elephant! The elephant 's a-coming!' There was n't a word of truth in this story. A few boys in town had shouted, 'The elephant 's coming!' meaning he was coming with the circus, and some folks who heard them thought the elephant had got away from his keeper, and they shouted and ran, and this made others shout and run, and this made others, and this made others, so that there was great confusion. Carriages were upset, windows smashed in, children jostled about, and some of the people were so scared they ran out of town away past Mr. Spleigelspruch's.

"Now on this very day," continued Mr. Tompkins, looking more and more smiling, "Mr. Spleigelspruch had received from his cousin in Germany, Mr. Lockken, a pair of very rare fowls called the eagle-billed robin-fowl. They were very uncommon fowls, indeed. The rooster was different from common roosters in three ways: in the tone of its voice, in the hang of its tail feathers, and in the shape of its bill. Its bill was shaped very much like an eagle's beak. Mr. Lockken had taken great pains to improve the tone of voice. This was something which nobody else ever did, at least nobody that I ever heard of.

"'If I can only cause to be sweet the voices of the crowers,' Mr. Lockken wrote to his cousin, Mr. Spleigelspruch, 'it will be then like to having so many monster robins about our door yards. Then shall I make my fortune.'

"Mr. Lockken began on a kind of fowl called 'the eagle-billed fowl,' and tried experiments upon those for a number of years, keeping almost everything that he did a secret, of course. It is said that he shut up the chicks as soon as they were hatched in a large cage of singing-birds. He tried a good many kinds of food, oils especially, mixed in a good many ways, and at last, so he wrote his cousin, Mr. Spleigelspruch, he did get a new kind of crowers. Their voices were not quite so musical as robins' voices, he said, but they were remarkably fine-toned. He called them the 'eagle-billed robin-fowl.' Mr. Spleigelspruch bought the first pair of these fowls which were for sale, and paid fifty dollars for them; and then there was the expense of getting them over here besides. They arrived, as I said just now, on the very day I have been speaking of, and, as the place where they were to stay was not quite ready, they were put, for a short time, in a barrel near a board fence, quite a little way from the back yard. Mr. Lockken said in his letter that, for the first year, it would be better for them to be kept as far out of hearing of the common kinds of crowers as was possible.

"Now that chap with his dip-net, when those people yelled so about the elephant, jumped over the board fence in a hurry, and happened to jump right down upon that barrel and knocked it over. He hit another barrel at the same time and let out a duck—some curious kind of South Sea duck, I think; but that was n't so much matter. When he came down, why, over went the barrel and over went he, right into the duck-pond, and out flew the eagle-billed robin-fowls. Mr. Spleigelspruch was busy some ways off getting their place ready. The first that he knew of the matter, a woman who lived in the next house screamed to him that somebody was stealing his fowls. He saw a boy running and gave chase. He did n't know then that his fowls had got away. The boy tried to get out of sight, and ran so fast he did n't mind where he was going, and so ran over some clean clothes spread out on the grass. Mr. Spleigelspruch's wife and

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his wife's sister and his wife's sister's sister-in-law, Winfreda, came out with their brooms in a terrible rage. The wife's sister caught hold of him and the wife held him fast. There was a tub near by, which had some rinsing water in it, and they dropped him into that and held him down with their brooms, and sent Winfreda for more water. They said they would *souse* him. Mr. Spleigelspruch came up, bawling:

"'Stop thief! Police! Hold him! Rub him! Give it to him! Drub him! Scrub him!'

"OVER WENT THE BARREL AND OVER WENT HE."

"He caught up Winfreda's broom, but did n't keep it long, for in a minute that same woman ran into the yard, screaming, 'They 've got away! Your fowls have got away!' Then they all left the boy and ran to catch the fowls. Winfreda, when she came up, was good to the boy. Winfreda had lived a hard life, and that made her know how to pity other folks. Bringing the water along, she thought to herself,—so she told the boy afterward:

"'Suppose I had married in my young days, and suppose I had now a little grandson, and suppose he were treated like that boy, oh, how badly I should feel!'

"She took him out of the water; she made him go upstairs and get between the blankets of her own bed; she fed him with broth; she hung his clothes on the bushes to dry; she borrowed another suit for him, and she let him out into the street through a place where there was a board loose in the fence. Next day his father took the clothes back and changed them. The fowls had just been found in a swamp. It was thought that some country people coming in to circus caught them the day before and let them go again. They probably stayed in the swamp all night, and that might have been the means of their death; though it might have been the sea-voyage, or change of air, or homesickness; we can't tell. They did n't live very long after that."

"And did n't he get some more?" Annetta asked.

"No. Mr. Lockken died, and his fowls were not attended to, and a disease got among them and carried them off. Mr. Spleigelspruch told me the whole story after I grew up."

"What a pity," said Hiram, "that those musical fowl could n't have spread over the country! 'T would be a fine affair to have all the roosters singing in the morning, instead of making the kind of noises they do make. 'T would be like an oratorio!"

"To be sure!" said Mrs. Plummer. "And I wish, for my part, that boy had stayed at home. I suppose he has grown up by this time. It is to be hoped that he washes his face, and also that he don't forget poor Winfreda."

"Oh no," said Mr. Tompkins, stepping out and taking up the arms of his wheelbarrow, "oh no, I don't forget Winfreda. I send her lobsters every Spring."

"You! you! What do you send her lobsters for?" asked Mrs. Plummer and Hiram and Annetta, all speaking at once.

Mr. Tompkins trundled his wheelbarrow along pretty fast, laughing away to himself, and when he got outside the yard he looked over his shoulder at them as they stood in the door-way, and called out: "*I was the boy!*"

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AMONG THE LILIES.

BY EMMA BURT.

IT was on a lovely day in Spring that Busy Bee looked out upon the world, and said:

"O, how sweet, sweet, sweet it is to live! I would like to live forever."

"I do declare one can scarcely blame Butterfly for being an idler, 'specially when she is so pretty herself,—so sweet it is to live! But I am a little brown bee, and I know that Winter will come; moreover, *I* love to work from morning till night."

Here a wee voice broke Busy Bee's reverie by singing:

"Mother Bee, Mother Bee, where are you going to-day? Take me with you, for my wings are grown quite strong. Besides, I can rest now and then on a blade of grass; and must I not learn to fly?"

Busy Bee buzzed in confusion, because Little Bee had caught her dreaming, and she said:

"Little Bee, I wish you to learn to be wise and prudent and busy. So come quickly with me, and I will teach you to gather something yellower than sunshine, and sweeter, O! than anything."

"And where will we go, Mother Bee?"

"O, down by the lilies of the valley," sang Busy Bee, for all the bees talk in song; "come, Little Bee, come, come."

And away they went flying quite slowly, because Little Bee's wings were not yet very strong. Here and there they stopped for rest, and by and by they reached the lilies.

After resting a moment on a blade of grass, Busy Bee showed Little Bee the way into the pure white cups of the lilies.

"O, Mother—Mother Bee, I have found that which is yellower than sunlight and sweeter than anything on earth. O, I will feast forever!"

"Silly Little Bee, you will store it away, and the kings of the earth will come in Winter weather and beg the bees for honey."

So they buzzed and sang and taught and learned and worked for hours on that bright day.

As they were thus working among the lilies, Little Bee said to her mother:

"O, mother dear, tell me about that great, great river flowing by. Where is it going, and going, and never gone?"

"It is going down, down, down, until it reaches a great city; and a city is a place made up of very many houses, like the stone house on the hill. There at the city are a thousand ships with tall masts. The river flows out into the sea, and carries the ships upon its breast."

"O, Mother Bee, let me make a boat out of a cowslip-leaf, and go down the river and see the great city and the houses and the ships and the sea!"

"Silly, silly, silly Little Bee; you are mad! Silly Little Bee, work and be happy. There is no place for you in the great city."

Just then a shadow fell upon the grass, the lilies, and the bees. They looked up, and a beautiful lady stood above them. She had wandered down the lawn from the great stone house on the hill. The sun lay upon her hair, and a soft light shone out of her gentle brown eyes.

She looked out upon the river that went down to the city by the sea; she looked up at the sky, and then down upon the violets and lilies at her feet, and smiled quietly. She then kneeled upon the grass and culled the fairest from among them in her hand. One that she left untouched held Busy Bee; another that she gathered held frightened Little Bee. She arose and walked leisurely to the house, and entered a lovely room, all crimson and gray and gold. Little Bee hushed its frightened heart and peeped out in wonder at it all. The lady dropped the flowers on a marble stand, and sat down and wrote a letter upon a book in her lap. Now and then she paused and looked thoughtfully out of the window. At length she folded the paper, put it in an envelope, and picked out some of the fairest flowers and put them also in the letter; then she sealed it, and "scratch, scratch, scratch" went the pen across it, and Little Bee was a prisoner.

The lady turned a tiny knob on the wall, and in a twinkling a tall man stood before her.

"Timothy," she said, "take this letter to the office."

The letter went to the office, and pretty soon it was laid upon its face, and there was a pounding like thunder on the letter; but it chanced to be the farthest corner from Little Bee, so Little Bee was saved. After this it would be hard to tell what happened. It was pitched and tossed about, and thrown into a bag alongside of hundreds of other letters, in which I don't suppose there was one single bee. Pretty soon it was thrown on to something which went "toot, toot, toot," "ring, tring-a-ling," and away it thundered for hours. Then again was Little Bee pitched and tossed and tumbled and

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bruised and shaken. At last it was put into a black leather bag, and away it went along a street. Pretty soon it stopped, and Little Bee heard a shrill whistle, and then it heard a window open and a voice say: "What letters to-day, postman?"

"A letter for Miss Honey B——."

"Oh, oh," laughed Little Bee to itself, "perhaps, after all, I am going to see my relations;" and it began to be more glad than frightened.

Somebody went singing up the stairs and rapped at a door, and entering, said:

"Sure, Miss Honey, here is a letter for ye."

"Ah," said a gentle voice; and a hand took the letter, and "clip, clip" went the scissors, and open came the end of the envelope, and out was drawn the letter, flowers, little Bee and all. Little Bee was half dead with hunger and fright and bruising, and blinded too. But it wiped the tears and dust out of its eyes, and peeped curiously out of the heart of the flower. It saw a cunning little room, with a cunning little desk beside a great wide window, and the window looked out upon great stone houses, just as much alike as rows of pins. The sky could scarcely be seen, and there were noises many and awful in the street. Little Bee shuddered and stopped its ears with its fingers, and again looked about the cunning little room with its tiny pictures and tiny vases and shelf of books, and the little pale ivy growing around the mirror.

"O dear me, Mother Bee and I are richer than this," said Little Bee, proudly. "*We* have all the out-doors and the sky and real live flowers, and no 'rattle-te-bang' like this street out here. O dear, dear me, I wish I was home!"

By this time the little woman who sat by the desk had finished her letter, and Little Bee looked up into her face. It was an eager, pleased face, and when Little Bee looked up into its eyes it was no longer afraid, and wished it had not thought so scornfully of her home. It wanted to caress her; so, as she lifted the flowers and breathed their odor, and laid them against her cheek, and then, smiling, held them before her eyes and looked into each little cup, Little Bee crept out of its white cup and crawled upon her finger.

"Oh! oh! o—h!" cried the little lady, and she let the flowers fall and went to the window and began to talk to Little Bee.

"Well, well, Little Bee, did you enjoy your journey? How do you like car rides and carriage rides and our postal system? Did you think you would come and see our great city? And how do you like it?" Then, smiling right merrily, she sang this little song:

"O, dear and dusty and brown Little Bee,
Why did you come from the meadows to me?
Was a honey-dew message sent sweetly by thee
Even to me?"

Little Bee buzzed and crawled and spread its wings, and tried with all its might to sing to Miss Honey B—— a beautiful thought that came into its heart; but in its fear and anxiety lest its song should not be understood (it often happens to those who sing, I'm told), its foot slipped, and down it went—down, down on to the pavement below.

"Was it killed," do you think? No, but it was much hurt, though its wings did partly bear it up. Miss Honey ran down and picked it up and took it to her room and put it in a little paper jewel-box, after pricking the box full of pin holes, and laid some of the flowers beside it and sealed up the box, and then wrote a dainty letter, closing with these words:

"Now, my dear Agnes, I send this dear Little Bee back to you again, begging you will allow it to pasture on your lilies for a time, for I fear the city

air will be unsafe for it at this season. The more so, as a serious mishap has affected it for the worse, I fear."

So it was, Little Bee went into the mail-bag again, and, in less than a day, was again in the hands of the beautiful lady in her crimson and gray room. She laughed most merrily, and took poor sick Little Bee upon her finger and set it upon the lilies down on the lawn. While it was sitting still and sorry and lonesome, who should come buzzing along but the little Mother Bee, who had gone right on with her work, never stopping to put on mourning even for the lost. Not that she was heartless; on the contrary, when she beheld Little Bee she fairly buzzed a scream, and lifted her two pollen-laden hands and fell upon the neck of Little Bee and wept. And Little Bee also wept, and then it told its story.

"Well," said Busy Bee, "I thought the good fairy queen would look upon my sorrow and send you back, a sadder and a wiser child."

So thereafter they lived in peace, and at last died in a pot of—honey.

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THE LAUGHING DUCK.

Once there was a little boy, who lived in a pretty house in the country. Near the house, quite outside the garden wall, was a small pond, where ducks swam; and this little boy, whose name was Tom, liked to watch the ducks whenever his mamma or his nurse, or whoever he happened to be with, had time to stop, for Tom was not a big enough boy to play alone by the pond.

One morning, as he was coming from the village with his older brother

Joe, a large duck came waddling up on the border of the pond, and stretched out its neck, and said:

"Quack, qua-qua-qua-qua-qua-qua-qua."

"Hear that duck laugh!" said little Tom.

"O yes," said Joe, who was quite a tease, "he's laughing at you!"

"I did n't do anything," said Tom, much troubled.

"Qua-qua-qua-qua-qua-qua-qua!" said the duck.

"Shut the gate, Joe," said Tom. "I don't want to hear that duck laugh."

Tom thought about the duck after he was at home, and wondered about it, and felt very much annoyed.

"Well, I 'll ask him what he was laughing at," he said; and, a few

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hours later, finding the front door open and no one in sight, he ran out across the lawn, down the avenue, past the stables and hen-yard, and out of the gate down to the little pond where the ducks swam. The ducks, seeing the little boy coming so close to them, thought he meant to harm them, and, as before, one came up out of the water, and, stretching out its neck, said: "Quack, qua-qua-qua-qua-qua."

"What are you laughing at?" said Tom. "Wont you tell me? I don't like you to laugh at me. You are a horrid, naughty duck."

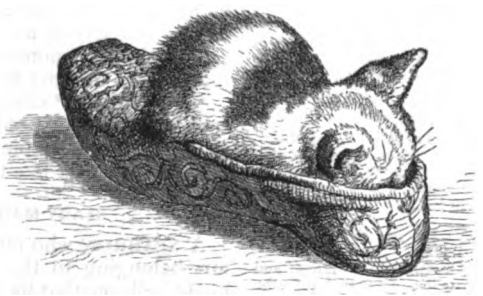
Tom's papa, who was walking by, saw his little boy all alone, and without his hat, by the duck-pond. He called out to him, and Tom came running to meet him. Still the angry duck cried, "Quack, qua-qua-qua-qua-qua-qua!"

"Papa," said Tom, almost crying, "the duck is laughing at me, and I did n't do anything."

"Then why do you mind his laughing?"

"Because I don't like him to laugh at me."

"My boy," said his papa, "the duck is not laughing. That is the only way he has of talking. He can't make any other noise. But it would be well to remember that when you have done no wrong you need not fear being laughed at, and there will be always foolish people ready to laugh at the noblest things you do."



GRANDPAPA'S new slipper,
Lying on the rug;
Little saucy kitty-cat
Thinks it wondrous snug.

Humpy little gray back,
Arched above the toes;
Does she think she 's out of sight
If she hides her nose?

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JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

NOW, then, my dears, this is delightful! The flowers and the early peas hurrying up out of the ground, and the children hurrying out of the houses, all anxious to get into the open air once more. And I know the open air will do you all good.

Here 's a letter from a relative of mine. It was written in Winter quarters, but I guess he 's up by this time.

LETTER FROM JACK'S COUSIN.

Fence Corner, foot of the Apple Orchard,
Delaware Co., Pa., April 2, 1875.

DEAR COUSIN JACK: As I and my family are preparing to appear on the Spring carpet, it occurred to me that you would like to know what kind of winds ripple down our way, and what are the chances here for a fine season. The fact is, the Winter has been so stubborn that until yesterday I did not dare to stretch a root; but to-day, oh! what a lovely sun! I feel a warmth all through me, and my family are declaring that it is time to go out of doors. I also hear my neighbor Bloodroot making efforts. You know he is the pioneer in this Spring business. My wife declares that when she thinks of what she has to do before appearing above ground she is all in a flurry. The children up at the house have been in a fuss, too, to-day. Nan and Cad have been scouring the orchard with a great wooden rake, gathering up grass and sticks, and Phil came with them, picking up stones. When they came to our corner, Nan said:

"Here 's where my Indians grow."

"Indians!" said Carrie. "What do you mean?"

"Why, my little Indian turnips, that ought to be up by this time."

I smiled, because I knew that we would be up quite soon enough, considering this curious weather, but still both my wife and I were ever so much pleased to think that the children were so anxious to see us. And knew just where to come to look for us, too! That 's because we are old friends.

Then they all began to talk about violets and my other neighbors. Lou said:

"I heard a pee-wee to-day, and that is a sure sign of Spring; and Mr. Cerulean Bluebird and his wife, Azurelina, are building in the house with a steeple, up by the hot-house; and his cousin, True Blue, with his dear little wife, are building next door, and there goes a robin—and hush, a song-sparrow is singing. Oh! don't I feel good!"

They have all gone,—I mean the children,—and I am aching to make my appearance in the upper world.

By the way, I heard the children say something about a little schoolmarm, an acquaintance of yours. I should like to know her. I wish to propound this question to her: How is it that, when all our family are poked away to sleep all Winter under the ground, you are so sprightly, and hold forth to all those children that are around you with so much vigor? I want an answer from her, for I have a notion she 's smart. I wish she could bring some of her little pupils down our way in May. Our apple orchard is my pride, and then, in my fence-corner grows a real hawthorn. Oh! apple blooms and hawthorn blossoms!—Affectionately yours, INDIAN TURNIP.

As to that question, I 'll let the pretty school-mistress answer it. I could do it myself, but it 's no more than polite to leave it to her.

WHAT IS A BERRY?

DO my boys and girls know what a berry is?

Hark! I think I hear a gentle burst of laughter coming from far and near.

"Ha! ha!" it seems to say, "do you think *we* don't know what berries are; we who are so fond of strawberries and raspberries and blackberries? Ha! ha! ha!"

Well, laugh away, my dears; I love to hear the merry sound. But just let me tell you something that I learned by listening to the birds. Raspberries and strawberries are well enough, but the orange is a berry, too. Did you know that? Why, the lemon may be a berry, for aught I know.

Now if this is news to you, I advise you to look into the subject a bit. Find out just what a berry is. Blackberries, strawberries, and raspberries speak for themselves, but how can you know that the grape is a berry unless you inquire? Get out your dictionaries, botanies, and encyclopedias, and when you find what you want on this subject, be sure to *take it out-of-doors* with you when the berries are ripening, so that you may observe knowingly.

COOLING THE THERMOMETER.

ONE Winter's day a boy thought he 'd play a trick on the pretty school-mistress, and make her think the room was fearfully cold. So he put his face close to the thermometer, under pretense of seeing where the mercury stood, and then very slyly blew upon it as hard as he could. Then he went to his seat, pretending to shiver, as if he felt very cold. The school-mistress, seeing him shiver, instantly walked to the place where the thermometer hung.

"What does this mean?" she exclaimed. "The mercury stands at 92°. Open the windows!"

The boy stared, as well he might. He had n't cooled the thermometer at all, but had sent the mercury up to more than Summer heat.

"Very queer," thought he. "When I want to cool my porridge, I blow it. Why don't the same thing cool a thermometer, I 'd like to know?"

So should Jack like to know. Who can tell him?

READY-MADE HONEY-COMB.

A SPARROW who often looks into the conservatory belonging to the house where he makes his home, tells me that he has there seen a flower which resembles a ready-made honey-comb, with a drop of honey hanging from each petal. He thought the bees would give up working if they saw this flower. The gardener called it *Hoya carnosa*. When I told this to the bee who visits me every day, he was quite indignant.

"Tell Mr. Sparrow," he buzzed, "that appearances are deceitful; that it is only the raw material

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for real wax and honey that is kept by the flowers. We bees must do the manufacturing business ourselves."

THE MONKEY AND THE LOOKING-GLASS.

A LADY who knows that Jack likes to tell you true stories about animals, has sent me a letter with permission to show it to all my boys and girls. Here it is:

DEAR JACK: I want to tell you about Jocko, a bright, mischievous little monkey, which my friend, Mrs. G., brought from India. She says: "He liked going to sea, and was a great favorite with the sailors. He would run up the mast and look down with an air of triumph, as much as to say, 'See how much better I can do it than you!' I made him a suit of clothes, little blue trousers, red jacket and a sailor cap. He was delighted with it, and when I went on deck always came to meet me, ready for a frolic. He often played tricks upon the sailors, but never took any liberties with me. One day, I carried a looking-glass on deck, and called Jocko to come and look in. He was wonderfully pleased to see what he supposed was another monkey. He jabbered at it, and expressed his delight in sundry contortions of his queer little face. Almost all animals are social in their nature, and suffer from loneliness when separated from their kind. At last he stopped his antics, and stretched his arm around the mirror to feel the back of it. The instant he discovered the deception he flew into a terrible passion. He seemed to understand at once that it was no living monkey, and he thought I meant to cheat him. I had to run to save myself from a terrible scratching. He never forgot it, and from that time we ceased to be friends, for monkeys are slow to forgive what they think an insult. Whenever I walked on deck the sailors had to keep him out of sight. I was sewing in my room one day, when he found his way there, and flew at me so furiously that, if my screams had not brought help, I think he would have killed me. Nevertheless, I mourned for Jocko when he died, for I never ceased to hope that we should be friends again in time." A. E. P.

Newburyport, Mass.

BIRD'S NEST IN A HEAD OF CABBAGE.

SHOULD N'T you consider a cabbage-head rather a queer place for a bird's nest? *I* thought so when a bird-friend of mine who has traveled a good deal told me of it.

There is an island named Jersey, that belongs to England, but lies nearer to the French coast. (Our state of New Jersey was named after it.) On this island a cabbage-stalk had grown to a height of sixteen feet; and in its top was a magpie's nest. A magpie is not a very tiny bird, you must understand. He is almost, if not quite as big as a crow. This cabbage was rather tall of its kind, but the stalks frequently grow to a height of from ten to twelve feet. Walking-sticks are very commonly made of them. The bird did n't say whether or not these cabbages were good for anything besides walking-sticks and places for birds' nests; but I suppose they must be good to eat, or people would not cultivate them.

Do you know anything about this kind of cabbage?

TREE-FERNS.

WHAT will the modest little ferns, my neighbors, say to this?

A family of cousins of theirs, living among the Himalaya Mountains, in Hindostan, are so ambitious that they have grown to be trees. Big trees, too, for I am told there is now in the British Museum a Himalayan tree-fern stem that is over fifty feet long. These Himalayan ferns are not the only ones of their large family that have been so aspiring as to grow into trees, but they are said to be the largest tree-ferns now living.

COAL MADE OUT OF FERNS.

TALKING of tree-ferns, an owl friend of mine says that in the old, old days, thousands of years before your grandmothers were born, there were very many of these ferns that grew as big—as big as—well, I don't know how big, but very tall and very large indeed—many times larger than the one in the British Museum.

I told you as much as this months ago, do you remember? and how these tree-ferns are burned every day in your homes? You don't call them wood now. They 've another name—coal. Ferns are not the only things that, in past ages, grew and died and hardened into coal when nobody was looking.

CEDRON NUTS.

DID you ever hear of cedron nuts? And do you know what they 're good for? I am told that the kind found in New Grenada is a certain cure for the bite of the rattle-snake. The natives pound the nut, and bind it upon the wound, and also give the patient a strong decoction of cedron-nuts in whisky. To fully ascertain the benefit of this cure, you 'll have to go to New Grenada to get bitten, because, if a rattle-snake should bite you in the Catskills, you 'd hardly have time to go to New Grenada for a cedron-nut.

My object in mentioning the matter at all is simply to enlarge your sphere of information and investigation. Besides, I 'd like to hear how a cedron-nut looks, and perhaps some of you can tell me.

WILLIAM GRIMM'S COURTING.

A FEW months ago, Jack told you a story about Jacob Grimm. Now you shall have something about his brother, sent to me by your friend, Mr. Butterworth:

Some people who write books never marry. It 's a pity, because those who write books are such good folks. Jacob and William Grimm, who wrote the fairy stories, were bachelors. They always lived together and worked together, and wrote in a wonderfully contented way before either had a wife or children. At last, they thought it best that one of them should marry. Neither wanted a wife a bit—which should it be?

After long waiting, Jacob, the older brother, concluded to be generous and self-forgetful, and relieve William of his share in the difficulty by taking the burden of a wife upon himself. So he selected a handsome young lady, but here he hesitated again and delayed, for he did not like to do the courting. William thought he would encourage him a little by going to see the young lady himself. He found her so handsome and engaging that he immediately fell in love with her, and to his surprise found courting the most agreeable thing in the world. But the lady was Jacob's by selection—now what was to be done? Here was trouble again.

An old aunt went to Jacob, very kindly, and said:

"William is in love—he cannot wrong you—what shall he do?"

"This is the most joyful tidings I ever heard," said Jacob. "Let him have her—let him have her!" And he packed his trunk and started off for the Hartz Mountains.

William married, and Jacob came to live with him. In time he loved William's wife and little children very much. One of these children became a noble and useful man. And the two brothers grew old together, and when they were not writing books of great learning they did that other good thing—they wrote fairy stories for little children.

A MERE REMARK OF JACK'S.

THIS story of bachelor Jacob Grimm reminds me, though I hardly know why, of the crusty old bachelor who made a will leaving his entire fortune to be divided among the girls who had refused him.

"For to them," he added, feelingly, "I owe all my earthly happiness."

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TO THE ARMY OF THE "LITTLE CORPORAL."

(FROM ITS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.)

DEAR LITTLE COMRADES: After ten years of faithful service, the "Corporal" has been put upon the retired list. We have had a long, brave march together, and it is hard parting company. You will miss your leader, and we shall miss the words of courage and devotion that came from the gallant army, East and West, North and South. But remember, you are none of you mustered out of service. Your new leader, ST. NICHOLAS, enrolls his soldiers by the same pledge under which you first enlisted—"For the Good, the True, and the Beautiful"—and the "Corporal" feels safe and satisfied in leaving you to his guidance. May he have your hearty service and affection, and may every soldier win by honorable deeds the cross of the Legion of Honor!

LITTLE CORPORAL, *Commander-in-Chief.*

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER,
PRIVATE QUEER,
PRUDY, } *Officers of Staff.*

THE LETTER-BOX.

THE late followers of the "Little Corporal" will be most heartily welcome among their new comrades, and a poem from Mrs. Miller, which is to appear in our next number, will show them that they have not lost their old friend, while the readers of ST. NICHOLAS will see by the same token that they have gained a new one.

THE following letter from a boy in New Jersey is quite timely, considering how popular spelling matches have lately become. It's rather long, but we have concluded to print it all:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about our spelling match. There has been a good many of them, but this was the worst one of all. It was at Mr. Henderson's house, who is our minister. Some of the big boys and girls were let in, but I was not big enough. Still, I did get in, because the sides was n't even, and I went in on one side to fill up. It would have made you laugh to hear them spell. The older they was the worse they spelled generally. It seemed to me as if it is hardly any use for some people to learn how to spell when they are little. I got out pretty soon on "stupefy." I spelt it with two o's, and it did not have any. Then the doctor, he went down smack on "ipecacuanha." That was funny, too, because he ought to know all about medicines. He left out the h. But when they all laughed, he said he never wrote any more of it than "ipecac" on prescriptions, and so he had got out of the way of remembering the last part. I asked him if the last part of the medicine was n't any good to sick people, and he said, "No, sir, not in the least." I don't believe he liked it much. Then down went Miss Helen Baker on "innuendoes." She only gave it one n and no tail e. She is old enough to know how to spell better than that, though I did not know it had two n's till I looked in the dictionary. There was a big Webster on the table to use if there was any fuss about words. I used it most of the time after I got out, and I wanted awfully to tell Jim Connor how to spell "apocrypha," but Mr. Henderson kept looking at me, and I could n't. So he got a k in, and down went Jim. It was funny about Jim, because he spelt "catechism" and "gauger" and "unparalleled" with no trouble at all. Then pop went Mr. Henderson on "diocesan." And he a minister, too. I was pretty glad of it, because he was so strict about Jim. Jim could spell them all out if they 'd only give him a chance. There was a good many real hard words, such as "cachinnation" and "diæresis" (I looked in the dictionary for all the spelling words in this letter, because I did n't want to get them wrong in ST. NICHOLAS), and "trisyllabic," "movable," "singeing," "wofully," "apophthegm," "villainy," "ratably," "conferrable," "ecstasies," "skillful," "mnemonics," and a lot of others that look easy enough, but just you try to spell them before a whole parlorful (I know that 's right by "spoonful," which was too much for Miss Jane Miller) of people. The last ones that was left was Mr. Baxter (he 's a printer) and Mary Knowles. Mary Knowles is only fourteen, and lives out of town a little way; but I tell you, she can spell. Mr. Henderson said there is nearly always a printer for one of the last ones. They went along lively for a while, both knowing everything, and then Mr. Baxter, he got "saccharine," and he went straight at it: "S, a, one c, h, a, r, i, n, e," and then how they all did laugh on one side, and Mary Knowles, she just spelt it out with two c's as quick as lightning, and I tell you they gave her three cheers, if it was the minister's parlor. I hope they will get up another soon.—Yours truly, WILLIAM J. BURTON.

Lebanon, Pa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you ask some other young subscribers to tell me why, in the Creed, we say: "We believe in the Holy Catholic Church," when we do not?—Yours respectfully, MARY HENCK.

The term "Catholic," when used as above, means the *whole* Christian Church, and does not refer to the Roman Catholic Church, as Mary Henck evidently supposes. "Catholic" means universal, or general.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS CHILDREN: I am twelve years old; but as I am an only child, and very lame, so that I have to spend most of my days in a chair, I have no chance to study or play with other children as most of you have. But I have thought that among you all there might be some others who are sickly like me, and it is to these I have a word to say.

One of the things that make me feel my difference from other children the most, is that I cannot go to school, or even study very much at home; but I lately read something that has encouraged me very much, and I thought I would tell it to you. Perhaps it might help some of you, too.

I read it in a very nice book called, "In the Home of the Presidents," by Mrs. Laura C. Holloway. It contains the lives of all of the wives of the Presidents of the United States, and of some of their daughters. One of the most interesting lives to me was that of Mrs. Abigail Adams, wife of Mr. John Adams. She was such a talented woman, so noble a woman, that all respected and loved her. Her letters are beautiful, I think; almost as beautiful as her face, which looks out at you from the book full of loving care for others. I don't believe she ever thought much of herself.

And now for the thing that encouraged me. It seems that Mrs. Adams, intelligent woman as she was, never went any to school, because, when a girl, she was always sick. She educated herself, and that so well that no one could fail to respect her, just by reading good books, like histories and biographies and travels and books about natural history, and by writing letters to her friends about the things she had read.

There was no dear ST. NICHOLAS then to come once a month and talk with her, but how much she would have enjoyed it if there had been. It really makes me sorry that little Abby Smith (that was Mrs. Adams' name when she was a girl) could n't have known the comfort of it.

Good-bye, dear friends, that I can never see, but seem to know so well.—Your ever loving RHODA CANFIELD.

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Redwing, Minn., March 27th, 1875.

Is there not a *fourth* word—Dunderhead (D-under-head)—found in that puzzle of the March number, in addition to the words "deface," "defeat," and "detail?" MINNIE.

Several of our readers found it there, Minnie; and we are glad to give this credit to them and you for extra ingenuity.

K. H. ALLAN.—In a double acrostic, each line or sentence denotes a certain word, and when the proper words for *all* the lines have been guessed, the initial letters of these words read downward will be found to form a word having the meaning accorded to the initials in the puzzle, and the finals, read in the same way, a word corresponding with the meaning given to them.

If you will take the trouble to compare carefully a double acrostic in some number of ST. NICHOLAS with its answer in the next number, you will probably understand at once the process of guessing these puzzles.

HERE is a letter from a little girl, which we give just as she wrote it:

Dear St. Nicholas.

Do The Little girls That are "Bird Defenders" wear Fethers on Their hats?

Flora S. Dunton.

Stuttgart, February 28, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please answer me a question which has been puzzling me for some time? Why is the great cave in Kentucky called "mammoth?" I always thought it had its name from its immense size, but one of my teachers said the name came from the great number of bones of the mammoth and other extinct animals found there. Not only my teacher explains the name in this manner, but also a renowned French Magazine, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. I am from Kentucky, and was in the cave myself, but I never saw nor heard anything of mammoth-bones there.

Everybody in the family expects your magazine for March, and will be delighted when it arrives. Mamma, my sister, and I are charmed with the "Eight Cousins," and a friend of mine nearly always asks me when she meets me, "How is Jack?"

With many wishes for your welfare, I remain, your friend and admirer, ANNA HELMKE.

We think that the Mammoth Cave was so called on account of its size. The mammoth was larger than almost any other beast, and this cave is larger than almost any other cave.

But if any one can give a good reason for supposing that the name came from the fact of mammoth-bones having been found in the cave, let him say so.

Georgetown, Miss., April 5, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Do you think it is right to take birds' eggs for a collection, that is, if you leave two or three eggs in the nest?

I began to make a collection last Summer, and should like to add to it next Summer, but I don't know that a Bird-defender ought. Will you please say what you think in the Letter-Box?

I have been helping make a bird-house to put up in one of our trees, and hope some birds will make it their home. It will hold two bird-families. EDWARD K. TITUS, per Mamma.

We think that unless Edward has a very good reason for making his collection, it is not well for him to rob a bird's nest, even of part of its eggs. As far as the destruction of our birds is concerned, it is pretty much the same thing as taking one or two of the young ones—if he happened to want them for a collection.

But, of course, there are exceptions in such cases; just as it is occasionally justifiable to shoot birds merely to stuff them. But we think that boys can make collections of many things that will be more complete and more useful than a collection of birds' eggs.

THE names of new Bird-defenders, together with the Grand Muster-Roll, will be found in an appendix.

HERE is a letter from a boy who has some peculiar troubles:

"Old Fort," Amsterdam, N. Y., March 28, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been, for the last two days, so interested in the latest number of ST. NICHOLAS that mother can't get me to bring a pail of water or a scuttle of coal. She says that I read it so much that *I am full of the "Old Nick,"* and she mildly suggests that I may have the pleasure of leaving it alone at the end of this volume. I think likely I shall (?)

You may put my name among your list of Bird-defenders, and I will do my best to prevent the destruction of birds, all except an old Shanghai rooster and eight or ten hens that belong to our nearest neighbor, and allow me the painful necessity of planting my garden seed about six or seven times a year, and never lay an egg for me to pay for it.

We would say to our young friend that, while we think his case is a hard one, he had better always attend to the water and coal business, and read ST. NICHOLAS when his work is done. It is wonderful how a clear conscience will help a boy or a girl to see the point of a conundrum or to take a lively interest in a good story.

As to that Shanghai gentleman and his family, we think it would be well to include them among the birds to be defended. Our young gardener should see that there are no holes in his garden fence, and if the Shanghai family fly over the fence, he should try and induce their owner to clip their wings, so as to "allow them the necessity" of staying in their own yard. There is no better way to defend a boy or a chicken than to keep him out of mischief.

WE have recently received a great many letters from the boys and girls concerning their curious pets, and we should be glad to print these if there were room for them. But here is such an interesting narrative about a queer little fellow, that we must crowd it into the Letter-Box.

MY NEWT.

I found him in the woods. Returning from a long walk, I stopped at a spring while my companion was getting a drink. As George stooped to drink he caught sight of something in the spring, and called to me to come and see what a big pollywog there was there. I looked in, but at first did not see anything. Directly, however, a spotted creature darted from under some dead leaves lying on the bottom of the spring, and took refuge under a shelving rock. Now

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the pool was about two feet deep, and the water icy cold; but I was determined to catch the fellow and see what it was. So, pulling off my jacket, and rolling up my shirt sleeves as high as possible, I thrust my hand down into the cold depths of the spring.

I felt cautiously under the edge of the rock, and feeling something soft and very much like a tail, I drew it forth, and presto! it was n't there. I soon found that he was a slippery fellow, and conducted my operations accordingly. I finally cooped him up in one corner of the spring, and then, with a sudden sweep of my hand, I scooped him out upon the grass. Hastily securing him with one hand, I tore a large piece out of my pocket (it was an old jacket), and wetting it in the spring, I wrapped him up in it. Then we "put" for home, stopping at every spring we passed to wet the cloth surrounding the creature, in order that he might not suffer for lack of water, for I did n't know the amphibious nature of the beast.

At length, reaching home, I quickly gave my captive the range of a tumbler of water. I now had leisure to examine him. He was about three inches long, of a greenish-yellow color, beautifully spotted with red and black, like a trout. He had a long tail and four legs, like a lizard. His eyes were bright as diamonds, and his shape was graceful enough, tapering easily from the hind legs to the tip of the tail

Finding that he seemed dissatisfied with his close quarters in the tumbler, I began to look about to find some other more comfortable home for him.

It so happened that I had a broken glass jar, the bottom fragment of which was about nine inches in diameter and five or six in depth. I washed this out most thoroughly, and, putting a little clean white sand in the bottom, and filling it up with water from the well, I placed the creature in it, and told him to "sink or swim." He did both. I then consulted authorities, and found that he was a *newt*. I also found that I must furnish his home with some sort of aquatic plant. Upon learning this I descended into the well with a hammer, and chipped off some pieces of stone with liverwort growing on them, and climbing up again (a feat not easily accomplished with a hammer in one hand and pieces of stone in the other), I furnished my aquarium, as I determined to call it, with the required vegetable occupants. I then deposited the jar on a window-sill, where he remained over night. Next morning I found him placidly kicking the liverwort about, and looking out through the sides of his prison.

I did not disturb him much until the next day about noon, when I poured in some clean sand, and a water-snail or two to act as scavengers and keep things clean.

Some days after this, setting his jar upon a board laid across the top of the water-hogshead, I went away, leaving him for the afternoon, during which a slight shower set in, and did not return until evening. Upon going out to take in my newt, I found the jar tenantless. I searched for him for a long time on the ground near by, but with no success. At length it occurred to me to look in the water-hogshead, and lo! there was Mr. Newt, industriously swimming about and bumping his poor little nose against the sides of the hogshead. The shower had filled his jar to the top, and Mr. Newt, seeing his way clear, had pitched himself over the side into the hogshead.

But, two or three days after this adventure, I set him out on the roof, so that he might look about him and enjoy the prospect through the sides of the jar, to which he had now become quite reconciled. I went back into the house, took up a book, and began to read. In an hour and a-half or two hours, upon going back to the jar, I found that my newt had, in some mysterious way, made his escape. I searched the roof and the ground below for a long time, but could find no trace of him, so that I finally came to the conclusion that I had lost him this time for good. But I can't imagine how he got out of the jar.

Sometimes I wonder where he went. Perhaps he returned to his native spring and related his surprising and wonderful adventures to all the respectable newts of his acquaintance, and became quite a hero on account of them. But at all events, I never more saw even the tail of him. H. PRINCE.

ANSWERS to Allan Curtis' question about the Bible have been received from a large number of boys and girls, and will be credited next month.

The diagram of "The Croquet Game," published in the May number, will also appear in the July Letter-Box.

TRANSLATIONS of the French story in the March number were received from the following persons, too late for acknowledgment in the April number, but previous to April 10th: Minnie E. Hanchett, George T. Linn, Agnes L. Bullard, Louisa W. Finley, Jennie Sinclair Neil, "Cupid and Chow-Chow," Martha H. Lamberton, Mrs. Nance, Emily A. Gemmill, Isabel Rieman, Mary Faulkner, "Ida Ho," E. N. Ritchie, Miss Theresa Hays, Edward P. Draper, Lulu A. Wilkinson, Susie M. Walker, Edward L. Anderson, Augusta H. Imhorst, Bettie A. Burwell, W. H. Whiting, Fannie C. Mason, Mary C. Mason, W. E. Hall, Mary S. Clark, Ettie E. Loomis, Mary McLean, Blanche Moulton, Lizzie Hazeltine, Katie H. McMath, Gus Mower, Nettie Cooke, Charlie Mead, Sara M. Lodey, Olivia M. Nicholson, Lidie V. B. Parker, "Amy Robsart," Alice W. Ives, Leila Graves, J. B., W. G. C., Katie M. Wilcox, Emilie L. Haines, Herbert T. Abrams, Emily Irving Smith, Martha L. Cox, Arnold Guyot Cameron, "Albertine and Alice," Mamie A. Hustis, L. R. Thorn, "Marie Antoinette," Winnie W. Tinker, Helen Rand, "Marie, aged thirteen," Pattie L. Collins, Mazie Wright, Harriet F. Abbott, Emily Bodstein, Lillie Siminson, "'Elise'-Maine," E. A. F., Nettie Ives, "C. B. S.—An American Boy in Germany," Lillie Hustis, Mamie C. Brown, Joseph Nixson, Clara M. Valentine, Sadie D. Hudnut, Frances M. Woodward, Laura H. Warner, Bessie Townsend, Mabel Heard, Margaret C. Davis, and Henry Fay Perry.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

RIDDLE.

MY whole can ride the ocean wave;
Cut off my head, eight lives you save.
Replace my head, cut off my tail,
And over me 't is hard to sail. E. W. S.

TRANSMUTATIONS.

1. WHEN a letter is told to any one, it is cut off. 2. When a letter becomes a token, it carries a flag. 3. When a letter goes at a moderate pace, it becomes a receptacle for liquids. 4. When a letter is very unpunctual, it stands alone. 5. When a letter is uplifted, it is scratched out. 6. When a letter is made, it becomes less valuable. 7. When a letter cries aloud, it becomes certain useful organs. 8. When a letter is defunct, it is made over. 9. When a letter breathes, it becomes irritating. 10. When a letter has been followed, it becomes scandalous. 11. When a letter departs, it becomes a voluntary exile. HAWKEYE.

HIDDEN SQUARE.

"STAND by the rigging!" "Aye, aye, sir."
UNCAS.

ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twelve letters. My 7, 8, 6, 4, 11, 3 is cultivated ground. My 10, 8, 6 is a cement. My 9, 2, 12, 4 is the outer coat of a melon. My 4, 2, 3 is a loud noise. My 1, 3, 10, 5 a party of the human family. My whole is a method of instruction. J. C. M.

CHARADE.

A WORD of eleven letters behold,
And yet can be spelled with four all told.

My first is applied to a maid young or old;
My second 's a very small word;
My third you will do when you sup again;
My fourth is two-thirds of my third. POLK.

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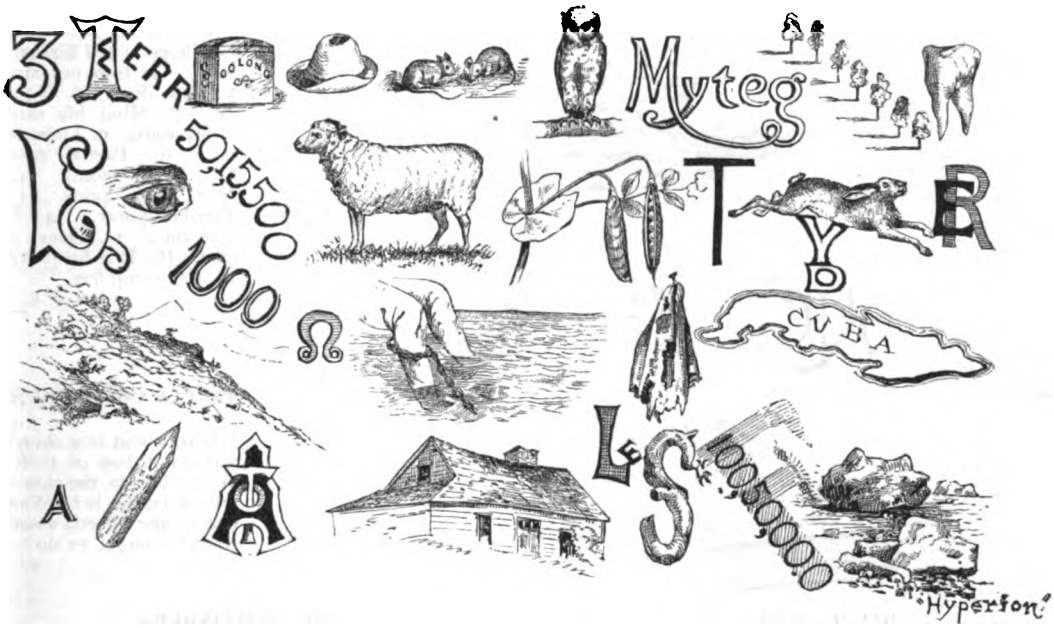
REBUS, No. 1.



HALF WORD-SQUARE.

1. PERTAINING to the public revenue. 2. A peculiar form of expression. 3. To delay or suspend proceedings. 4. A shed. 5. A verb. 6. A consonant. H. C.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

INITIALS.

A POET worthy of the bay.

FINALS.

A leading novelist of the day.

CROSS-WORDS.

A merry dance is first in place;
Come, little folks, display your grace.
A fragrant flower the little girls
May twine about their glossy curls.
Now look among the river-reeds,
And find a bird—on fish he feeds;
At the same time, if you have luck,
A water-lily you may pluck.
A mountain without rock or tree
Is what I next desire to see;
And you may gather, if you can,
An herb that 's poisonous to man.
Next choose a name to all well known,
Once guessed, perhaps 't will be your own;
Now catch a fish, and, if you please,
While we all sit here at our ease,
Three things you must search out for me—
A name, a great lake, and a tree.

JENNY DARE.

A CHESS TRAGEDY.

FILL the blanks with terms used in the game of chess. Once upon a time, a —— —— rode up to a —— where lived a beautiful —— ——. It was nearly ——. —— —— were flying noisily around, now and then perching —— the roofs, and uttering shrill cries, which would have —— your ears to — —— quickly. It was a great —— whether or no he could get in, for you must know that the —— who lived in this old —— was terribly jealous of his ——, and was always quick to —— and —— any attempt on a stranger's part to visit her. He kept every door —— by soldiers —— up in rank and file. The —— was sadly —— by this conduct, and often used to resent it. To-day she was dressed in a silk, with a sort of —— —— in pretty large ——, and looked beautiful enough to —— a stone to admiration. When she heard who was below, she whispered to the —— who attended her, and he slipped quietly down stairs and admitted the ——. The ——, however, saw him, and, with a scowl as deep as if he had been obliged to —— all his ermine, he spoke to six great —— ——, and in a few moments, although the —— was the ——'s own cousin, and therefore a perfectly proper companion, the poor —— was left with only a —— ——. CHARL.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A VOWEL. 2. A liquor made from malt and hops. 3. An open space. 4. An ingredient. 5. A foe. 6. Some. 7. A consonant. NAUTICUS.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

MY first is in Elbe, but not in Rhine;
My second in fir, and also in pine;
My third is in tree, but not in vine;
My fourth in breakfast, but not in dine;
My fifth is in cattle, but not in kine;
My sixth in shoulder, and also in spine;
My seventh is in Willie's, but not in mine;
My eighth is in foam, but not in brine;
My ninth is in mark, but not in sign;
My tenth is in theirs, and also in thine;
My eleventh in prong, and also in tine;
My whole is a story, graceful and fine.

UNCAS.

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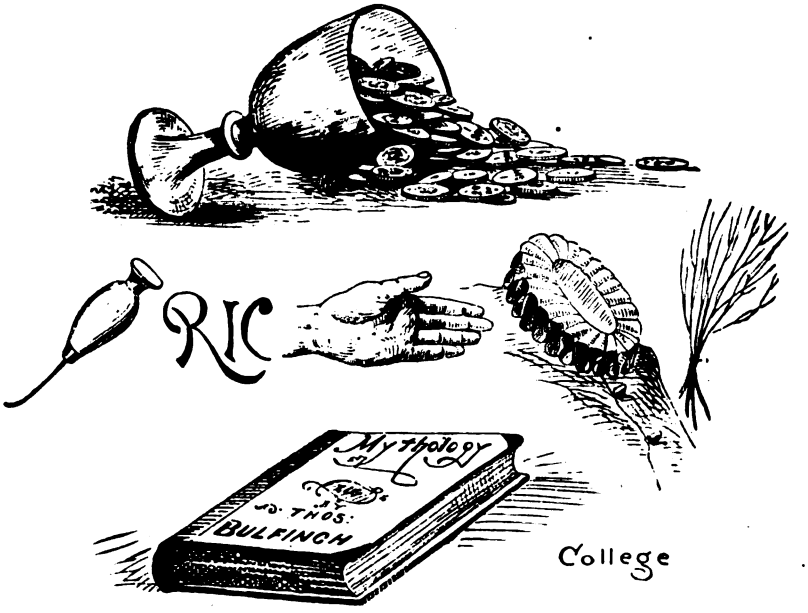
REBUS, No. 2.



ANAGRAMS.

1. BEST in prayer. 2. Cart-horse. 3. I hire parsons. 4. Into my arm. 5. New door. 6. Norse cat. 7. Mind his map. 8. Sly ware. 9. There we sat. 10. Partial men. 11. Made moral. 12. Now false price. 13. Terrible poser. 14. To love ruin. 15. Queer as mad. 16. It is for pence. 17. Can romp free.

A. P. R.

TRIPLE CONUNDRUM.

WHAT seat in a church accuses a boy of theft? What place in the church tells what he is? What part of the church shows what he ought to do?

B.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. A pasture. 3. A slender spear. 4. Judgment. 5. Pointed. 6. Before. 7. A vowel.

H.

SQUARE REMAINDERS.

1. BRIGHT. 2. To grant possession of property for a time 3. Disguises for the face. 4. The plume of a helmet.

H. C.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MAY NUMBER

ENIGMA.—London.

REBUS, No. 1.—Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere.

BEHEADED BLANKS.—Halter, alter; Rages, ages.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Sleepers. 2. Llama. 3. Swallow. 4. Ammonites. 5. Invoices.

HIDDEN SQUARE.—

A T O M
T A P E
O P A L
M E L T

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

R
L O G
H O S E A
L O Z E N G E
R O S E T E R R Y
G E N E S E E
A G R E E
E R E
Y

ELLIPSES.—1. Scat, cats. 2. Tars, star. 3. Note, tone. 4. Desire, reside. 5. Chin, inch. 6. Meal, lame. 7. Untie, unite. 8. Mitre, remit. 9. Wee, ewe. 10. Won, now. 11. Bleat, table. 12. Cheops, epochs. 13. Cat, act.

REBUS, No. 2.—All ways to war the Roman knows,
Greek and German overthrows,
Till the world at last he brings
Beneath the Roman eagle's wings.

CHARADE.—Chestnut.

A GEOGRAPHICAL ROMANCE.—Alexander Warren, Noble, Coffee, Commerce, Union, Charlotte, Auburn, Walker, Clymer, Freedom, Somersets, Red-Oak Grove, Cold Spring, Moss, Wayne(d), Dark(e), "Hatchie," Ayr, Chili, Jasper, Kane, Knox, Laurel, Dents, Moon, Clarion, Bell, Wright, Lookout, Hope, Ono, Wye, Amity, Aix.

EASY PUZZLE.—Civil.

CHARADE.—Manhattan.

REBUS, No. 3.—Foul deeds will rise, though all the world
O'erwhelm them to men's eyes.

SQUARE RIVERS.—

B E A R
E B R O
A R N O
R O O T

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—

M —irro— R
O —tt— O
S —erapi— S
S —eparat—E

DECAPITATIONS.—Hague, Bear, Chart, Trent, Orange.

PYRAMID.—

W
A R E
T R O L L
C O R N E R S
H O L O G R A P H

PUZZLE.—One, none.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, previous to April 18, from Willard P. Little, Mary Faulkner, Betsey Trotwood and Agnes Wickfield, Stanley White, Walter Browning, Guerden H.. Frank Cooke, Rufus N. Crosman, Edward L. Anderson, Fanny Le Noir Russell, Katie G. Bolster. Kitty Crosby, Bessie Gilman, Charley Coleman, W. D. B., Hosmer Clark. Willie R. Brown, E. P. P. and H. P. P, Everett B. Clark. Julia Bacon, Gaylord S. White, Arthur J. Burdick, Herbert E. Mathews, Harry Noel, Katy S. Rogers, Francis B. James, Addie S. Church, John W. Vivian, Charles R. Fultz, Alice W. Ives, Irving Favor, Mamie Johnson. Launcelot M. Berkeley, B. and J. Lewis, Mollie E. Church, Elsie West, Bessie and Lizzie Sanderson, Mamie E. Wolverten, Ellen Soewell, Russell Fearon. Annie Murphy, Annie L. Wright, "Louise," Addie L. Ronderbush, "Virgil." Arnold Guyot Cameron, Helen A. Keith, Carrie Simpson, Frances M. Woodward, Donald G. Woodward, Lizzie Nunemacher, Eddie L. Heydecker, W. H. Ellis, Mary Alice Manley, Fanny M. Wade. Willie Rogers, Norman Rogers, Paul Murphy, Allie Murphy, W. S. Clayton, Philip Gray, Alfred W. Putnam, Mamie and Etta Wagner, Louis Brown.

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CHARITY.

FROM A PICTURE BY BRITON RIVIERE.

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ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. II. JULY, 1875. NO. 9.

JACK'S INDEPENDENCE DAY.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE

"MOTHER! say, mother! can I go home with Hi next week, and spend Independence Day?"

"Oh, Jack! can you be a bit more gentle?" sighed the pale lady on the sofa.

"Darlingest mammy, I did n't mean to roar, but you see I forget so!"

Mrs. Blake laughed; who could help it? There he stood in the door, fresh as an apple, his curly hair tumbled about his head, his eyes shining, his mouth open, as eager and as honest as—a boy! Jack truly did not mean to "roar," as he called it; he loved his mother dearly, but he was well and strong, and a boy, bless him! He ought to have been barreled up, but then it would have gone hard with the barrel. He began again on a little lower key.

"You see, mother, Hi always goes home Fourth of Julys, you know, and last year—well——"

Here Jack hung his head. We won't tell tales; but this must be acknowledged, that Hiram did lose his holiday last year, all on Jack's account.

"I know," said Mrs. Blake, smiling; "but I can trust you, dear; you may go next week, if you like."

"Oh! bully for you, mother! You are the——"

"Jack! Jack!"

Mrs. Blake looked quite aghast; if there was a little glitter in her blue eyes, Jack did not see it.

"Thunder! there,—I 've done it again! Fif—teen cents, as sure as you live! Mother, how can a feller help a little slang once in a while?"

"He must help it, Jack, if he is my boy, when he speaks to a lady."

"But I did n't!"

"Is n't your mother a lady?"

"No, sir-ree! she 's a born angel."

"Oh, Jack!" This time she could not help it,—she must laugh.

"But all the same,—I don't approve, sir! You 're not in the right, because you are absurd."

"Mother, dear, let us change the subject, as grandpa says when father and the minister begin to talk politics. You see, if I go to Beartown, we must start Monday afternoon. I want to be at Tinker's all day long."

"Send Hiram in to me, Jack, and I will talk it over with him."

Jack threw up his cap in the air, banged the door behind him, and presently was heard out of doors shouting for Hiram at the top of his voice. Mrs. Blake laid her aching head down on the pillow, and wished, as she did every day, and many times a day, that her husband could live at home, and manage Jack; he was getting to be too much for her. Not that he was disobedient, or bad; but he was, like a great many of his kind, noisy, heedless, and running wild. The feeble little lady did not know any day what he would do before night; she was always ready to see him brought in with a broken leg or arm, though he never had been yet; every winter she expected him to skate into an air-hole; every summer to capsize his boat on the pond, and be drowned; yet here he was, "high and dry," to use his own phrase. His mother did not know boys,—she had not the least idea how often they can be just not killed or wounded,—how many dreadful and delightful scrapes they live through; how much they learn

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out of danger, or how sure they are to be good for nothing when they stay at home and are coddled.

"Turn him out, Mary!" papa always said; "let him do all the good-natured mischief he wants to; he must learn to risk his bones, and run his chances; he must be a man, not a doll-baby. If he tells lies, or disobeys, or is cruel, I 'll thrash him when I come home; but I don't think I 'll have to: he is our boy;" and there was no more to be said. So he was to go to Beartown with the "hired man," as Hiram Tinker called himself; and here stood Hiram at the door, speaking for himself.

"Jack said you wanted me, Mrs. Blake."

"Yes, Hiram; he says you want to take him home with you on Monday."

"Well, I had sort o' lotted on it. I said last year I guessed I 'd better look out for him come next Fourth; and seein' the boss aint comin' hum this time, I calc'lated you 'd feel safer ef he was off up on Saltash Mountain, out o' the way of crackers 'nd cannon, 'nd sech —— "

"So I should, Hiram; but you want Delia to go too, and you must find a man to stay here and do the work."

"Oh, that 's all reg'lated. Uncle Israel, he 's a-comin'; he can do chores pretty spry fur a spell, and he can do sleepin' first-rate; and Nancy Pratt, she 'll come to keep Roselle company."

"I depend on you to bring him home safe and sound, Hiram."

"Land o' liberty! yes; he can't drownd, fur there aint no pond. I dunno what he can do; I bet he 'll find somethin'; I never see his beat for a boy; but I 'll keep my eyes skinned, I tell ye; he 'll have to be everlastin' 'cute if he gets round me."

Monday came at last,—hot, bright, and odorous as June could be, if it were nominally July. Delia had packed a basket of provisions big enough to last a week; but Mrs. Blake knew Jack's appetite, and meant, besides, to send something to the old people on the mountain, for they were poor enough; their children, scattered here and there, helped them, to be sure, and old Tinker was a charcoal-burner, but he was not able to work as he used to, and the money Hiram and Delia and the rest sent him he saved up as carefully as he could for the fast-coming time when he could not work at all. Jack had put up fish-lines, hatchet, hooks, at least a pint of worms, and fifty or more grasshoppers for bait,—the grasshoppers making much kicking and tinkling in their tin box; two jack-knives, a tin trumpet, and a pound of mixed candy, all in his fishing-basket, and now stood by eying with delight the cold chickens, the tongue, gingerbread, cookies, biscuit, jam, and loaf of frosted cake that were wedged into the basket; and the tin pail holding lemons, and a package of tea, with another of white sugar.

Delia had picked the biggest bunch of flowers she could carry, for on Saltash Mountain the small clearing about her father's house was used for beans and potatoes; there was no room to spare for flowers, and her mother loved them dearly. All this provender being stowed in the bottom of the wagon, Jack hugged his mother for good-bye, and mounted to the front seat with Hiram, and off they went; Delia and a mysterious big bundle on the back seat, and Jack's bait tinkling and bouncing under his own feet. At the foot of the mountain they stopped at Uncle Sam Tinker's house to water the horse, and Delia stepped in for a few minutes, coming back with a basket of russet apples that no cellar but Uncle Sam's could have kept over till July, and a pail of cream for her mother; there was a cow up on the mountain,—a little black Irish cow,—but her pasture was so scant she gave but a small measure of milk, and cream was not to be thought of except for butter.

Now they started off again. The road wound up the steep mountain-side through deep, dark woods full of cool and sweetness, and a brook, swollen by recent rains, foamed down over the rocks. How Jack wanted to stop and watch the little waterfall! But night was coming on and they must hurry. By and by they turned into a rough logging road, and after a mile or two came to a clearing almost at the top of the mountain. Jack thought he should see a nice green field with a pretty little house in the middle, but instead of that he saw a space where the trees had been cut but the stumps still left, between which grew potatoes and corn as best they could, mixed with here and there a raspberry shoot, or a tall fire-weed that had escaped the hoe, while the house was a real log cabin, set on the south side of a great granite rock, comfortable in winter, no doubt, but hot enough now, and to the right stood a small barn, also of laid up logs. Jack was delighted; this was like a real adventure in the backwoods. Old Mrs. Tinker came out with a very hearty welcome, and pretty soon the old man followed Hiram in from the barn and nodded to Jack and shook hands with Delia. But Jack did not stop to listen to the questions and comments of the family, his eyes were in full use; he never had been in such a house before; there was a big stone chimney outside, lined with rough stone laid up with mud, and on a crane hung the tea-kettle and the pot-hooks; overhead in the logs were iron hooks holding a leg of dried beef, a lantern, fishing-poles, pails, rude baskets and other handy things; a big bench with a

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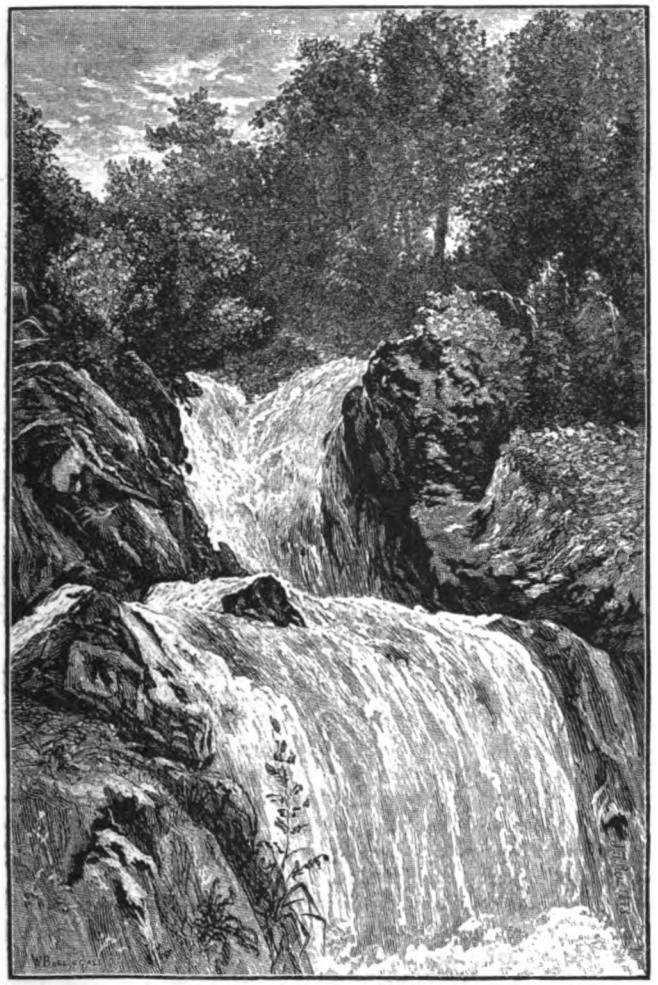
high back stood one side of the fire; and a pine table, three or four splint-bottomed chairs, a wooden clock and a spinning-wheel, were all the furniture. The sun was just about to set as Jack finished his survey inside the house and stepped out-doors; it seemed to him he could see all the world, he was so high; great stretches of dark forest rolled away from the edge of the clearing; he saw mountains beyond him and all around on either hand; the Lake glittered very far away, and just beyond it the sun slipped softly out of sight, and all the splendid sky shone like roses. But, after all, Jack was glad to be called in to supper; to have roast potatoes, white and mealy, thick slices of rye bread and butter, savory fried pork, fresh gingerbread and a mug of milk. How that boy did eat! and how sleepy he got in the corner of the settle long before bed-time! Mountain evenings are cool, and the smoldering blaze was comfortable enough. Hiram went out to feed the horse and cow, and old Tinker began to tell Jack a bear story, but in a few minutes man and bear both vanished. Jack's head fell on his breast, his eyes shut, and he began to dream. He had just shot a bear himself and was taking aim at another one that, strange to say, had on Delia's sun-bonnet, when he heard a laugh, opened his eyes, and found Hiram trying to wake him. It certainly was time to go to bed; and, half asleep still, he scrambled up the ladder into the loft, slipped off his clothes, and tumbled into some sort of a bed, on the floor, and was asleep directly. When he woke up next morning with the first peep of dawn he thought all the birds in the world must be singing, there were so many waking up in the woods and telling each other it was day-break. Jack looked about his bedroom with wonder. The logs met in a point overhead, and where he was he could lift his hand and touch the roof. A couple of pine chests, an old hair trunk, and one flag-bottomed chair, stood about the room. A little window at one end looked out on the great rock, now blooming in every crack with harebells, pink herb-robert, yellow violets, and green with rich mosses and climbing vines; the other window looked out over tree-tops far off to the south. From the rafters hung bunches of herbs, dried apples, dried rings of squash, bags of nuts, and the Sunday clothes. Jack's bed was a tick stuffed with sweet fern leaves. Hiram snored in the other corner on a heap of hay covered with a bear-skin. How delightful it was! Do you think Jack could go to sleep again? Not he! Hiram was roused up at once, and produced from that big bundle a suit of old clothes for Jack. "You see," said he, "we 're goin' to hang up them grasshoppers and worms this mornin', on a string, 'nd see ef there 's any trout to hum in Popple brook, 'nd I expect you 'll hev them things torn off of ye with briers and what not."



"A BROOK FOAMED DOWN OVER THE ROCKS."

Jack did n't care. Clothes were a small matter compared with catching a real trout. He scrambled down the ladder like a cat, picked up chips and cones to light the fire, brought a pitcher of water

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from the spring, got out the worms, the candy, the jackknives and the tin trumpet from his basket, somewhat mixed up, and began to blow his blast of independence at such a rate that Delia sent him out-doors with Hiram to stay till breakfast was ready; and by the time two fish-poles were cut, the lines tied on, and the bait sorted, Jack was hungrier than ever; and when they set out afterward for the fishing tramp, good old Mrs. Tinker rolled up a big piece of rye bread and butter and at least a pound of maple sugar for Hiram to put in his pocket for Jack.

"Well, I guess I hed better," dryly remarked Hiram; "he might take to eatin' on me up, he 's so everlastin' hungry about these days."

It was a long tramp to the brook, but Jack's legs were stout. Hiram beguiled the way with tales of his old accidents and adventures hereabout: there was the rock he fell from once in a dark evening when he lost his way; in that hollow tree he found two bear cubs; seven gray squirrels about as big as mice fell out of a nest in that beech-tree, and he found them on the ground, stunned and scared, and took them home and brought up two—the rest died. Jack listened with all his ears; he laughed at Hiram's terror of the old bear's finding him at her nest, boasted as to what he would have done, and aired his courage in a very Fourth of July manner.

"Mebbe you don't know jest what you would do, young man," said Hiram; "folks don't always come out jest as they calkerlate to; I should n't wonder if you was to slip up some, if we reelly should come acrost a sizable bear."

"Ho! I guess I should n't run; you 'd better believe I 'd give it to him, sir! Bears aint very fierce animals anyhow."

"Well," drawled Hiram, "you might eat him up afore he eat you, that 's a fact."

And here was the brook, so Jack said no more.

It would take too long to tell all about this morning's fishing, how often Jack caught his line in the branches, or slipped into the water. He really did catch one trout out of a deep, dark pool where the hurrying brook paused in its wild flight, as if to rest, and his delight was great. He looked at the speckled beauty from nose to tail, "studyin' the spots," Hiram said, till he knew every tinge of color, every gold or roseate speck; and he labored hard to catch another. Hiram angled with better luck, or skill; a dozen or two rewarded his patience, but Jack had only one by the time it was noon, and they hastened home to have the fish dressed in time for dinner—dressed to be eaten, not to be looked at, as other beauties are. Then after dinner they were going farther up the mountain to an old burnt-over clearing to pick raspberries, for Delia promised to make a raspberry short-cake for tea if they could find enough ripe ones; and with a couple of tin pails they went off in another direction from the brook, and after a long, hot walk found themselves in a place where the trees had been cut and the brush burned off for several acres, and wild red raspberries had sprung up thickly all over it.

Behind the clearing the great cliffs of the mountain-top rose abruptly, dotted on the very crest with stunted pines, and the sun shone on them and was reflected hotly on the clearing, which also faced southward; all helped to ripen the big red berries, which hung here and there like jewels. There was a fine view from Saltash top, but neither Jack nor Hiram cared for that; they came after berries, and in five minutes were picking away as if for life. You could hear the fruit rattle on the tin at first, but soon they lay deep over the bottom of each pail, and the hot, still air was only stirred by the rustle of a bird, or the clear, high note of the wood robin. Hiram and Jack picked away from each other gradually. They first skirted the patch, but Hiram soon worked his way into the middle, and was quite lost to sight. By and by Jack's pail was half full. He saw a bush with many more ripe on it than any he had seen yet, so for the sake of having his hands both free he tied the pail on a scrub oak that was close by and began to strip the bush. Presently something stirred behind the oak-leaves; Jack shivered; he looked sharply, keeping very still; a thick black tail swung a little, and a sort of sigh, like a deep breath of some beast just waking up came from the bush. Jack's heart stood still; his tongue choked him; he made a desperate effort and feebly called "H-i-ram!" There was a quick scrabble behind the bush, and our boy took to his heels with might and main; down the hill he went, into the trees, anywhere, any way; what did he care, with a big bear after him? over logs and stones, and stumps, into springs and bushes, headlong he went; while hard-hearted Hiram, who had, as it happened, just climbed a rock to look after Jack, and beheld the whole scene, sat down and laughed till he held his sides!

Before long Jack came to a small wild apple-tree that he remembered seeing on the way up; he scrambled into its rough, thorny boughs in a fashion that would have done credit to a monkey, and sat still, thankful to get his breath, and quite sure no bear could climb so small a trunk.

That he did not lose his way was owing to the fact that a coal road, grown over, it is true, but still a road through the trees, led from the Tinker cabin up to the clearing in a pretty direct line, and Jack had taken the right path merely from avoiding the thick forest on either side of it. But he had

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made such good speed with the bear behind him that he found his breath, scrambled down from his perch in a state of rags beyond description, and ran home to the house, where he was detailing his wonderful escape to the old people and Delia, his eyes big as saucers, his face red with heat and scratches, and his clothes waving all about him like small flags, when Hiram entered with both pails, his usually sober face broad with laughter, and his great shoulders shaking.

"Well, you be some scared, I swow! you made the best time down that 'ar road, I tell ye! It did beat all to see that little feller pull foot, Dely. Land o' Goshen! I nigh about died a larfin!"

"Did you see the bear?" eagerly exclaimed Jack, too curious to mind Hiram's amusement.

"See the bear? Good Jehoshaphat! I guess I did! heerd it bleat, too!" answered Hiram, splitting with laughter afresh.

"What ails ye, Hi?" put in the old man: "can't ye tell ef it's there or thereabout, so that we can track it? I did n't believe there was a bear left on Saltash."

"Ask Jack," Hiram sputtered, with still new bursts of laughter; "he saw it fust; I tell ye I heerd it bleat."

"I guess you're sun-crazed," growled the old man; "where was it, anyhow?"

"A-eatin' sprouts, Dad, as nateral as life; and I'll be teetotally jiggered ef it war n't our old black lamb that strayed off two year ago, as sure as shootin'!"

They all went off then in as wild a fit of laughter as Hiram. Jack turned red with rage and shame; he was angry enough, and frightened and tired. After all his boasting, to run from a bear was hardly excusable, but to be scared by a black sheep was too much; still, to his credit be it said, Jack swallowed his temper, and, with a little shamefaced laugh, pulled up his rags about him, and manfully said:

"Well, next time I'll stop and ask the thing's name before I run."

"That's a hero," said Hiram.

But Jack had learned a good lesson, and one he never forgot: he was cured of boasting for all his life.

There were raspberries enough for a big shortcake that filled the whole bake-kettle, and when Jack, now in a whole suit and with a cool face, sat down to supper, that light and tender cake, split open and buttered, and filled with a pink mixture of berries, maple sugar and cream, might have tempted anybody; as for Jack, he ate enough for two people, and had to sit still an hour before he could walk out to the big rock, which was a steep precipice on Saltash side overhanging the river valley, from whose top they all watched the rockets shooting up from at least seven towns far, far below, like small stars trying to reach the others in the sky above them.

"Oh Hiram! I've had an awful nice time!" sighed Jack, with a great yawn, as he scrambled up the ladder to bed.

"Bear and all?" laughed Hiram.

Jack turned a little red; he had forgotten that.

"Say, Hi, don't tell mother about that, will you?"

"Why?"

"Oh, I want to tell her myself."

"That's all right, sir; no, I wont. I mistrusted ye felt kinder sheepish about it; haw, haw, haw!"

Hiram evidently thought he had made a good joke.

But Jack did tell his mother all about it, next day: after he had laid before her a shining bunch of trout Hiram had got up by sunrise to catch, a great slab of fragrant maple sugar, a bag of butternuts, and a basketful of tiny ferns, delicate mosses, wood-sorrel, Linnæa, and squattee-vines, for her fernery.

Mrs. Bruce laughed, to be sure, but it was a soft mother-laugh that did not hurt Jack a bit; he gave her a big hug, and wound up his story with—

"I never *did* have such a good Fourth of July in all my life!"

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CHERRIES.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

UNDER the tree the farmer said,
Smiling, and shaking his wise old head:
"'Cherries are ripe! but then, you know,
There 's the grass to cut and the corn to hoe;
We can gather the cherries any day,
But when the sun shines we must make our hay;
To-night, when the chores have all been done,
We 'll muster the boys, for fruit and fun."

Up in the tree a robin said,
Perking and cocking his saucy head:
"Cherries are ripe! and so, to-day,
We 'll gather them while you make the hay;
For we are the boys with no corn to hoe,
No cows to milk, and no grass to mow."
At night the farmer said: "Here 's a trick!
Those roguish robins have had their pick."

EIGHT COUSINS.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

CHAPTER XIII.

COSEY CORNER.

As vacation was over, the boys went back to school, and poor Mac was left lamenting. He was out of the darkened room now, and promoted to blue goggles, through which he took a gloomy view of life, as might have been expected; for there was nothing he could do but wander about, and try to amuse himself without using his eyes. Any one who has ever been condemned to that sort of idleness, knows how irksome it is, and can understand the state of mind which caused Mac to say to Rose in a desperate tone one day:

"Look here, if you don't invent some new employment or amusement for me, I shall knock myself on the head as sure as you live."

Rose flew to Uncle Alec for advice, and he ordered both patient and nurse to the mountains for a month, with Aunt Jessie and Jamie as escort. Pokey and her mother joined the party, and one bright September morning six very happy-looking people were aboard the express train for Portland. Two smiling mammas laden with luncheon baskets and wraps, a pretty young girl with a bag of books on her arm, a tall, thin lad with his hat over his eyes, and two small children, who sat with their short legs straight out before them, and their chubby faces beaming with the first speechless delight of "truly traveling."

An especially splendid sunset seemed to have been prepared to welcome them when, after a long day's journey, they drove into a wide, green dooryard, where a white colt, a red cow, two cats, four kittens, many hens, and a dozen people, old and young, were gayly disporting themselves. Every one nodded and smiled in the friendliest manner, and a lively old lady kissed the new-comers all round, as she said heartily:

"Well, now, I 'm proper glad to see you! Come right in and rest, and we 'll have tea in less than no time, for you must be tired. Lizzie, you show the folks upstairs; Kitty, you fly round and help

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father in with the trunks, and Jenny and I will have the table all ready by the time you come down. Bless the dears, they want to go see the pussies, and so they shall!"

The three pretty daughters did "fly round," and every one felt at home at once; all were so hospitable and kind. Aunt Jessie had raptures over the home-made carpets, quilts, and quaint furniture; Rose could not keep away from the windows, for each framed a lovely picture; and the little folks made friends at once with the other children, who filled their arms with chickens and kittens, and did the honors handsomely.

The toot of a horn called all to supper, and a goodly party, including six children besides the Campbells, assembled in the long dining-room, armed with mountain appetites and the gayest spirits. It was impossible for any one to be shy or sober, for such gales of merriment arose they blew the starch out of the stiffest, and made the saddest jolly. Mother Atkinson, as all called their hostess, was the merriest there, and the busiest; for she kept flying up to wait on the children, to bring out some new dish, or to banish the live stock, who were of such a social turn that the colt came into the entry and demanded sugar; the cats sat about in people's laps, winking suggestively at the food; and speckled hens cleared the kitchen-floor of crumbs, as they joined in the chat with a cheerful clucking.

Everybody turned out after tea to watch the sunset till all the lovely red was gone, and mosquitoes wound their shrill horns to sound the retreat. The music of an organ surprised the new-comers, and in the parlor they found Father Atherton playing sweetly on the little instrument made by himself. All the children gathered about him, and, led by the tuneful sisters, sang prettily till Pokey fell asleep behind the door, and Jamie gaped audibly right in the middle of his favorite:

> "Coo," said the little doves: "Coo," said she,
> "All in the top of the old pine-tree."

The older travelers, being tired, went to "bye low" at the same time, and slept like tops in home-spun sheets, on husk mattresses made by Mother Atkinson, who seemed to have put some soothing powder among them, so deep and sweet was the slumber that came.

Next day began the wholesome out-of-door life, which works such wonders with tired minds and feeble bodies. The weather was perfect, and the mountain air made the children as frisky as young lambs; while the elders went about smiling at one another, and saying, "Is n't it splendid?" Even Mac, the "slow coach," was seen to leap over a fence as if he really could not help it; and when Rose ran after him with his broad-brimmed hat, he made the spirited proposal to go into the woods and hunt for a catamount.

Jamie and Pokey were at once enrolled in the Cosey Corner Light Infantry,—a truly superb company, composed entirely of officers, all wearing cocked hats, carrying flags, waving swords or beating drums. It was a spectacle to stir the dullest soul when this gallant band marched out of the yard in full regimentals, with Captain Dove—a solemn, big-headed boy of eleven—issuing his orders with the gravity of a General, and his Falstaffian regiment obeying them with more docility than skill. The little Snow children did very well, and Lieutenant Jack Dove was fine to see; so was Drummer Frank, the errand-boy of the house, as he rub-a-dub-dubbed with all his heart and drumsticks. Jamie had "trained" before, and was made a colonel at once; but Pokey was the best of all, and called forth a spontaneous burst of applause from the spectators as she brought up the rear, her cocked hat all over one eye, her flag trailing over her shoulder, and her wooden sword straight up in the air; her face beaming and every curl bobbing with delight as her fat legs tottered in the vain attempt to keep step manfully.

Mac and Rose were picking blackberries in the bushes beside the road when the soldiers passed without seeing them, and they witnessed a sight that was both pretty and comical. A little farther on was one of the family burial spots so common in those parts, and just this side of it Captain Fred Dove ordered his company to halt, explaining his reason for so doing in the following words:

"That 's a grave-yard, and it 's proper to muffle the drums and lower the flags as we go by, and we 'd better take off our hats, too; it 's more respectable, I think."

"Is n't that cunning of the dears?" whispered Rose, as the little troop marched slowly by to the muffled roll of the drums, every flag and sword held low, all the little heads uncovered, and the childish faces very sober as the leafy shadows flickered over them.

"Let 's follow and see what they are after," proposed Mac, who found sitting on a wall and being fed with blackberries luxurious but tiresome.

So they followed and heard the music grow lively, saw the banners wave in the breeze again when the grave-yard was passed, and watched the company file into the dilapidated old church that stood at the corner of three woodland roads. Presently the sound of singing made the outsiders quicken their steps, and, stealing up, they peeped in at one of the broken windows.

Captain Dove was up in the old wooden pulpit, gazing solemnly down upon his company, who, having stacked their arms in the porch, now sat in

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the bare pews singing a Sunday-school hymn with great vigor and relish.

"Let us pray," said Captain Dove, with as much reverence as an army chaplain, and, folding his hands, he repeated a prayer which he thought all would know; an excellent little prayer, but not exactly appropriate to the morning, for it was:

"Now I lay me down to sleep."

Every one joined in saying it, and it was a pretty sight to see the little creatures bowing their curly heads and lisping out the words they knew so well. Tears came into Rose's eyes as she looked; Mac took his hat off involuntarily, and then clapped it on again as if ashamed of showing any feeling.

"Now I shall preach you a short sermon, and my text is, 'Little children, love one another.' I asked mamma to give me one, and she thought that would be good; so you all sit still and I 'll preach it. You must n't whisper, Marion, but hear *me*. It means that we should be good to each other, and play fair and not quarrel as we did this very day about the wagon. Jack can't always drive and need n't be mad because I like to go with Frank. Annette ought to be horse sometimes and not always driver, and Willie may as well make up his mind to let Marion build her house by his, for she *will* do it and he need n't fuss about it. Jamie seems to be a good boy, but I shall preach to him if he is n't. No, Pokey, people don't kiss in church or put their hats on. Now you must all remember what I tell you, because I 'm the Captain and you should mind me."

Here Lieutenant Jack spoke right out in meeting with the rebellious remark:

"Don't care if you are; you 'd better mind yourself, and tell how you took away my strap, and kept the biggest doughnut, and did n't draw fair when we had the truck."

"Yes, and you slapped Frank; I saw you," bawled Willie Snow, bobbing up in his pew.

"And you took my book away and hid it 'cause I would n't go and swing when you wanted me to," added Annette, the oldest of the Snow trio.

"I *sha' n't* build my house by Willie's if he don't want me to, so now!" put in little Marion, joining the mutiny.

"I *will* tiss Dimmy! and I tored up my hat 'tause a pin picked me," shouted Pokey, regardless of Jamie's efforts to restrain her.

Captain Dove looked rather taken aback at this outbreak in the ranks; but being a dignified and calm personage, he quelled the rising rebellion with great tact and skill by saying, briefly:

"We will sing the last hymn; 'Sweet, sweet good-bye'—you all know that, so do it nicely, and then we will go and have luncheon."

Peace was instantly restored, and a burst of melody drowned the suppressed giggle of Rose and Mac, who found it impossible to keep sober during the latter part of this somewhat remarkable service. Fifteen minutes of repose rendered it a physical impossibility for the company to march out as quietly as they had marched in. I grieve to state that the entire troop raced home as hard as they could pelt, and were soon skirmishing briskly over their lunch, utterly oblivious of what Jamie (who had been much impressed by the sermon) called "the Captain's beautiful teck."

It was astonishing how much they all found to do at Cosey Corner, and Mac, instead of lying in a hammock and being read to, as he had expected, was busiest of all. He was invited to survey and lay out Skeeterville, a town which the children were getting up in a huckleberry pasture; and he found much amusement in planning little roads, staking off house-lots, attending to the waterworks, and consulting with the "select-men" about the best sites for public buildings; for Mac was a boy still, in spite of his fifteen years and his love of books.

Then he went fishing with a certain jovial gentleman from the West; and though they seldom caught anything but colds, they had great fun and exercise chasing the phantom trout they were bound to have. Mac also developed a geological mania, and went tapping about at rocks and stones, discoursing wisely of "strata, periods, and fossil remains;" while Rose picked up leaves and lichens, and gave him lessons in botany, in return for his lectures on geology.

They led a very merry life; for the Atkinson girls kept up a sort of perpetual picnic; and did it so capitally, that one was never tired of it. So their visitors throve finely, and long before the month was out it was evident that Dr. Alec had prescribed the right medicine for his patients.

CHAPTER XIV.

A HAPPY BIRTHDAY.

THE twelfth of October was Rose's birthday, but no one seemed to remember that interesting fact, and she felt delicate about mentioning it, so fell asleep the night before wondering if she would have any presents. That question was settled early the next morning, for she was awakened by a soft tap on her face, and opening her eyes she beheld a little black and white figure sitting on her pillow, staring at her with a pair of round eyes very like blueberries, while one downy paw patted her nose

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to attract her notice. It was Kitty Comet, the prettiest of all the pussies, and Comet evidently had a mission to perform, for a pink bow adorned her neck, and a bit of paper was pinned to it bearing the words, "For Miss Rose, from Frank."

That pleased her extremely, and that was only the beginning of the fun, for surprises and presents kept popping out in the most delightful manner all through the day, the Atkinson girls being famous jokers and Rose a favorite. But the best gift of all came on the way to Mount Windy-top, where it was decided to picnic in honor of the great occasion. Three jolly loads set off soon after breakfast, for everybody went, and everybody seemed bound to have an extra good time, especially Mother Atkinson, who wore a hat as broad-brimmed as an umbrella and took the dinner-horn to keep her flock from straying away.

"I 'm going to drive aunty and a lot of the babies, so you must ride the pony. And please stay behind us a good bit when we go to the station, for a parcel is coming, and you are not to see it till dinner-time. You wont mind, will you?" said Mac in a confidential aside during the wild flurry of the start.

"Not a bit," answered Rose; "it hurts my feelings *very* much to be told to keep out of the way at any other time, but birthdays and Christmas it is part of the fun to be blind and stupid, and poked into corners. I 'll be ready as soon as you are, Giglamps."

"Stop under the big maple till I call,—then you can't possibly see anything," added Mac, as he mounted her on the pony his father had sent up for his use.

"Barkis" was so gentle and so "willing," however, that Rose was ashamed to be afraid to ride him; so she had learned, that she might surprise Dr. Alec when she got home; meantime she had many a fine canter "over the hills and far away" with Mac, who preferred Mr. Atkinson's old Sorrel.

Away they went, and coming to the red maple, Rose obediently paused; but could not help stealing a glance in the forbidden direction before the call came. Yes, there was a hamper going under the seat, and then she caught sight of a tall man whom Mac seemed to be hustling into the carriage in a great hurry. One look was enough, and with a cry of delight, Rose was off down the road as fast as Barkis could go.

"Now I 'll astonish him," she thought. "I 'll dash up in grand style, and show him that I am not a coward, after all."

Fired by this ambition, she startled Barkis by a sharp cut, and still more bewildered him by leaving him to his own guidance down the steep, stony road. The approach would have been a fine success if, just as Rose was about to pull up and salute, two or three distracted hens had not scuttled across the road with a great squawking, which caused Barkis to shy and stop so suddenly that his careless rider landed in an ignominious heap just under old Sorrel's astonished nose.

ROSE STOPS TOO SUDDENLY.

Rose was up again before Dr. Alec was out of the carryall, and threw two dusty arms about his neck, crying with a breathless voice:

"Oh, uncle, I 'm *so* glad to see you! It is better than a cart-load of goodies, and so dear of you to come!"

"But are n't you hurt, child? That was a rough tumble, and I 'm afraid you must be damaged somewhere," answered the Doctor, full of fond anxiety, as he surveyed his girl with pride.

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"My feelings are hurt, but my bones are all safe. It 's too bad! I was going to do it so nicely, and those stupid hens spoilt it all," said Rose, quite crest-fallen, as well as much shaken.

"I could n't believe my eyes when I asked 'Where is Rose?' and Mac pointed to the little Amazon pelting down the hill at such a rate. You could n't have done anything that would please me more, and I 'm delighted to see how well you ride. Now will you mount again, or shall we turn Mac out and take you in?" asked Dr. Alec, as Aunt Jessie proposed a start, for the others were beckoning them to follow.

"Pride goeth before a fall,—better not try to show off again, ma'am," said Mac, who would have been more than mortal if he had refrained from teasing when so good a chance offered.

"Pride does go before a fall, but I wonder if a sprained ankle always comes after it?" thought Rose, bravely concealing her pain, as she answered, with great dignity:

"I *prefer* to ride. Come on, and see who will catch up first."

She was up and away as she spoke, doing her best to efface the memory of her downfall by sitting very erect, elbows down, head well up, and taking the motion of the pony as Barkis cantered along as easily as a rocking-chair.

"You ought to see her go over a fence and race when we ride together. She can scud, too, like a deer when we play 'Follow the leader,' and skip stones and bat balls almost as well as I can," said Mac, in reply to his uncle's praise of his pupil.

"I 'm afraid you will think her a sad tomboy, Alec; but really she seems so well and happy, I have not the heart to check her. She has broken out in the most unexpected way, and frisks like a colt; for she says she feels so full of spirits she *must* run and shout whether it is proper or not," added Mrs. Jessie, who had been a pretty hoyden years ago herself.

"Good,—good! that 's the best news you could tell me;" and Dr. Alec rubbed his hands heartily. "Let the girl run and shout as much as she will,—it is a sure sign of health, and as natural to a happy child as frisking is to any young animal full of life. Tomboys make strong women usually, and I had far rather find Rose playing foot-ball with Mac than puttering over head-work like that affected midget, Ariadne Blish."

"But she cannot go on playing foot-ball very long; and we must not forget that she has a woman's work to do by and by," began Mrs. Jessie.

"Neither will Mac play foot-ball much longer, but he will be all the better fitted for business, because of the health it gives him. Polish is easily added, if the foundations are strong; but no amount of gilding will be of use if your timber is not sound. I 'm sure I 'm right, Jessie; and if I can do as well by my girl during the next six months as I have the last, my experiment *will* succeed."

"It certainly will; for when I contrast that bright, blooming face with the pale, listless one that made my heart ache a while ago, I can believe in almost any miracle," said Mrs. Jessie, as Rose looked round to point out a lovely view, with cheeks like the ruddy apples in the orchard near by, eyes clear as the autumn sky overhead, and vigor in every line of her girlish figure.

A general scramble among the rocks was followed by a regular gypsy lunch, which the young folks had the rapture of helping to prepare. Mother Atkinson put on her apron, turned up her sleeves, and fell to work as gayly as if in her own kitchen, boiling the kettle slung on three sticks over a fire of cones and fir-boughs; while the girls spread the mossy table with a feast of country goodies, and the children tumbled about in everyone's way till the toot of the horn made them settle down like a flock of hungry birds.

As soon as the merry meal and a brief interval of repose were over, it was unanimously voted to have some charades. A smooth, green spot between two stately pines was chosen for the stage; shawls hung up, properties collected, audience and actors separated, and a word quickly chosen.

The first scene discovered Mac in a despondent attitude and shabby dress, evidently much troubled in mind. To him entered a remarkable creature with a brown-paper bag over its head. A little pink rose peeped through one hole in the middle, white teeth through another, and above two eyes glared fiercely. Spires of grass stuck in each side of the mouth seemed meant to represent whiskers; the upper corners of the bag were twisted like ears, and no one could doubt for a moment that the black scarf pinned on behind was a tail.

This singular animal seemed in pantomime to be comforting his master and offering advice, which was finally acted upon, for Mac pulled off his boots, helped the little beast into them, and gave him a bag; then, kissing his paw with a hopeful gesture, the creature retired, purring so successfully that there was a general cry of "Cat, puss, boots!"

"Cat is the word," replied a voice, and the curtain fell.

The next scene was a puzzler, for in came another animal, on all fours this time, with a new sort of tail and long ears. A gray shawl concealed its face, but an inquisitive sunbeam betrayed the glitter as of goggles under the fringe. On its back rode a small gentleman in Eastern costume, who ap-

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peared to find some difficulty in keeping his seat as his steed jogged along. Suddenly a spirit appeared, all in white, with long newspaper wings upon its back and golden locks about its face. Singularly enough the beast beheld this apparition and backed instantly, but the rider evidently saw nothing and whipped up unmercifully, also unsuccessfully, for the spirit stood directly in the path, and the amiable beast would not budge a foot. A lively skirmish followed, which ended in the Eastern gentleman's being upset into a sweet-fern bush, while the better-bred animal abased itself before the shining one.

The children were all in the dark till Mother Atkinson said, in an inquiring tone:

"If that isn't Balaam and the ass I'd like to know what it is. Rose makes a sweet angel, don't she?"

"Ass" was evidently the word, and the angel retired, smiling with mundane satisfaction over the compliment that reached her ears.

The next was a pretty little scene from the immortal story of "Babes in the Wood." Jamie and Pokey came trotting in, hand in hand, and having been through the parts many times before, acted with great ease and much fluency, audibly directing each other from time to time as they went along. The berries were picked, the way lost, tears shed, baby consolation administered, and then the little pair lay down among the brakes and died with their eyes wide open and the toes of their four little boots turned up to the daisies in the most pathetic manner.

"Now the wobins tum. You be twite dead, Dimmy, and I'll peep and see 'em," one defunct innocent was heard to say.

"I hope he'll be quick, for I'm lying on a stone and ants are walking up my leg like fury," murmured the other.

Here the robins came flapping in with red scarfs over their breasts and leaves in their mouths, which they carefully laid upon the babes wherever they would show best. A prickly blackberry-leaf placed directly over Pokey's nose caused her to sneeze so violently that her little legs flew into the air; Jamie gave a startled "Ow!" and the pitying fowls fled giggling.

After some discussion it was decided that the syllable must be "strew or strow," and then they waited to see if it was a good guess.

This scene discovered Annette Snow in bed, evidently very ill; Miss Jenny was her anxious mamma, and her merry conversation amused the audience till Mac came in as a physician, and made great fun with his big watch, pompous manner, and absurd questions. He prescribed one pellet with an unpronounceable name, and left after demanding twenty dollars for his brief visit.

The pellet was administered, and such awful agonies immediately set in that the distracted mamma bade a sympathetic neighbor run for Mother Know-all. The neighbor ran, and in came a brisk little old lady in cap and specs, with a bundle of herbs under her arm, which she at once applied in all sorts of funny ways, explaining their virtues as she clapped a plantain poultice here, put a pounded catnip plaster there, or tied a couple of mullein leaves round the sufferer's throat. Instant relief ensued, the dying child sat up and demanded baked beans; the grateful parent offered fifty dollars; but Mother Know-all indignantly refused it and went smiling away, declaring that a neighborly turn needed no reward, and a doctor's *fee* was all a humbug.

The audience were in fits of laughter over this scene, for Rose imitated Mrs. Atkinson capitally, and the herb-cure was a good hit at the excellent lady's belief that "yarbs" would save mankind if properly applied. No one enjoyed it more than herself, and the saucy children prepared for the grand finale in high feather.

This closing scene was brief but striking, for two trains of cars whizzed in from opposite sides, met with a terrible collision in the middle of the stage, and a general smash-up completed the word *catastrophe*.

"Now let us act a proverb. I've got one all ready," said Rose, who was dying to distinguish herself in some way before Uncle Alec.

So every one but Mac, the gay Westerner, and Rose, took their places on the rocky seats and discussed the late beautiful and varied charade, in which Pokey frankly pronounced her own scene the "bestest of all."

In five minutes the curtain was lifted; nothing appeared but a very large sheet of brown paper pinned to a tree, and on it was drawn a clock-face, the hands pointing to four. A small note below informed the public that 4 A. M. was the time. Hardly had the audience grasped this important fact when a long water-proof serpent was seen uncoiling itself from behind a stump. An inch-worm perhaps would be a better description, for it traveled in the same humpy way as that pleasing reptile. Suddenly a very wide-awake and active fowl advanced, pecking, chirping, and scratching vigorously. A tuft of green leaves waved upon his crest, a larger tuft of brakes made an umbrageous tail, and a shawl of many colors formed his flapping wings. A truly noble bird, whose legs had the genuine strut, whose eyes shone watchfully, and whose voice had a ring that evidently struck terror into the caterpillar's soul, if it was a caterpillar. He squirmed, he wriggled, he humped as fast as he could, trying to escape; but all in vain. The

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tufted bird espied him, gave one warbling sort of crow, pounced upon him, and flapped triumphantly away.

"That early bird got such a big worm he could hardly carry him off," laughed Aunt Jessie, as the children shouted over the joke suggested by Mac's nickname.

"That is one of uncle's favorite proverbs, so I got it up for his especial benefit," said Rose, coming up with the two-legged worm beside her.

"Very clever; what next?" asked Dr. Alec as she sat down beside him.

"The Dove boys are going to give us an 'Incident in the Life of Napoleon,' as they call it; the children think it very splendid, and the little fellows do it rather nicely," answered Mac, with condescension.

A tent appeared, and pacing to and fro before it was a little sentinel, who, in a brief soliloquy, informed the observers that the elements were in a great state of confusion, that he had marched some hundred miles or so that day, and that he was dying for want of sleep. Then he paused, leaned upon his gun, and seemed to doze; dropped slowly down overpowered with slumber, and finally lay flat, with his gun beside him, a faithless little sentinel. Enter Napoleon, cocked hat, gray coat, high boots, folded arms, grim mouth, and a melodramatic stride. Freddy Dove always covered himself with glory in this part and "took the stage" with a Napoleonic attitude that brought down the house, for the big-headed boy with solemn, dark eyes and square brow, was "the very moral of that rascal, Boneyparty," Mother Atkinson said.

Some great scheme was evidently brewing in his mighty mind,—a trip across the Alps, a bonfire at Moscow, or a little skirmish at Waterloo, perhaps, for he marched in silent majesty till suddenly a gentle snore disturbed the imperial reverie. He saw the sleeping soldier and glared upon him, saying in an awful tone:

"Ha! asleep at his post! Death is the penalty —he must die!"

Picking up the musket, he is about to execute summary justice, as emperors are in the habit of doing, when something in the face of the weary sentinel appears to touch him. And well it might, for a most engaging little warrior was Jack as he lay with his shako half off, his childish face trying to keep sober, and a great black moustache over his rosy mouth. It would have softened the heart of any Napoleon, and the Little Corporal proved himself a man by relenting, and saying, with a lofty gesture of forgiveness:

"Brave fellow, he is worn out; I will let him sleep, and mount guard in his place."

Then, shouldering the gun, this noble being strode to and fro with a dignity which thrilled the younger spectators. The sentinel awakes, sees what has happened, and gives himself up for lost. But the Emperor restores his weapon, and, with that smile which won all hearts, says, pointing to a high rock whereon a crow happens to be sitting: "Be brave, be vigilant, and remember that from yonder Pyramids generations are beholding you," and with these memorable words he vanishes, leaving the grateful soldier bolt upright, with his hand at his temple and deathless devotion stamped upon his youthful countenance.

The applause which followed this superb piece had hardly subsided, when a sudden splash and a shrill cry caused a general rush toward the waterfall that went gamboling down the rocks, singing sweetly as it ran. Pokey had tried to gambol also, and had tumbled into a shallow pool, whither Jamie had gallantly followed, in a vain attempt to fish her out, and both were paddling about half-frightened, half-pleased with the unexpected bath.

This mishap made it necessary to get the dripping infants home as soon as possible, so the wagons were loaded up, and away they went, as merry as if the mountain air had really been "Oxygenated Sweets not Bitters," as Dr. Alec suggested when Mac said he felt as jolly as if he had been drinking champagne instead of the currant wine that came with a great frosted cake wreathed with sugar roses in Aunt Plenty's hamper of goodies.

Rose took part in all the fun, and never betrayed by look or word the twinges of pain she suffered in her ankle. She excused herself from the games in the evening, however, and sat talking to Uncle Alec in a lively way, that both amazed and delighted him; for she confided to him that she played horse with the children, drilled with the Light Infantry, climbed trees, and did other dreadful things that would have caused the aunts to cry aloud if they knew of them.

"I don't care a pin what they say if you don't mind, uncle," she answered when he pictured the dismay of the good ladies.

"Ah, it's all very well to defy *them*, but you are getting so rampant, I'm afraid you will defy me next, and then where are we?"

"No I wont! I should n't dare; because you are my guardian, and can put me in a strait-jacket if you like;" and Rose laughed in his face, even while she nestled closer with a confiding gesture pleasant to see.

"Upon my word, Rosy, I begin to feel like the man who bought an elephant, and then did n't know what to do with him. I thought I had got a pet and plaything for years to come; but here you are growing up like a bean-stalk, and I shall find

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I 've got a strong-minded little woman on my hands before I can turn round. There 's a predicament for a man and an uncle!"

Dr. Alec's comic distress was mercifully relieved for the time being by a dance of goblins on the lawn, where the children, with pumpkin lanterns on their heads, frisked about like will-o'-the-wisps, as a parting surprise.

When Rose went to bed, she found that Uncle Alec had not forgotten her; for on the table stood a delicate little easel, holding two miniatures set in velvet. She knew them both, and stood looking at them till her eyes brimmed over with tears that were both sweet and sad; for they were the faces of her father and mother, beautifully copied from portraits fast fading away.

Presently she knelt down, and, putting her arms round the little shrine, kissed one after the other, saying with an earnest voice, "I 'll truly try to make them glad to see me by and by."

And that was Rose's little prayer on the night of her fourteenth birthday.

Two days later, the Campbells went home, a larger party than when they came; for Dr. Alec was escort, and Kitty Comet was borne in state in a basket, with a bottle of milk, some tiny sandwiches, and a doll's dish to drink out of, as well as a bit of carpet to lie on in her palace car, out of which she kept popping her head in the most fascinating manner.

There was a great kissing and cuddling, waving of handkerchiefs, and last good-byes, as they went; and when they had started, Mother Atkinson came running after them, to tuck in some little pies, hot from the oven, "for the dears, who might get tired of bread-and-butter during that long day's travel."

Another start, and another halt; for the Snow children came shrieking up to demand the three kittens that Pokey was coolly carrying off in a traveling-bag. The unhappy kits were rescued, half smothered, and restored to their lawful owners, amid dire lamentation from the little kidnapper, who declared that she only "tooked um 'cause they 'd want to go wid their sister Tomit."

Start number three and stoppage number three, as Frank hailed them with the luncheon-basket, which had been forgotten, after every one had protested that it was safely in.

All went well after that, and the long journey was pleasantly beguiled by Pokey and Pussy, who played together so prettily that they were considered public benefactors.

"Rose does n't want to go home, for she knows the aunts wont let her rampage as she did up at Cosey Corner," said Mac, as they approached the old house.

"I *can't* rampage if I want to,—for a time, at least; and I 'll tell you why. I sprained my ankle when I tumbled off of Barkis, and it gets worse and worse; though I 've done all I know to cure it and hide it, so it should n't trouble any one," whispered Rose, knitting her brows with pain, as she prepared to descend, wishing her uncle would take her instead of her bundles.

How he did it, she never knew; but Mac had her up the steps and on the parlor sofa before she could put her foot to the ground.

"There you are,—right side up with care; and mind, now, if your ankle bothers you, and you are laid up with it, *I* am to be your footman. It's only fair, you know; for I don 't forget how good you have been to me." And Mac went to call Phebe, so full of gratitude and good-will, that his very goggles shone.

CHAPTER XV.

EAR-RINGS.

OWING to neglect, Rose's sprain proved to be a serious one, and Dr. Alec ordered her to lie on the sofa for a fortnight at least, whereat she groaned dismally, but dared not openly complain, lest the boys should turn upon her with some of the wise little sermons on patience which she had delivered for their benefit.

It was Mac's turn now, and honorably did he repay his debt; for, as school was still forbidden, he had plenty of leisure, and devoted most of it to Rose. He took many steps for her, and even allowed her to teach him to knit, after assuring himself that many a brave Scotchman knew how to "click the pricks." She was obliged to take a solemn vow of secrecy, however, before he would consent; for, though he did not mind being called "Giglamps," "Granny" was more than his boyish soul could bear, and at the approach of any of the clan his knitting vanished as if by magic, which frequent "chucking" out of sight did not improve the stripe he was doing for Rose's new afghan.

She was busy with this pretty work one bright October afternoon, all nicely established on her sofa in the upper hall, while Jamie and Pokey (lent for her amusement) were keeping house in a corner, with Comet and Rose's old doll for their "childerns."

Presently, Phebe appeared with a card. Rose read it, made a grimace, then laughed and said:

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"I 'll see Miss Blish," and immediately put on her company face, pulled out her locket, and settled her curls.

"You dear thing, how *do* you do? I 've been trying to call every day since you got back, but I have so many engagements, I really could n't manage it till to-day. So glad you are alone, for mamma said I could sit awhile, and I brought my lace-work to show you, for it 's perfectly lovely," cried Miss Blish, greeting Rose with a kiss, which was not very warmly returned, though Rose politely thanked her for coming, and bid Phebe roll up the easy chair.

"How nice to have a maid!" said Ariadne, as she settled herself with much commotion. "Still, dear, you must be very lonely, and feel the need of a bosom friend."

"I have my cousins," began Rose, with dignity, for her visitor's patronizing manner ruffled her temper.

"Gracious, child! you don't make friends of those great boys, do you? Mamma says she really does n't think it 's proper for you to be with them so much."

"They are like brothers, and my aunts *do* think it's proper," replied Rose, rather sharply, for it struck her that this was none of Miss Blish's business.

"I was merely going to say I should be glad to have you for *my* bosom friend, for Hatty Mason and I have had an awful quarrel, and don't speak. She is too mean to live, so I gave her up. Just think, she never paid back one of the caramels I 've given her, and never invited me to her party. I could have forgiven the caramels, but to be left out in that rude way was more than I could bear, and I told her never to look at me again as long as she lived."

"You are very kind, but I don't think I want a bosom friend, thank you," said Rose, as Ariadne stopped to bridle and shake her flaxen head over the delinquent Hatty Mason.

Now in her heart Miss Blish thought Rose "a stuck-up puss," but the other girls wanted to know her and could n't, the old house was a charming place to visit, the lads were considered fine fellows, and the Campbells "are one of our first families," mamma said. So Ariadne concealed her vexation at Rose's coolness, and changed the subject as fast as possible.

"Studying French, I see; who is your teacher?" she asked, flirting over the leaves of "Paul and Virginia," that lay on the table.

"I don't *study* it, for I read French as well as English, and uncle and I often speak it for hours. He talks like a native, and says I have a remarkably good accent."

Rose really could not help this small display of superiority, for French was one of her strong points, and she was vain of it, though she usually managed to hide this weakness. She felt that Ariadne would be the better for a little crushing, and could not resist the temptation to patronize in her turn.

"Oh, indeed!" said Miss Blish, rather blankly, for French was not *her* strong point by any means.

"I am to go abroad with uncle in a year or two, and he knows how important it is to understand the languages. Half the girls who leave school can't speak decent French, and when they go abroad they are *so* mortified. I shall be very glad to help you, if you like, for of course *you* have no one to talk with at home."

Now Ariadne, though she *looked* like a wax doll, had feelings within her instead of sawdust, and these feelings were hurt by Rose's lofty tone. She thought her more "stuck up" than ever, but did not know how to bring her down, yet longed to do it, for she felt as if she had received a box on the ear, and involuntarily put her hand up to it. The touch of an ear-ring consoled her, and suggested a way of returning tit for tat in a telling manner.

"Thank you, dear; I don't need any help, for our teacher is from Paris, and of course *he* speaks better French than your uncle." Then she added, with a gesture of her head that set the little bells in her ears to tingling: "How do you like my new ear-rings? Papa gave them to me last week, and every one says they are lovely."

Rose came down from her high horse with a rapidity that was comical, for Ariadne had the upper hand now. Rose adored pretty things, longed to wear them, and the desire of her girlish soul was to have her ears bored, only Dr. Alec thought it foolish, so she never had done it. She would gladly have given all the French she could jabber for a pair of golden bells with pearl-tipped tongues, like those Ariadne wore; and, clasping her hands, she answered, in a tone that went to the hearer's heart:

"They are *too* sweet for anything! If uncle would only let me wear some, I should be *perfectly* happy."

"I would n't mind what he says. Papa laughed at me at first, but he likes them now, and says I shall have diamond solitaires when I am eighteen," said Ariadne, quite satisfied with her shot.

"I 've got a pair now that were mamma's, and a beautiful little pair of pearl and turquoise ones, that I am dying to wear," sighed Rose.

"Then do it. I 'll pierce your ears, and you must wear a bit of silk in them till they are well; your curls will hide them nicely; then, some day,

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slip in your smallest ear-rings, and see if your uncle don't like them."

"I asked him if it would n't do my eyes good once when they were red, and he only laughed. People do cure weak eyes that way, don't they?"

"Yes, indeed, and yours *are* sort of red. Let me see. Yes, I really think you ought to do it before they get worse," said Ariadne, peering into the large clear eye offered for inspection.

"Does it hurt much?" asked Rose, wavering.

"O dear no! just a prick and a pull, and its all over. I've done lots of ears, and know just how. Come, push up your hair and get a big needle."

"I don't quite like to do it without asking uncle's leave," faltered Rose, when all was ready for the operation.

"Did he ever forbid it?" demanded Ariadne, hovering over her prey like a vampire.

"No, never!"

"Then do it, unless you are *afraid*," cried Miss Blish, bent on accomplishing the deed.

That last word settled the matter, and, closing her eyes, Rose said "Punch!" in the tone of one giving the fatal order "Fire!"

Ariadne punched, and the victim bore it in heroic silence, though she turned pale and her eyes were full of tears of anguish.

"There! Now pull the bits of silk often, and cold-cream your ears every night, and you 'll soon be ready for the rings," said Ariadne, well pleased with her job, for the girl who spoke French with "a fine accent" lay flat upon the sofa, looking as exhausted as if she had had both ears cut off.

"It does hurt dreadfully, and I know uncle wont like it," sighed Rose, as remorse began to gnaw. "Promise not to tell, or I shall be teased to death," she added, anxiously, entirely forgetting the two little pitchers gifted with eyes as well as ears, who had been watching the whole performance from afar.

"Never. Mercy me, what 's that?" and Ariadne started as a sudden sound of steps and voices came up from below.

"It 's the boys! Hide the needle. Do my ears show? Don't breathe a word!" whispered Rose, scrambling about to conceal all traces of their iniquity from the sharp eyes of the clan.

Up they came, all in good order, laden with the proceeds of a nutting expedition, for they always reported to Rose and paid tribute to their queen in the handsomest manner.

"How many, and how big! We 'll have a grand roasting frolic after tea, wont we?" said Rose, plunging both hands into a bag of glossy brown nuts, while the clan "stood at ease" and nodded to Ariadne.

"That lot was picked especially for you, Rosy. I got every one myself, and they are extra whackers," said Mac, presenting a bushel or so.

"You should have seen Giglamps when he was after them. He pitched out of the tree, and would have broken his blessed old neck if Arch had not caught him," observed Steve, as he lounged gracefully in the window seat.

"You need n't talk, Dandy, when you did n't know a chestnut from a beech, and kept on thrashing till I told you of it," retorted Mac, festooning himself over the back of the sofa, being a privileged boy.

"I don't make mistakes when I thrash you, old Worm, so you 'd better mind what you are about," answered Steve, without a ray of proper respect for his elder brother.

"It is getting dark, and I must go, or mamma will be alarmed," said Ariadne, rising in sudden haste, though she hoped to be asked to remain to the nut-party.

No one invited her; and all the while she was putting on her things and chatting to Rose, the boys were telegraphing to one another the sad fact that some one ought to escort the young lady home. Not a boy felt heroic enough to cast himself into the breach, however; even polite Archie shirked the duty, saying to Charlie, as they quietly slipped into an adjoining room:

"I 'm not going to do all the gallivanting. Let Steve take that chit home and show his manners."

"I 'll be hanged if I do!" answered Prince, who disliked Miss Blish because she tried to be coquettish with him.

"Then I will," and, to the dismay of both recreant lads, Dr. Alec walked out of the room to offer his services to the "chit."

He was too late, however, for Mac, obeying a look from Rose, had already made a victim of himself, and trudged meekly away, wishing the gentle Ariadne at the bottom of the Red Sea.

"Then I will take this lady down to tea, as the other one has found a *gentleman* to go home with her. I see the lamps are lighted below, and I smell a smell which tells me that aunty has something extra nice for us to-night."

As he spoke, Dr. Alec was preparing to carry Rose down-stairs as usual; but Archie and Prince rushed forward, begging with penitent eagerness for the honor of carrying her in an arm-chair. Rose consented, fearing that her uncle's keen eye would discover the fatal bits of silk; so the boys crossed hands, and, taking a good grip of each curly pate, she was borne down in state, while the others followed by way of the banisters.

Tea was ordered earlier than usual, so that Jamie and his dolly could have a taste, at least, of the holiday fun, for they were to stay till seven, and be

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allowed twelve roasted chestnuts apiece, which they were under bonds not to eat till next day.

Tea was dispatched rapidly, therefore, and the party gathered round the wide hearth in the dining-room, where the nuts were soon dancing gayly on hot shovels or bouncing out among the company, thereby causing delightful panics among the little ones.

"Come, Rosy, tell us a story while we work, for you can't help much, and must amuse us as your share," proposed Mac, who sat in the shade pricking nuts, and who knew by experience what a capital little Scheherazade his cousin was.

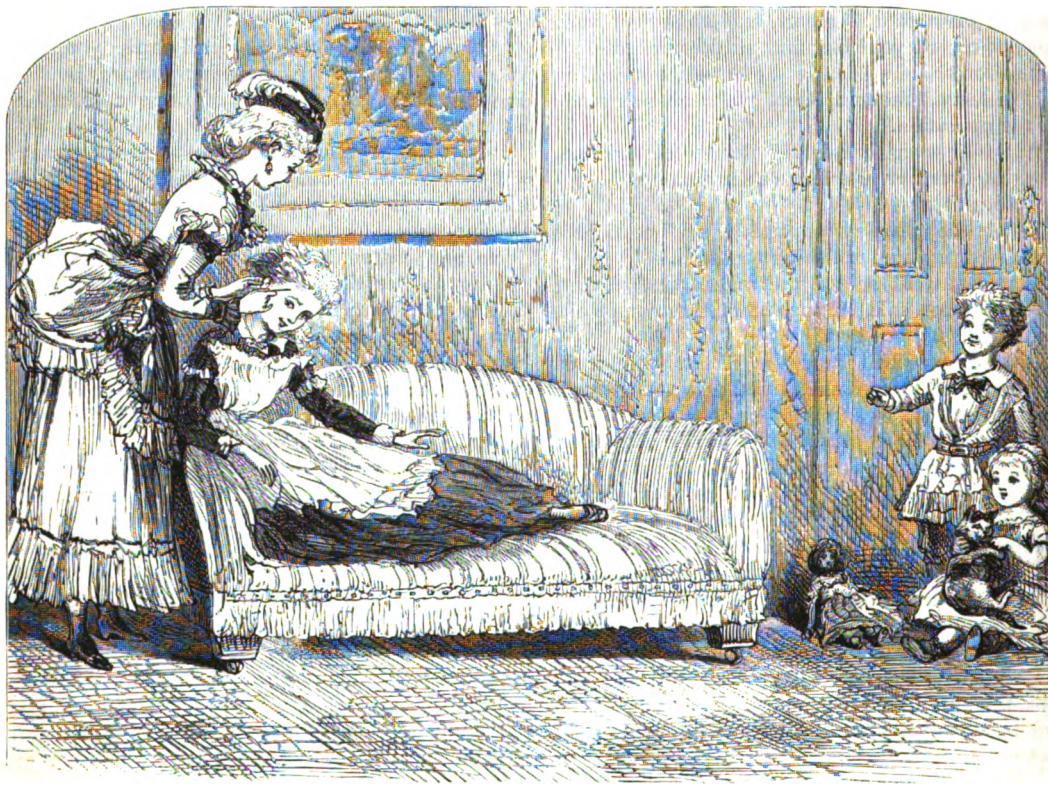
"Yes, we poor monkeys can't burn our paws for nothing, so tell away, Pussy," added Charlie, as he threw several hot nuts into her lap and shook his fingers afterward.

"Well, I happen to have a little story with a moral to it in my mind, and I will tell it, though it is intended for younger children than you," answered Rose, who was rather fond of telling instructive tales.

"Fire away," said Geordie, and she obeyed, little thinking what a disastrous story it would prove to herself.

"Well, once upon a time, a little girl went to see a young lady who was very fond of her. Now the young lady happened to be lame and had to have her foot bandaged up every day; so she kept a basketful of bandages, all nicely rolled and ready. The little girl liked to play with this basket, and one day, when she thought no one saw her, she took one of the rolls without asking leave, and put it in her pocket."

Here Pokey, who had been peering lovingly down at the five warm nuts that lay at the bottom of her tiny pocket, suddenly looked up and said, "Oh!" in a startled tone, as if the moral tale had become intensely interesting all at once.



ROSE AND ARIADNE HAVE SPECTATORS.

Rose heard and saw the innocent betrayal of the small sinner, and went on in a most impressive manner, while the boys nudged one another and winked as they caught the joke.

"But an eye did see this naughty little girl, and whose eye do you think it was?"

"Eye of Dod," murmured conscience-stricken Pokey, spreading two chubby little hands before the round face which they were not half big enough to hide.

Rose was rather taken aback by this reply, but,

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feeling that she was producing a good effect, she added, seriously:

"Yes, God saw her, and so did the young lady, but she did not say anything; she waited to see what the little girl would do about it. She had been very happy before she took the bandage, but when it was in her pocket she seemed troubled, and pretty soon stopped playing and sat down in a corner, looking very sober. She thought a few minutes, and then went and put back the roll very softly, and her face cleared up and she was a happy child again. The young lady was glad to see that, and wondered what made the little girl put it back."

"Tonscience p'icked her," murmured a contrite voice from behind the small hands pressed tightly over Pokey's red face.

"And why did she take it, do you suppose?" asked Rose, in a school-marmish tone, feeling that all the listeners were interested in her tale and its unexpected application.

"It was *so* nice and wound, and she wanted it deffly," answered the little voice.

"Well, I 'm glad she had such a good conscience. The moral is that people who steal don't enjoy what they take, and are not happy till they put it back. What makes that little girl hide her face?" asked Rose, as she concluded.

"Me 's so 'shamed of Pokey," sobbed the small culprit, quite overcome by remorse and confusion at this awful disclosure.

"Come, Rose, it 's too bad to tell her little tricks before every one, and preach at her in that way; you would n't like it yourself," began Dr. Alec, taking the weeper on his knee and administering consolation in the shape of kisses and nuts.

Before Rose could express her regret, Jamie, who had been reddening and ruffling like a little turkey-cock for several minutes, burst out indignantly, bent on avenging the wound given to his beloved dolly.

"*I* know something bad that *you* did, and I 'm going to tell right out. You thought we did n't see you, but we did, and you said uncle would n't like it, and the boys would tease, and you made Ariadne promise not to tell, and she punched holes in your ears to put ear-rings in. So now! and that 's much badder than to take an old piece of rag; and I hate you for making my Pokey cry."

Jamie's somewhat incoherent explosion produced such an effect, that Pokey's small sin was instantly forgotten, and Rose felt that her hour had come.

"What! what! what!" cried the boys in a chorus, dropping their shovels and knives to gather round Rose, for a guilty clutching at her ears betrayed her, and with a feeble cry of "Ariadne made me!" she hid her head among the pillows like an absurd little ostrich.

"Now she 'll go prancing round with bird-cages and baskets and carts and pigs, for all I know, in her ears, as the other girls do, and wont she look like a goose?" asked one tormentor, tweaking a curl that strayed out from the cushions.

"I did n't think she 'd be so silly," said Mac, in a tone of disappointment that told Rose she had sunk in the esteem of her wise cousin.

"That Blish girl is a nuisance, and ought not to be allowed to come here with her nonsensical notions," said the Prince, feeling a strong desire to shake that young person as an angry dog might shake a mischievous kitten.

"How do *you* like it, uncle?" asked Archie, who, being the head of a family himself, believed in preserving discipline at all costs.

"I am very much surprised; but I see she is a girl, after all, and must have her vanities like all the rest of them," answered Dr. Alec, with a sigh, as if he had expected to find Rose a sort of angel, above all earthly temptation.

"What shall you do about it, sir?" inquired Geordie, wondering what punishment would be inflicted on a feminine culprit.

"As she is fond of ornaments, perhaps we had better give her a nose-ring also. I have one somewhere that a Fiji belle once wore; I 'll look it up," and, leaving Pokey to Jamie's care, Dr. Alec rose as if to carry out his suggestion in earnest.

"Good! good! We 'll do it right away! Here 's a gimlet, so you hold her, boys, while I get her dear little nose all ready," cried Charlie, whisking away the pillows as the other boys danced about the sofa in true Fiji style.

It was a dreadful moment, for Rose could not run away,—she could only grasp her precious nose with one hand and extend the other, crying distractedly: "Oh, uncle, save me, save me!"

Of course he saved her; and when she was securely barricaded by his strong arm, she confessed her folly in such humiliation of spirit, that the lads, after a good laugh at her, decided to forgive her and lay all the blame on the tempter, Ariadne. Even Dr. Alec relented so far as to propose two gold rings for the ears instead of one copper one for the nose; a proceeding which proved that if Rose had all the weakness of her sex for jewelry, he had all the inconsistency of his in giving a pretty penitent exactly what she wanted, spite of his better judgment.

(To be continued.)

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MASTER TOTO'S CANARY.

By Sarah D. Clark.

Master Toto struck hard on the wires,
  When up flew the little cage door,
And, quick as a wink, or canary-bird's blink,
  Little William tripped out on the floor.
Then off through the window he flew,
Singing, "Up with the sun and the dew,
I am off and away, for a long holiday—
        Ho! ho! little man,
        Catch me, if you can!"

The roses grew red in the bower,
  The hollyhocks bloomed every one;
The gay spider threads, like gossamer shreds,
  With brightest dew glanced in the sun.
The lords and the ladies, they listened,
Their eyes like the great dewdrops glistened—
Surely never was heard such a wonderful bird,
        No robin nor sparrow is he,
        Trilling out from the tall alder-tree.

But holidays come to an end,
  The beautiful Summer had fled,
With the long, long night came frost-work and blight,
  And the flowers were drooping and dead;
Not a bird nor a bee in the air,
The fields were all withered and bare;
Though a brave little lad, Master Toto was sad
        For his poor little bird that was lost
        Out in the cold and the frost.

The hen-hawk swooped down from the sky,
  The squirrel was ready to spring;
With a shiver of dread, our young William's head
  Went under one stiff little wing.
All crumpled his soft yellow breast,
He longed for some shelter of rest;
With his fun and his play, and his long holiday,
        He had nothing to eat,
        And no perch for his feet.

He wanted his snug little home—
  So off with a penitent trill,
Where his seeds, golden bright, shone out in the light,
  He pecked at the gay window-sill,
Calling out, "I would like to engage
Apartments in one little cage—
I am getting too wise and too old, to be out in the frost and the cold;
        Master Toto, once more,
        Please to open the door!"

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HOW THE GRASSHOPPERS CAME.

By a Nebraska Woman.

I WISH to tell the readers of ST. NICHOLAS a story about the Great American Desert, where the grasshoppers made such a fearful raid last Summer.

When you see the little creatures hopping harmlessly about in the grass, you can think of what a power for evil they possess when they gather together in such armies as those which overran our part of the country last year.

The weather was intensely warm here all last season, and for thirty days within the space of six weeks the thermometer ranged from 100° to 116°.

It was during this heat in the latter part of July that our Swede girl, Selma, said she must go home to care for her aged mother. Pete and Polly, our two mules, were harnessed to the express wagon in the early morning, and a pleasant little company of us started out to take Selma home.

Our road lay up the banks of a clear winding stream, on each side of which our industrious Swede neighbors have settled, and turned over the virgin soil of this "Garden of the Desert," upon which appeared fields of waving grain.

We had not ridden far before Pete and Polly, who had been whisking their long ears very contentedly, began to lay them back and toss their heads into the air. As they tossed them higher and higher, we noticed that a grasshopper came at intervals with a bounce into our laps or hit our hands and faces, and the farther we went north the more frequently their whizz and click assailed our ears, or their sharp wings struck our noses, till we sympathized with our restless mules. Soon we noticed the little brown bodies and gray wings lying in piles along the shady side of our track, and that the green leaves of the corn hung like slit ribbons swaying in the breeze; and farther on there was here and there a field that had been planted on the sod where nothing but the stalk was left, and we said, "See what the grasshoppers have been doing."

We set Selma down at her door, and turned toward home, wondering if the grasshoppers were going to do much harm.

The season had been unusually dry, as well as warm, and for that reason the small grain, though very light, was ready for the reaper, or already cut.

Soon after the harvesters had repaired to the field that afternoon, the cry was heard, "The grasshoppers have fallen upon the corn-fields." Then we knew we had met the scouting party in the morning, and that, by some wonderful insect power, they had telegraphed to the main body the news of our rich fields.

We had a corn-field of twenty acres, that was the pride of our foreman, and pronounced the most luxuriant of any for miles up and down the valley. The destroyers were at work upon it, but the men, hoping to save a part, left their harvest and built fires all along the rows. They whipped and switched and smoked, running from one part of the field to the other in the heat, but it was all of no avail. The little invaders ate on, and at night nothing was left of our boasted corn-field but the tall bare stalks, looking like bean-poles.

The Indian women had corn and bean patches near us, and when they came and saw their work all destroyed they wept and moaned, and said, "God is not pleased, or He would not send the grasshoppers to eat what we need."

The next day the raiders came to our gardens, and though we covered the plants with barrels and boxes and sheets, though we smoked and whipped and brushed, hoping to save some vegetables, they seemed to laugh at our dismay, and kept steadily at work, even eating our onions and red pepper-stalks down to the ground.

They stripped young fruit-trees of their leaves and gnawed our shrubbery and flowers till there was no green thing left to cover the brown earth, and then they mounted our shade trees, and the ground was soon covered with falling leaves.

The heat was intensified by the presence of such a mass of animal matter, and our nights, usually so cool, were hot and uncomfortable. The unwonted sound of the rustling of millions of wings caused the dogs to howl dolefully, and a vague terror began to steal over our hearts.

Near nightfall of the third day of the presence of the foe, a brisk breeze blew from the north. Our neighbor Keturah came to our door, and said, "Do you see how the smoke is rising on every side of us?"

We could see from ten to twenty miles in any direction, and all about us were pyramidal columns of smoke, as we thought, rising toward the heavens. "How is it," we asked, "that these great masses of smoke appear simultaneously at every point?" And as we gazed and saw them slowly grow blacker and rise higher, an indefinable dread of some fearful coming took possession of us.

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Two of our number were out taking a gallop on their ponies. On their return they said, "Did you see the grasshoppers rise? We heard a sound like a rushing wind, and thought we were riding into the edge of a whirlwind" (such as are often seen here, carrying pyramids of dust and sand many feet from the earth), "but, looking a moment, saw the grasshoppers going up in cloud-like masses, and they passed off south."

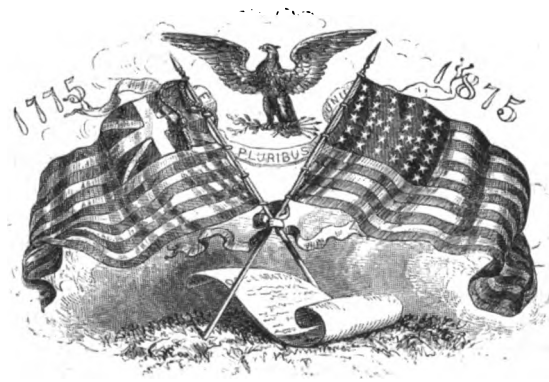
"Ah! that was the grasshoppers, and we thought it smoke!" we exclaimed; and immediately the weight was lifted from our hearts. Some grasshoppers were left near our buildings, but they were merely going to rest for the night, and by noon next day very few were to be seen. In just one week from the day of their first arrival, a great shower of grasshoppers fell again, and began to devour what the others had left. One corn-field which the others had left in part, and which still promised a small harvest, was attacked by these later marauders, and our last hope for corn that season soon vanished.

Our shade-trees were entirely stripped of their leaves, the netting screens in our doors and windows hung in tatters, and the greedy millions made their way into our houses to devour plants which we thought hidden from their insatiate little jaws. They ate holes in clothing, in curtains, and in pincushions, and I heard of one woman who found the draught of her stove clogged with grasshoppers, they having fallen down the pipe in such numbers as to fill it.

The houses and fences soon were black with the millions of these insects. We could not even see the bark on the trees because of the myriads of wings, and we beheld the result of the labor of many hands a blank before us. We sat in awed silence, feeling we were in the presence of that Power which can bar the raging waves of the sea with little grains of sand and send an army of little insects to bring to naught the boasted work of man.

The third day after their arrival, clouds flitted across the sun at intervals, screening us from its intense heat, and toward night a company of us, daughters of these prairies, dragged our really exhausted selves to the river, hoping to find a little refreshment by a bath. We were scarcely in the water before we were startled by a crash, a peal, and then a rushing wind. Peering over the high northern bank, we saw a black cloud driven furiously up toward the zenith, and at the same time the sun burst from under a dark veil in the west, revealing to our eyes a scene of wonder. Myriads upon myriads of little wings were flashing like specks of silver in the sunlight, not only as far as the eye could reach, east, west, and south, but as far as we could see into the air above us, and we knew the grasshoppers were driven again before the north wind.

When our bath was finished, very few of them were left to annoy us as we returned home, and great was our relief and joy to have them gone. But we did not look forward to the want which has oppressed so many hearts, and to the relief of which so many of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS have, no doubt, contributed.



OUR FLAG IN 1775 AND IN 1875.

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ROSES.

By Lily De Sozia Wood.

So many beautiful and useful things come to us from Eastern countries, that it is hard to say what is most valuable to us; but I expect, if the young folks were asked what they liked best that comes from Persia, they would not say the fine silks, or splendid carpets, or even the exquisite shawls made there, but the peaches and the lovely damask roses!

The Persians, compared with their neighbors, the Turks and Egyptians, are a lively people, but we would call them quiet, and even sad, because their gayety is so different from ours, and their manners are more grave and dignified. But they are fond of amusements, and one of their yearly festivals is the "Feast of the Roses," which takes place during the Rose season, which is June, July, and indeed the greater part of the Summer. I will try to tell you something about it.

The climate being very warm, the people live much out of doors, and during this feast tents are pitched; every one wears his or her prettiest dresses, and, as all Eastern people are fond of bright colors, the scene is a very gay one.

During this festival everything betokens mirth and enjoyment. The cymbals and lute are heard from morning till night, the story-tellers recount their most beautiful tales, and the dancing-girls dance for hours at a time. Then, when the night comes, and the moonlight covers everything like a silver cloud, the people stretch themselves on their soft carpets and listen to the songs of the nightingales and soft serenades on the women's lutes.

In some parts of Turkey whole fields of roses are cultivated, from which the Turks make the famous "attar of roses," which is so fragrant that a vessel or anything touched with a drop of it seems never to lose the smell; and the Hindoos scatter rose-leaves in the water they drink to give it a pleasant appearance.

There are more than two hundred kinds of roses, and they are of all sizes, from the tiny "Picayune rose," so called because it is no larger than a five-cent-piece,—which, in the South, is called a picayune,—to the immense cabbage-rose; of all shades of color, bright yellow, pink, red, and almost black. The Rose of Damascus, or damask rose, is the one first brought to this country, and is a very deep red, with a strong perfume. Then there are the Egyptian sea-roses, tea-roses, rock-roses, which grow in dry, rocky places, where no other flower can live; and the Alpine rose, growing by the eternal snow-drifts of the Alps.

Roses are hardy plants, and will live a long time, if properly cared for. There is a rose-tree in Germany, which is known to be eight hundred years old, and it is still blossoming.

We all know and love the pretty moss-rose, with its mossy, green veil, that gives it such a shy, modest air; and the tea-rose, which, in the South and West, grows on large trees. The writer had, in her garden in Arkansas, one which grew to be over seven feet high, and would bear as many as five hundred blossoms at once.

But there is one rose more curious than all the others—the Rose of Jericho. It has another name which botanists call it, that is, *Anastatica*, a Greek word, meaning resurrection; and the Arabs call it the symbol of immortality, because it comes to life again long after it has seemed to be dead. It lives in the hot sands of the Desert of Sahara, and when the dry season comes it withers, folds its leaves, and draws up its roots, like little feet, into a light ball, and the winds of the desert carry it until it reaches a moist soil, and then, we are told, it drops, takes root, and its leaves become green, and its blossoms open, a delicate pink.

There is a flower in Mexico, known as the Resurrection Flower, which is very much the same. It may be carried about in your pocket for a year and more, and yet, when put into a saucer of water, in a few hours will blossom out as bright and fresh as if it had just come out of the garden.

When the Romans conquered Britain, more than eighteen hundred years ago, they introduced many curious customs into that country,—among others, that of carving the figure of a rose on the ceilings of their banqueting-halls, or suspending a natural rose over the dining-table, with the Latin motto, "*Sub rosa*," written above it, to indicate that whatever was said there among friends, or *under the rose*,—for that was the meaning of the words,—should not be repeated, the white rose being the symbol of silence.

The rose is the national emblem of England, as the thistle is of Scotland, and the shamrock, or clover, of Ireland. Every one who has studied

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history knows of the Wars of the Roses in England, when the two rival families of York and Lancaster fought for the English crown, the house of York having for its badge the white rose, and the house of Lancaster the red.

Many of my young readers have heard of the language of flowers, in which people can hold conversations with each other; for instance: A white rose is the emblem of silence; a withered rose of any color means, "Let us forget;" and a yellow rose, "Despair," and so on. A rose handed to a person means one thing when handed upright, another when its position is reversed. With its thorns it has a certain meaning; without them, still another. Among these Eastern people—the Persians, Turks, and Hindoos—this language of flowers is so perfectly understood that, by means of a bunch of their favorite roses, long conversations may be carried on without a word being spoken. This suits these people, who do not like to talk very much, but who are, nevertheless, a very romantic, dreamy, and poetic race.

AMERICAN ORATORS.

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

WE are a nation of speakers, and have a speech ready for every occasion, whether it be a public dinner, a political mass-meeting, or a Fourth of July celebration. Our English cousins are astonished at the general fluency and confidence we exhibit; for while they possess some of the wittiest and most learned masters of debate living, the gift of public talking is not common among them.

Of course, talking is no more like real oratory than a pot of paint is like art; and a good many Americans have never found out the difference.

The high-flown words of the patriot who declaims to his fellow-countrymen on the Fourth of July are often nonsensical and meaningless. Who, to his mortification, has not heard much rubbish spoken from "the stump" in rural villages? But we have an unusual number of bright, eloquent, sensible speakers withal, and in the hundred years past we have produced some of the greatest orators the world has known,—real orators, mind you, who had a wonderful power of filling multitudes of intelligent men and women with fear, hope, courage, dismay, and horror in turn; orators who could, with passionate words alone, drive a populace to war and restore it to a love of peace in a few brief moments.

It is scarcely necessary for me to tell you who these great orators were. All of you have heard of Patrick Henry, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun, Edward Everett, and Rufus Choate. These are some notable representatives of our orators,—I cannot mention all,—and I have collected a few anecdotes about them, which may, perhaps, interest you at this season.

Boys who do not love study, and would rather fish and swim on a Summer's afternoon than pore over First Lessons in Latin, may find much consolation in the life of Patrick Henry.

He was born on a Virginia farm in 1736, and was as fine a specimen of the ne'er-do-well as could be found in his county. His person was ugly, his manners were awkward, and his dress was slovenly.

PATRICK HENRY.

When the hour for study came he was usually absent, and was to be found in the woods with his gun, or by the river with his fishing-rod. But at the age of fifteen he was installed behind the counter of a merchant, and a year afterward began business for himself in partnership with his brother

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William. The firm failed in a short time, and Patrick then tried farming, in which he also failed. Opening another store, he again became a bankrupt, and at last sought relief for his disappointment in reading classical books.

With only a smattering of law, he obtained a license to practice in the courts; and one day a case was intrusted to him which was so hopeless that no other lawyer would accept it. As he arose to make the opening address the spectators laughed at him, and his father, who presided on the bench, was overcome with confusion.

But before he had spoken many words those who had laughed were struck with amazement at the eloquence he displayed, and listened to him in death-like silence. They were fascinated by the spell of his eyes, the majesty of his attitudes, the commanding expression of his face, and as he concluded, tears of joy rolled down his father's face. The case was won, and the name of Patrick Henry became known far and wide as that of a great orator.

But he was no more inclined to study after his success than before, and instead of improving his manners and dress he took great delight in their plainness, and would often come into court attired in a coarse hunting jacket, greasy leather breeches, and with a pair of saddle-bags under his arm.

While he remained in his seat he was a shuffling, independent-looking farmer, but when he arose and spoke his body seemed to burn with passion.

The intense force of his words is shown by an incident which occurred during a speech describing the effects of the adoption of the present Constitution of the United States, in which he looked "beyond the horizon that binds mortal eyes, to those celestial beings who were hovering over the scene, anxiously waiting for a decision which involved the happiness or misery of the whole human race." To those celestial beings he made an appeal that caused the nerves of all who listened to him to shake with horror, and as his passion was at its height a terrible thunder-storm rumbled without, and the members rushed from the legislative chamber in terror.

Henry Clay was almost worshiped by his adherents. He was born in 1777, and was a very tall man, straight and slim as an arrow. And here you must remember that command of words alone does not make an orator. There are some speakers whose language is carefully chosen and whose thoughts are beautiful; yet these are not orators. They have not the passionate, thrilling voice nor the mastering presence that gave Mr. Clay his great power over an audience. It has been said that, in listening to him, you were reminded of his intellect only, that seemed to shine through his thin flesh. As he spoke every muscle of his face was at work, and his whole body was agitated. He did not use many words, but they were to the point, and spoken grandly.

John Randolph, of Roanoke, spoke scornfully in Congress one day of Mr. Clay's language.

HENRY CLAY.

"The gentleman from Virginia," said Mr. Clay in reply, "was pleased to declare that, in one point of my speech, he agreed with me,—in an humble estimate of my command of words. I know my deficiency. I was born to no proud patrimonial estate of my father. I inherited only infancy, ignorance, and indigence. I feel my defects; but so far as my situation in early life is concerned I may, without presumption, say they are more my misfortune than my fault. But, however I may deplore my inability to furnish the gentleman with a better specimen of my powers of verbal criticism, I will venture to say my regret is not greater than the disappointment the members of Congress feel as to the strength of his argument on the question before us."

Thus he managed to vindicate his origin and to turn the laugh against his antagonist in one breath.

Mr. Clay's knowledge of human nature was thorough and profound; and he was able to put it to use at any moment, as the following anecdotes will show:

On a certain occasion he met an old hunter, who had once been his supporter, but who afterward went against him on account of his vote on a certain bill in Congress.

"Have you a good rifle, my friend?" he asked of the hunter.

"Yes."

"Does it ever flash in the pan?"

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"It never did so more than once," the hunter answered, proud of his weapon.

"Well, what did you do with it? You did n't throw it away, did you?" continued Mr. Clay.

EDWARD EVERETT.

"No; I picked the flint, tried it again, and brought down game."

"Have I ever flashed in the pan, except on the Compensation bill?"

"No, I can't say you have."

"Well, will you throw me away?"

"No; I 'll pick the flint and try you again." So the hunter grasped Mr. Clay's hand and gave him his vote.

At another time Clay was visiting a backwoods county in Kentucky, where the man who could fire the best shot stood highest in esteem, and the man who could n't fire at all was looked upon with contempt. He was canvassing for votes, when he was approached by some old hunters, one of whom told him that he would be elected to Congress, but that he must first show how good a shot he was. Clay declared that he never shot with any rifle except his own, which was at home.

"No matter. Here 's 'Old Bess,'" answered the hunter, giving him a gun, "and she never fails in the hands of a marksman. She 's put a bullet through many a squirrel at a hundred yards, and has let daylight through a red-skin at twice that distance. If you can shoot with any gun, you can shoot with 'Old Bess.'"

A target was set up, and Mr. Clay aimed "Old Bess" at it. He fired faint-heartedly, but the shot struck the bull's-eye in the center.

"A chance shot! a chance shot!" cried his opponents.

"Never mind," he answered. "You beat it, and then I will."

No one could beat it, and Mr. Clay had too much sense to try again.

In appearance and manner, Edward Everett was almost the exact opposite of Patrick Henry, and even more elegant and refined than Henry Clay. He was very polished, and his voice was clear and sweet; but his orations were not so powerful. They were beautiful compositions, that read well in a book, and were not a bit like the wild-fire utterances that burst from the Virginian.

Rufus Choate was also a man of great eloquence, and it is said that he would plead a case with the earnestness of one whose life and character were at stake. He was a lawyer by profession, and at an early age distinguished himself as an advocate.

Mr. Whipple has written of him: "His legal arguments were replete with knowledge, and blazed with the blended fires of imagination and sensibility, which swept along the minds of his hearers on the torrent of his eloquence." He was fanciful and humorous, too.

On one occasion a witness testified that he had found one of Mr. Choate's clients crying, and that when the witness asked him what was the matter, he answered that he was afraid that he had "struck on a snag." Mr. Choate translated this testimony as follows: "Such were my client's feelings, and such his actions, down to the fatal night, when, at

RUFUS CHOATE.

ten o'clock, in that flood of tears, his hopes went out like a candle."

In March, 1844, he delivered a famous speech, and thus alluded to a statement that the American

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JOHN C. CALHOUN.

people cherished a feeling of deep-rooted hatred to Great Britain.

"No, sir; we are above all this. Let the Highland clansman, half-naked, half-civilized, half-blinded by the peat-smoke of his cavern, have his hereditary enemy, and his hereditary enmity, and keep the keen, deep, and precious hatred alive if he can; let the North American Indian have his, and hand it down from father to son, by Heaven knows what symbol of alligators, rattle-snakes, and war-clubs smeared with vermilion; let such a country as Poland, cloven to the earth, the armed heel on her radiant forehead, her body dead, her soul incapable of death,—let her remember her wrongs of the days long past; let the lost and wandering tribes of Israel remember theirs,—the manliness and sympathy of the world may allow or pardon this to them; but shall America, young, free and prosperous, just setting out on the highway of heaven, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just begins to move in * * * shall she pollute and corrode her noble and happy heart by moping over old stories of wrongs? * * No, sir; no, sir; a thousand times no! We are born to happier feelings. We have, we can have no barbarian memory of wrongs for which brave men have made the last expiation to the brave!"

But no extract, nor the oration printed in full, can give an idea of the stirring effect which the music of the living voice gave to the vivid words.

I have left myself so little space that I cannot do more than mention Calhoun, who was born in 1782, and was an exceedingly brilliant speaker. In the same year Daniel Webster was born, and with a few anecdotes about him I must conclude.

In appearance he was tall and ugly. His head was large, and his face set with great black eyes. The words he spoke came up from his broad chest with such emphasis that it has been said that each of them seemed to weigh at least twelve pounds.

Like Henry, he could entrance an audience and hold them spell-bound by his eloquence. "When his speech was over," one writer says, "the tones of the orator still lingered in the ear, and the people, unconscious of its close, retained their positions. The agitated face, the heaving breast, the suffused eye attested its influence. There was not a movement or a whisper for several minutes, when a sharp rap of the chairman's hammer broke the charm that Mr. Webster had wound about them."

One of his best orations was made in answer to a Colonel Hayne, who generously congratulated Webster on his effort.

"And how do you feel this evening, Colonel?" Webster asked.

"None the better for your speech, sir," answered his opponent.

You understand, of course, that a great orator must have a mind quick to seize upon apt similes. Alluding to Alexander Hamilton, Webster said, in an after-dinner speech, "He smote the rock of public credit, and streams of revenue gushed forth." As

DANIEL WEBSTER.

if to illustrate this, he brought his clenched fist down upon the table, and in doing so he struck a wine-glass, which broke and cut his hand. He slowly covered the wound with his napkin, which suggested a shroud, and then continued: "He touched the dead corpse of public credit, and it rose upon its feet." Thus he made himself master of the situation.

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TOTTY'S ARITHMETIC.

BY E. S. F.

ONE little head, worth its whole weight in gold,
Over and over, a million times told.

Two shining eyes, full of innocent glee,
Brighter than diamonds ever could be.

Three pretty dimples, for fun to slip in,
Two in the cheeks and one in the chin.

Four lily fingers on each baby-hand,
Fit for a princess of sweet Fairy-land.

Five on each hand, if we reckon Tom Thumb,
Standing beside them, so stiff and so glum!

Six pearly teeth just within her red lips,
Over which merriment ripples and trips.

Seven bright ringlets, as yellow as gold,
Seeming the sunshine to gather and hold.

Eight tiny waves running over her hair,
Sunshine and shadow, they love to be there.

Nine precious words that Totty can say;
But she will learn new ones every day.

Ten little chubby, comical toes;
And that is as far as this lesson goes.

A GREAT SPECULATION.

BY ROSSITER JOHNSON.

YOUNG Tommy Baker's uncle, who was a great reader and traveler, came to his nephew's home one day for a short visit, and during his stay he talked a good deal about the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, which he had recently been to see, describing minutely the approach to the cave, the winding passages, the mysterious rivers, the eyeless fish, and the crystals and stalactites. Tommy was lost in admiration.

Wishing to teach him as much as possible, and to have him remember what he had learned, his father, after his uncle had gone, continued the subject, telling him about other celebrated caves—Wier's Cave and Madison's Cave, in Virginia; Franconia, in Germany; Kirkdale, in England; and Fingal's, in Staffa. Then he told him about celebrated artificial excavations—the catacombs of Paris, Rome, Syracuse, and Palermo; and, finally, he described some of the discoveries at Herculaneum and Pompeii, and in the mounds of our Western States. When he had fully awakened Tommy's interest and curiosity, he told him in what books he could find more information on these subjects, and then left him to study them up for himself.

Tommy and I were, one day, in his father's yard at the point where the sward began to slope toward the brook, a tributary to Rocky Creek. We sat on a large bowlder, with our feet hanging over the edge, looking down into the little valley of the brook, and he repeated what his father and his uncle had told him about the caves and the catacombs and Herculaneum and the mounds.

"I wish," said he, "that the mouth of one of 'em was in our yard."

"Yes," said I, "that would be nice. Then we could go in and see all the curiosities and get as many crystals and vases and arrows and hatchets as we wanted."

My fancy included the products of all the different kinds of caves and excavations in the one which was to be in Tommy's yard; but perhaps it was just as well,—certainly it was all the more enjoyable.

"But that would n't be the best of it," said he.

"Why, what would?" I asked.

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"We could put up a gate, and charge folks for going in," he answered, and his eyes twinkled over his imaginary profits.

"Could we?" said I, incredulously.

"Of course I could," said he; and the singular pronoun signified to me that he was growing avaricious, and no longer wanted me for a partner in the business.

I began to wish that the cave had been located in our yard, instead of in theirs. I thought if it had been, I would teach Tommy a lesson of magnanimous liberality by dividing the money with him every Saturday night.

"You always have to pay to go into such places," he continued; "and it 's the easiest way to get rich there is. You just put up a little sign that says: 'This way to the Cave!' and a hand pointing. And then it 's a long distance, and the path is crooked and real hard to walk on, and you leave all the stones and bushes and old rubbish in it. And when the people get to the end of it, there you are, sitting by a little table with a box on it for the money; and they 've got to pay you twenty-five cents, or fifty perhaps, before they can go in, because the cave 's on your land. And some of 'em say they wont give it; and then they think about the hard, stony path, and they say it 's too bad to come over all that for nothing, and then they pay the money and go in. And you have some little books on the table, that tell all about it, and you sell 'em one of them for ten cents, or else they can't understand it; and there you make some more money."

Tommy was growing very enthusiastic on the subject, and I was catching a little of the same spirit.

"I wish we had a cave," said I.

"Yes," said the speculative Tommy, "I could sit at the little table and take the money, and you could go with the folks to show 'em the way and tell 'em about things. Some of 'em have rivers in 'em, that have fish in 'em without any eyes; and you have to row the people across in a boat, and you charge 'em extra for that."

I had an idea. "Suppose we *make* a cave?"

"Could we?" said Tommy.

"We could try," said I, remembering that somebody or other had once given that as a very heroic answer, which had made him famous. And now, what if the same answer, given in the same spirit, should make Tommy and me rich!

"How should we do it?" he asked.

"Oh, dig it!" said I, as confidently as if I had been a journeyman cave-maker half my life, and were ready to take Tommy for my apprentice.

"Where would we have it?" said he, looking around.

"I don't know; let 's look for a good place," said I, and I slid down the face of the rock, followed by the little fortune-hunter.

We surveyed the whole yard, and very quickly concluded that the entrance must be somewhere along the bank of the creek. At a certain point a few yards below, in the direction of down stream, the bank, instead of descending in a grassy slope, fell off suddenly, and presented an almost perpendicular face of clay, on which no grass grew. It was evident that this was the place to begin operations, if we were to make a cave. We had nothing to do but dig straight in at the base of the cliff; and we could throw the dirt into the stream, and the water would wash it away out of sight about as fast as we two boys could dig it. This would prevent the work from being discovered, unless some one should happen to go down the bank and approach closely to the mouth of the proposed cave.

I asked Tommy what he thought his father would say as to the cave.

"I guess," said he, "he would n't want me to do it, if he knew. But when he sees the money, he 'll say it 's all right."

"It can't hurt anything, at any rate," said I, beginning to fear that if he thought too much about what his father would say, he might give up the project.

"No," said he, "it can't hurt anything. We can throw the dirt over into the brook, and not make a bit of muss. And then it 'll be all underground, and the ground on top 'll be just as good for a garden or anything as ever 't was."

"And then," I pursued, "when we get a hundred dollars, we can make our fathers and mothers a present of half of it"—for I still had a vague fear that, in some unsuspected manner, the cave *might* interfere with some of Mr. Baker's plans.

But Tommy did n't know about making any such munificent presents. It was n't the way people usually did when they got rich. He promised, however, to think about it.

One thing was certain. We must keep the whole matter a profound secret—that was agreed upon. And we would begin operations the very next day—that also was agreed upon. I stood before the face of the clay cliff, and with a sharp stick marked the arched outline of the entrance to the cave that was to be.

We got together again in the evening, alone in Mrs. Baker's kitchen, and used up several sheets of paper in drawing plans for the cave.

"We must have some parts of it very crooked," said I.

"Yes, and in one place there must be quite a large room, with stalakites hanging down from the top," said Tommy.

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"O yes! *stalactites*," said I, intending to correct him very gently.

"It's *stalakites*," said he; "my Uncle Charles said so."

I was sure I was right, and was not inclined to let it go so. We came very near falling into a serious quarrel on the subject, and giving up the project. At length we agreed to leave it to the dictionary, which the confident Tommy brought, and looked out the word.

"Well, *stalactites*," said he, "if you must have it so;" and then he hurried on to the consideration of other parts of the plan. "If we could strike a stream of water underground it would be nice," he continued. "There's one runs right through the bottom of our well."

"Perhaps we can dig a pond and pour some water into it," I suggested, "and catch some fish in Rocky Creek to put into it."

"Put their eyes out first?" asked Tommy.

"No," said I, "that would be cruel. Besides, after they've been there awhile their eyes will go away, and their little fishes will be born blind."

Tommy saw that I considered the subject from a lofty point, both in morals and in science, and he was much impressed.

"What *I* want," said he, after musing a few minutes on these weighty questions, "is a few skulls, so it'll look like the catacombs. And that'll scare the boys, and make 'em not try to get in when we aint there."

"There's a horse's skull on the common," I suggested.

"I suppose we can't get human skulls," said he.

"I suppose not."

"Then may be, if we put the horse's skull pretty high up, and stick the long nose-part deep into the wall, it'll look like a human skull, and we can make 'em think 't is."

"May be so."

"But then," said he, "the teeth ought to show. The teeth are the scariest part of a skull."

"That's so," said I, emphatically; and I immediately gave my whole mind to the solution of the problem how to make a horse's skull look like a human skull, and yet have the teeth show. I solved it at last. "I have it! I have it! provided we can get two horses' skulls," and I stopped in doubt on that question.

"O yes," said Tommy; "we can get two easy enough."

"Well, then, we'll fix one as you say, with the long nose-part in the wall, and close to it we'll fix the other so that it will be all buried up in the wall except the mouth, which will stick out and show its teeth. The first one will make folks think they're human, and the other will scare 'em—a little; we don't want to scare 'em too much." Thus we agreed to arrange it.

Tommy put the finishing touches to the last plan we had drawn, and made quite conspicuous the table at the entrance, with the money-box on it.

Then I went home, and we both went to bed,—not so much to sleep as to lie awake and think about the cave and its profits.

Early next morning, with a shovel and a hoe and a light crowbar, we went to work. With an old nail-keg to stand on while working at the upper part of the arch, we got along very well. Before school-time we had dug more than a foot into the bank, and thrown the dirt, a shovelful at a time, into the brook. We were tired enough to be perfectly willing to leave off work in good season for school. But our enthusiasm was growing, and we longed for vacation to come, that we might give our whole time to the task.

After school we worked again until supper-time; and the close of that first day saw the completion of the first two feet of the tunnel.

"How much shall we charge?" said I, as we took a last look at the hollow arch, before going home to our well-earned rest.

"I never heard of a cave that you could go into, and all through, for less than twenty-five cents," said Tommy.

"That ought to be cheap enough, certainly," said I.

"Yes," said he, "we must charge a quarter of a dollar; and no half-price for children, and no free passes to anybody."

"No," said I, "no free passes. But shall we admit children at all? They'll meddle with things, and may be break something. They're awful troublesome."

"Admit 'em if they pay," said the business-like Tommy. This seemed to settle the matter, and we walked away in silence.

"But," said I, when we had reached the top of the bank, "not many of the boys that we know have got twenty-five cents. They never have so much, except on Fourth of July."

"Then let 'em sell something and raise the money," he answered, knowing that he had the monopoly of the cave market.

"But," I suggested, "what if they wont?"

Tommy took a few minutes to consider that question. It put the matter in a new light. He began to realize that the boys were under no obligation, and might not be at all anxious, to pay tribute to the money-box on the little table where he already imagined himself sitting at the receipt of custom.

"I guess," said he, slowly, "we shall have to let them in for about five cents apiece."

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"I think that will be the best way," I answered; and then we parted for the night.

The next day was Saturday, and we gave the whole time to the work. In order to lose as little as possible, we brought our dinners; but long before noon we became fiercely hungry and ate all our provisions, and two hours later we went home for more.

By tea-time, Saturday, we had penetrated two yards into the bank, rounding the arch out completely all the way, and throwing all the dirt over into the brook, which was here pretty swift and swept it away. We saw that our progress would necessarily be slower and slower, as we had farther and farther to carry the dirt. But we thought we had done well so far, and were very much encouraged.

Thus we dug away, mornings, afternoons, and Saturdays, until we reached a point about fifteen feet from the entrance. And now it was very slow work, because every shovelful had to travel over those five yards. We began to realize that we had taken a pretty large contract. None of the winding passages had been attempted yet. It was just a straight tunnel. We sat down and discussed the situation.

"If we carry out the whole plan, it will take all Summer," said Tommy.

"Yes," said I, "and, when the Fall rains come, this wont be a pleasant place to stay in."

"No," said he; "a fellow might take an awful cold—consumption, may be—sitting here all day making change when the equinoctial was going on."

"Let 's finish it up right here," said I.

"I think we 'd better," said Tommy. "We can dig some away at the sides here and make one room, and that 'll do. One room 's enough, if they 're only going to pay five cents. We can put all the skulls and things in here."

"And if it pays pretty well," said I, "we can dig it farther next year, and put in more things, and then the boys will want to come in again."

"It 's a good idea," said Tommy; "it will be most profitable that way."

So we went to work with a will, and dug away a few yards of earth on each side of the inner end of the tunnel, until we had made a small room. Then we scooped a good deal off from the ceiling of this room, until it was considerably higher than the tunnel.

"That 'll do first-rate," said Tommy; "that 's plenty dark enough."

"Now for the things," said I. "How are we going to make the stalactites?"

"Let 's go and see what we can find," said Tommy.

We went on a voyage of discovery around the house and barn. Behind the barn, leaning up against it, was a section of an old white picket-fence, that had been torn up to make room for a new one somewhere.

"I think those would do nicely," said I, and we knocked off seven or eight of the pickets, sawed them short, and carried them to the cave, where we stuck them into the ceiling, points down.

"That 's splendid!" said Tommy. "That looks just like the Mammoth Cave. Now for the skulls."

I thought it would be better not to go for the skull until evening, as somebody might see us in the day-time. Tommy agreed to that; and then we went over to our house, to see what we could find.

I stole into the front room and brought out two flint arrow-heads and a stone hatchet, which were among other curiosities on a little stand in the corner. In the wood-shed we found a broken preserve-jar and an old iron dumb-bell.

All these we carried to the cave, and arranged them around the sides.

"Those," said Tommy, "make it look like an Indian mound."

We employed the little remaining time before supper in sweeping and smoothing the floor, and discussing the management of the show.

"I wish there was a door to it, so we could lock it up," said Tommy. "I 'm afraid when a few of the boys learn the way, they 'll bring the others when we aint here."

This was a very serious consideration. But presently I thought I saw the remedy.

"We can't make a door," said I; "but we must n't let them learn the way here."

"How can we help it?" said Tommy.

"We must take them one at a time, and blindfold them at your father's gate, and then lead them down here by some real crooked, roundabout way."

Tommy was delighted with the idea.

"And that," said he, "will do instead of a winding passage."

In the evening we went to the common and got the horse's skull. Then we scoured the whole common to find another one, but we were not successful.

"Never mind," said Tommy, "I guess we can make this one do."

We carried it home and deposited it in the wood-shed.

Early next morning Tommy came over to our house in high spirts.

"I 've found just the thing, in our garret," said he.

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"What is it?" said I, eagerly.

"Come and see!"

I went with him over to their wood-shed, and, after shutting the door and locking it, he went to a barrel in one corner, and carefully lifted out one of those plaster models of the human head which the phrenologists use, with little paper labels pasted on the bumps all over it.

"That 's splendid! That 's lucky!" said I, in unfeigned admiration.

"That 'll make it look like Herculaneum," said he.

Tommy wrapped it in an old piece of carpet, and I put a newspaper around the horse's skull, and we hurried them to the cave.

The keg we had stood on for the high work was still there. We placed it in one corner, threw the piece of carpet over it, and set the bust on it. Then we scooped a hole in the wall, and put in the skull so that it stuck about half-way out. We tamped the dirt close around it, making it look as if it had been buried there before the cave was formed.

Tommy surveyed it and pronounced it perfectly satisfactory.

"That," said he, "looks just like the catacombs."

We were now ready for customers, and we agreed upon the route over which they must travel. We thought we 'd light it up with a candle or two after school, and then bring the boys in.

If we made rather poor recitations that day, you may readily guess the reason. We hurried home after school, and got a stub of a candle and carried it to the cave, where we lighted it and placed it on a shingle driven into the wall, and then went to the front gate to look for customers.

The first boy that came along was Charlie Garnett.

"Hello, Charlie!"

"Hello!"

"We 've found a cave," said Tommy.

"A cave!" said Charlie, wonderingly.

"Yes, a cave; and it 's full of curiosities. Stalactites, and statues, and skulls, and stone tomahawks, and arrows, and lots of things. Like Herculaneum and the Mammoth Cave, you know."

"You 're foolin'," said Charlie.

"No foolin'," said Tommy, solemnly. "We 'll take you all through it for five cents."

"Honest true?"

"Honest true! Aint it?" and he turned to me for confirmation.

"Yes," said I, "it 's a splendid cave."

"But I haint got five cents," said Charlie.

"How much *have* you got?" said Tommy.

"Only three."

Tommy consulted with me. He thought it was better to let him in for three cents than not to have him visit it at all. I assented.

"We 'll let *you* in for three," said Tommy, graciously.

"All right! Where 's your cave?" said Charlie.

"We 'll blindfold you and lead you there," said Tommy.

"No you don't! I know your tricks," said Charlie.

"No trick about it," said Tommy; "is there?" and again he appealed to me.

"There is n't any trick in it," said I. "It 's a real cave. But we don't want anybody to know where to find it. And besides, it 's more fun to go blindfolded. It makes it seem like the dark winding passages of the Mammoth Cave."

Charlie concluded he 'd try it. Tommy took his three cents, and then we tied a handkerchief tightly over his eyes. We led him through the gate, three times around the house, once around the barn, once around Mrs. Baker's flower-beds, then to the bowlder and on top of it.

"Now," said I, "jump down about four feet with me."

We jumped, and at the same time Tommy rattled an iron chain against the stone, "to make it seem dungeony," he said. Then we took him down the bank to the brook, and up the other side, and three times around a tree, and over a big flat stump, and down to the brook again, and up the bank, and along the narrow path to the cave. We went to the center of the interior before we unblindfolded him.

"One, two, three!" said Tommy, and jerked off the bandage.

Charlie was lost in amazement. He looked around in perfect awe and wonder, and was speechless as a mummy—until he saw the skull. He walked up close to that, which was near the candle, and looked at it steadily a minute or two.

"That was my father's horse," said he, turning round and facing us. "You 've got to pay me for that."

"I aint agoing to pay for no dead horses," said Tommy, excitedly, his business principles getting the better of his grammar. "What 's throwed out on the common," he continued, "is anybody's that wants it."

Charlie was not ready to admit this proposition, and a serious debate seemed likely to ensue; but just here certain events which had been happening above ground came to a crisis.

Mrs. Baker had several ladies visiting her that afternoon, and they all walked out to see her flower-garden. As they stood admiring a bed of lilies-of-the-valley, six of them, including Mrs.

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Baker, suddenly found themselves moving in a direct line toward China.

At the same instant, we heard a cracking and crumbling overhead; and as the lumps of dirt and stalactites began to fall, Tommy cried out: "It's cavin' in! run!" and we hurriedly adjourned the debate, and fled out of the cavern in mortal terror.

CHARLIE'S EYES ARE UNBANDAGED.

We were none too quick. Six unprofitable visitors, who had not paid anything, and had no free passes, and were not blindfolded, were suddenly introduced into the midst of all the wonders of the Mammoth Cave, the Indian mounds, the catacombs, and Herculaneum. And they brought daylight with them, before which the glory and the mystery of those wonders vanished forever.

The screaming and the consternation that ensued may be imagined. Daddy Blake, who was working in a garden two doors off, came promptly to the rescue. He wasted no time in approaching the cave by the winding passage, but got the long step-ladder, let it down from the top, and helped the ladies out.

Fortunately no one was seriously hurt, but there was a terrible rumpling of toilets. Old Mrs. Simmons came out looking as if the sharpest of the Indian weapons had been deftly wielded about her scalp. Perhaps her wig reposes to this day on the bald bumps of the phrenologist's model. Miss Moore's muslin dress was badly torn on the stalactites; and Mrs. Baker's shoes, like the tiger's visitors in the fable, made no tracks away from that dread cave. If the loss of them could have saved her son from punishment, he at least would have been entirely satisfied.

As for Tommy and me, we did n't exactly want the hills to cover us—that we could have had by standing still. But we felt the desirability of immediate emigration. We ran down the gorge of the brook, and escaped to the woods, not venturing home until night-fall.

The next day, Tommy came over. He did not come into the house, but stole around to the woodshed, and gave a low whistle. I went out, and we sat down on a large billet of wood. "Old Burke was at our house this morning," said he.

"What did he want?" said I, a little nervously, apprehending some new peril.

"He wanted to see father. He said he 'd wondered what made the water that comes into his house so muddy these two or three weeks back. And yesterday the hydraulic ram stopped working, and he went and found it clogged up with dirt. And then he traced the muddy water up to the brook, until he came to where we threw the dirt over from the cave. That 's what he wanted to see father about."

"What did your father say?"

"He said he was very sorry, and then he told him all about it. Then he said he was going to have the cave filled up, and not have any more such works. He 's going to send me away to boarding-school next week."

Here Tommy looked very doleful, and a long pause ensued.

This would necessarily wind up the cave business, and dissolve the partnership. Tommy said

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nothing about dividing the profits, and I delicately reminded him that there must be a little cash in the treasury.

"There 's only three cents," said he.

"Yes," said I, "three cents."

"And that can't be divided evenly," said he.

"That 's so," said I.

"And the cave was on our land," said he.

"Yes," said I, "it was on your land"—and I added silently, "I 'm glad it was."

"And, besides, *I* had to take a lickin'," he added, ruefully.

"Did you? That 's too bad," said I, with genuine sympathy.

Tommy handed me one cent.

"That 's fair," said I.

HOW THE "MARGARETTA" WAS CAPTURED ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

By George J. Varney.

Almost at the extreme limit of "Down East," in Maine, and on a river and bay of the same name, lies the good old town of Machias. At the date of the Revolution it contained about eighty families and one hundred single men.

No community in the thirteen colonies was more indignant than this at the usurpations of King George the Third and his Ministers; and none was more prompt in throwing off the British yoke when the signal was given.

In the Spring of 1775 there reached Machias the proclamation of the Massachusetts Congress, authorizing preparations for resistance to Great Britain; and, in a few days, a tall liberty pole was erected by the patriots of the village.

On Saturday, the ninth of May, intelligence of the battle of Lexington reached them, having been brought by the crews of two lumber sloops from Boston. The vessels had come for "pickets and plank," to be used by the British in defense of their position at Boston against the Americans. In order to secure the desired cargoes, and the safe return of the vessels, the British armed schooner "Margaretta" attended them as convoy.

When the captain of the schooner saw the liberty pole, he went on shore and informed the people that it must be taken down, or he should fire upon the town.

A meeting of the inhabitants was held within a few hours, but they voted not to take down the pole. The owner of the two sloops, a wealthy merchant trading in Boston and Machias, represented to the captain that the meeting was not fully attended; and he induced him to wait for the action of another meeting, to be called on Monday, before carrying out his threat.

The next day being Sunday, Captain Moore, of the "Margaretta," attended worship at the village church. During the service, he saw through a window some twenty men, with guns in their hands, crossing the river on the logs. Suspecting a design of seizing him in church, the captain made his way over the seats to the nearest window, and, leaping through it, he ran to the shore, closely followed by his officers.

The party which he had seen, joined by others, hastened along the bank of the river in pursuit. But the crew of the "Margaretta" had observed the movements on shore, and, bringing her guns to bear, succeeded in keeping the pursuers at bay until the captain and his companions were on board.

The schooner soon dropped down the river, firing a few shots over the town as she got under way.

The party which had come across the river were from the Pleasant River settlement, about twenty miles westward,—having been sent for the day before by the Machias people, who by no means intended to have their liberty pole taken down.

The Pleasant River men had only two or three charges of powder apiece; and the next day a woman arrived at Machias, having come all the way through the woods alone to bring her husband a horn of powder, which she had found after he had gone.

Early on Monday morning, four young men took possession of one of the lumber sloops, and, bringing her up to the wharf, gave three cheers, to call the attention of the villagers. Thirty-five athletic men were soon gathered at the wharf, and a design of capturing the "Margaretta" was made known to them. Arming themselves as well as they were

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able at so brief a notice, they set sail in pursuit of the British vessel, which was lying at anchor a few miles below.

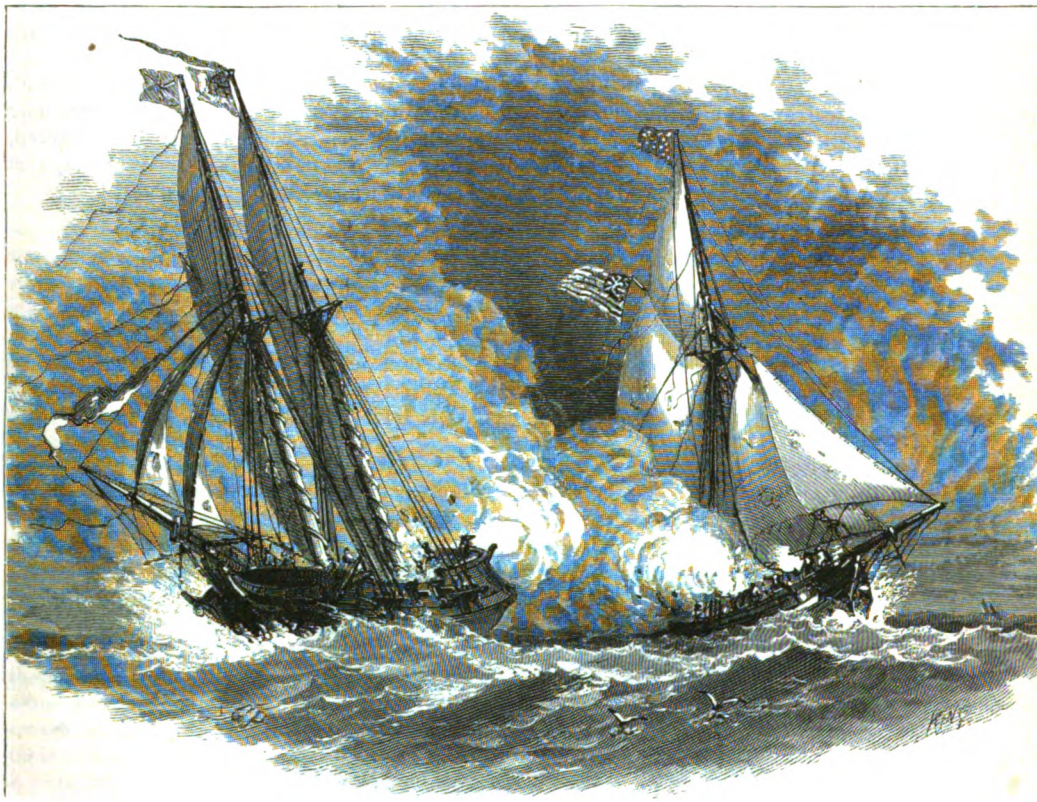
As yet, they had no commander; but an election was held on the way, by which Jeremiah O'Brien, the eldest of six noble brothers on board, was unanimously chosen captain. He immediately gave permission, for all who did not wish to venture in the attack, to leave the vessel, and three men accordingly went ashore in the boat.

When the "Margaretta" observed the approach of the sloop, she weighed anchor and crowded on all sail to avoid a conflict. In changing her jib she carried away the boom; but, continuing her flight, she ran into Holmes' Bay, and took a spar from a vessel lying there.

While repairs were making, the sloop hove in sight; and the "Margaretta" stood out to sea, in hope still of avoiding her. So anxious was Captain Moore to avoid a collision, that he cut away his boats to increase the speed of his vessel; but this, too, was ineffectual. Finding the sloop fast closing upon him, he at length opened fire upon her.

The "Margaretta" had an armament of four light deck guns and fourteen swivels; while the sloop had only a single cannon, rudely mounted, with which to return the fire. The first discharge killed the "Margaretta's" helmsman and cleared the quarter-deck. The schooner broached suddenly to windward, throwing the sails back, and bringing her deck into full view of her pursuers. Those of the patriots who had fire-arms instantly discharged them.

In a very few moments the vessels came together. Then ensued a contest with musketry, Captain Moore himself throwing hand-grenades into the sloop with considerable effect. An attempt was made by the patriots to board the schooner; but only one man—John O'Brien, brother of the commander—reached her deck. Seven of the British crew discharged their guns at him almost at the same moment, but not a ball struck him. Then they charged upon him with bayonets, but he escaped these by jumping overboard. The vessels had fallen some thirty yards apart; but he swam to the sloop, and was taken on board without having received any worse harm than a wetting.



THE CHASE OF THE "MARGARETTA."

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The American vessel was again brought alongside the enemy, and twenty men, armed chiefly with pitchforks, sprang on board the schooner. Captain Moore had already fallen, pierced by two balls; and the conflict was so fierce that the officer left in command fled, panic-stricken, to the cabin.

Thus the schooner and her stores fell nearly uninjured into the hands of these brave freemen of Machias. The loss of the Americans was four killed and eight or nine wounded; that of the British was more than twice as many.

The "Margaretta" was the first British armed vessel captured by the Americans in the War of Independence. This enterprise was entirely a private one, the Continental Congress not having authorized any nautical force until the following October.

The Committee of Safety of Machias soon after sent John O'Brien, the hero of the action, with despatches to the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, where he was received with much applause. On the 26th of June, the Congress passed a vote of thanks to those engaged in this patriotic action at Machias, "for their courage and good conduct."

The swift little vessel of the patriots was afterward fitted up with the armament of the "Margaretta," and was named "The Liberty." A few weeks later she received a commission from Massachusetts, and did good service in protecting our coast from predatory incursions of the enemy.

Both the elder O'Briens soon became commanders of larger vessels, and pursued the business of privateering through the war.

The medicine-chest of the "Margaretta," with the name of that vessel upon it, and containing some of the medicines which it held when captured, was in good preservation a few years ago at Machias, and it may be so at this date.

WORKING ON THE FOURTH OF JULY.

By Ruth Kenyon.

"THE BIG TREES IN THE SHADY GROVE."

What a hot day it was, that Fourth of July! But the children wanted to go, just the same; two long miles in open wagons under the full heat of a blazing sun was not to be thought of as an objection, when there was such a delightful picnic at the end, with games without number and a nice supper, all under the big trees in the shady grove.

"All the world is in for fun to-day, is n't it?" said Claude, as a bob-o-link sailed by. He was trying how close he could go over the tops of the tall meadow grass, without hitting his glossy black and white wings; and was so perfectly full of jollity, that all the time it bubbled over in the very merriest song you ever heard. And when they reached the woods they were surer than ever that it was holiday for the whole world; the squirrels were chattering, birds were singing, the brook was dancing; and there was a playful rustle among the leaves over-

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head, as a little breeze came creeping among them. But with all this mirth about him, there was one old fellow who kept about his work; he was the Sun. It is true we thought at first that it was special fire-works, gotten up by him for Independence Day that sent the thermometer up to 94 degrees that noon; but in the end it proved there was never a bit of sport in it; he was doing his regular work. Up so far above, that he could see the dusty roads and the thirsty flowers; with such sharp ears that he could hear them crying for water; with sight so keen that he could peer away down under the ground and see how low the springs were getting, and how empty the wells, this good old friend decided he had too much work on hand to take a holiday, and so he went on with his business. He sent his very hottest rays down upon the lake and the river, and some of them to the little brook, where it went leaping through the meadow, and the little particles of water grew warm, very warm; and as they became warmer they began to feel strangely light, as if it would be very easy to fly, and they whispered to each other of this new feeling. And soon they grew so very light that they were lifted up by the air and floated away toward the sky,—first a few, then more and more, until hundreds and thousands of these wee particles were flying away. Higher they went, and still more followed, till the crowd reached from the lake to the very tops of the mountains.

Pretty soon the first ones met with a new friend, a gentle wind that was making a journey. It had just called upon Mt. Washington, and had brought some of her cool snowy air home with it. It was really refreshing on this warm day, and they stopped to chat with this cool breeze a moment; but the very first word with her chilled them through, and they pressed up to each other to get warm; the others coming up grew cold too, and as they crowded together people looked up from the picnic table and said, "There 's a cloud coming up; hope it wont rain before we get home," and then they very soon forgot all about it.

But more and more of the water reached the cool air, and larger grew the cloud. Grandma Perkins opened all her blinds and shut all her windows; Mr. Merchant drew up his awning and carried in the new prints he had stacked up in front of the store; and the people at the picnic wished the wagons would come to carry them home, but the wagons were two miles off.

Up in the cloud the tiny particles pressed closer together till they made great drops, and the same old heavy feeling came over them that they had in the lake; then they began to fall, down into the meadow and town over which the wind had drifted them, all over Farmer Chapin's hay, left out to dry; down on Grandma's windows to rinse them clean; down into the garden, where the lilies were holding up their cups to catch them, and where the rose-bushes clapped a cordial welcome with their shaking leaves. They visited the picnic grove too; thick and fast they pattered through the branches; there were no carriages to take the children, there was no roof to shelter them; they crowded under the table and behind the rocks; some thought it was fun, and laughed; some thought it anything else, and cried; those who wore their best dresses were sorry; those who came in the every-day prints were glad, for had n't they seen the wash-tub too often to be frightened by water?

But never mind, little people, who were troubled. The sun did n't mean to hurt you by working on a holiday, and calling the lake-water into the sky and sending it sprinkling down; he was only doing his work. And it soaked into the earth, away down to the empty springs, and they ran bubbling into the wells, and the sparkling water we drank at tea was all the fresher for the shower; and the cisterns were filled brim full, so that Peggy's eyes brightened at the thought of her Monday's washing. So what seems bad for us now may prove good for us in the end, or good for somebody else, and we 'll all be happy whatever comes, even if it is a shower in the midst of our picnic.

CAUGHT IN THE RAIN.

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LITTLE Biddy O'Toole, on her three-leggid stool,
Was 'atin' her praties so hot,
Whin up shtepp'd the pig,
Wid his appetoite big,
And Biddy vacated the spot.

TOM'S DELUGE.

BY MRS. H. HUDSON HOLLY.

ONCE there was a troublesome boy, named Tom, who was always in mischief. Not only that, but you never knew where to have him, for he was an original youth, and broke out constantly in unexpected places. He put the cat in walnut-shell boots and painted her pink and green in stripes. He took the wheels out of the parlor clock to make "penny-spinners;" and even that was not the worst thing he did.

One day his mamma and grown-up sisters went out, and Master Tom was left all alone in his glory. They did n't often commit such an oversight, since there was no telling what might happen before they came back; however, at first he happened to do nothing more than to sit on the cover of the sewing-machine, drawing horses all over the fly-leaves of his sister's favorite copy of Tennyson. All at once a bright idea struck him. He slapped down the book and jumped off the sewing-machine, exclaiming, "Good! I know what I'll do! I mean to set the water running in the bath-tub, and play with my Noah's ark!"

Thereupon, Master Tom jerked open the drawer where his toys were kept, jerked out the ark, cramming in several stray animals that were kicking up their heels in various corners, and scampered down to the bath-room, talking to himself all the while.

"Now then, I must turn on both faucets, so as to

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hurry up the water as fast as possible. Goody! how deep it is getting! Make haste, Noah, don't stop to count the grasshoppers, but pile into your old ark and shut the door quick! There—now you 're off—but it ought to be raining—if you 're Noah in the ark. Oho! I 'll start the shower-bath going!" and, presently, a highly respectable shower was pattering and rattling down, while Tom jumped up and down in a perfect ecstasy of delight.

All at once the front-door bell rang. "I wonder who *that* is?" thought Tom. He listened.

"Oh, there 's Uncle George!" he cried; "I 'm going down to see him this minute;" and forgetting all about poor Noah, away he scampered, slamming the bath-room door behind him, and leaving the water still running.

His uncle, with whom he was a great favorite, was waiting in the hall.

"Well, young monkey," he said, as Tom's curly head appeared at the top of the stairs, "do you want to take a drive to the park with me?"

"Oh, don't I though!" cried Tom. "Please, may I drive the *buckle?*" by which he meant being allowed to hold the reins where they were buckled together.

"Yes; just as you like—only hurry. I don't want to keep the horse standing."

Away flew Tom, but only to appear again in two minutes, and to scramble into the buggy like a lamplighter, when off they went. Meantime, the water was rising higher and higher in the bath-tub, and presently brimmed over and began to trickle slowly upon the floor. It ought to have passed off through the top drain, but, unluckily, the day before Master Tom had amused himself by plugging up the little holes. Soon a slow but steady stream was creeping under the door, and making little alternate puddles and waterfalls down the front stairs. And still nobody came home.

After about an hour of this, John, the black waiter came into the dining-room to lay the table for dinner. He was just standing by the sideboard arranging an elegant pyramid of fruit in a glass dish, when crash, bang! down fell big, square yards of plaster on top of his poor pate, and knocked him flat upon the floor. The water had gradually soaked through the boards, and plaster ceilings will melt, you know, if not quite as easily as sugar, yet just as surely if you keep at them long enough.

Up rushed the cook, leaving the roasting turkey to take care of itself; and when she saw the condition of the dining-room, and poor John lying senseless on the floor, she began to scream murder, fire, and thieves, at the top of her voice, which so alarmed the housemaid, that she dropped her best duster into the parlor fire, and rushed all the way down the street calling for the police, before it occurred to her to find out what was the matter.

At this moment Tom's mother and sisters returned, and when they found the front door wide open, and a stream of water running along the entry and down the front steps, they were very nearly petrified with astonishment. Just then up came Tom and his uncle, who were walking home from the stables, where they had left the horse and buggy.

"Why, what is the matter here?" exclaimed his uncle; "have your pipes burst that you are all overflowed like this?"

Poor Tom! he turned as red as a beet and then as white as this paper, but he was a truthful little chap with all his faults, and, in a minute he burst out with, "Oh, mamma! oh, uncle! I did it—it's *my deluge!* oh, oh!"

"YOUR DELUGE?"

"Yes; I set the water running in the bath-room to play deluge with my Noah's ark, and I went out to ride and forgot all about it!"

"Did ever I hear—!" shouted Uncle George, and, rushing upstairs, two steps at a time, he flew into the bath-room and turned off the deluge in double-quick time.

It took all Tom's pocket-money, for ever so long, to pay the doctor who came to mend poor John's broken head, and I don't know how much of his papa's to replace the carpets which were ruined by the catastrophe. As for Noah's ark, every bit of the paint was washed off, and the animals swelled so, they could n't be got in at the door. But that did n't make much difference, for the ark itself soon fell to pieces; and as for Master Tom, he behaved beautifully for a whole week after that day.

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THE WILD SHEEP AND THE TAME.

BY ETHEL GALE.

WHEN looking at our common domestic sheep with his short and slender legs and his thick body covered with soft wool, did you ever think of how his first wild ancestors may have looked? Not much like their descendants, you may be sure. How do we know? Because there are still places where the wild sheep is found, looking, probably, just like his ancestors hundreds of years ago; for it is man's care and cultivation that have changed the looks of our domestic sheep.

THE MOUFFLON, OR WILD SHEEP.

The moufflon, or wild sheep, is still found on the hilly islands of Corsica, Sardinia, and Cyprus, and among the mountains of Greece, and of Central Asia; sometimes even straying into the plains of the latter continent. The moufflon is a good deal larger and stronger than our domestic sheep; his body is thinner, his legs longer and stouter, and—greatest difference of all—he is not covered with thick curling wool, but with hair. In summer this hair is thin, short and straight, but in winter it becomes thick, long and slightly curly, though never woolly. On the back and sides this hair is of a dark-brown color, while on the under parts, and insides of the limbs, it is of a dirty white. Under the throat, and about the neck and shoulders, the hair is considerably longer than elsewhere.

Now let us imagine our moufflon introduced to his very distant cousin, the fine merino sheep of our American farms. In manners—being restrained by our presence—they may probably manifest a dignified courtesy, but we can fancy the remarks that each is making to himself.

"Humph!" sniffs the moufflon; "I would like to see you in my native mountains, Cousin Merino. Those short, delicate legs of yours would n't be of much service in carrying your heavy body about among the rocks, I fear; and I think there should n't be a great deal left of that queer, thick coat of yours after a few hours of scrambling over stones and among the brambles. Ha! ha! would n't I like to see you trying to follow me around for a few hours! You 'd pant even harder than you do now, I 'm afraid. When I come to think about it, I don't know but it would be cruel to lead you such a chase, fat and heavy as you are. And then, I don't believe you could see your way about very

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well with the 'wool pulled over your eyes' in that ridiculous fashion. By the way, I wonder if you would consider the question as impertinent, if I were to ask you to tell me by what dreadful accident you have lost your tail?"

Meanwhile the delicate merino is eying his rough-haired relative with very compassionate glances.

"Poor fellow!" he says to himself; "poor fellow! How dreadfully Cousin Moufflon must suffer from the cold in winter, with nothing but that short hair to protect him! And how shockingly thin he is, to be sure! I'm afraid the poor creature must be very weak. But, dear me! I shall be quite ashamed to introduce him about, for I should n't think he had been well washed once in his lifetime, or even sheared! And then he has allowed his tail to grow, until, after awhile, it will be almost long enough for a calf! If it were not for his voice, which certainly bears a strong resemblance to the melodious tones of all our family, I could scarcely believe him to be a relative. It is true his pronunciation is a little peculiar, so that I can't understand him very well, but his deep bass tones are indeed charming. I am sure he will be welcomed as a choice addition to our select choir. Baa-a-a-a, Cousin Moufflon, will you walk down and be introduced to the rest of the flock?"

"Baa-a-a-a-a-a-a-a, Cousin Merino, you're a very obliging fellow, after all."

And as the two walk off together the moufflon is casting about in his mind to find the least disagreeable way to satisfy his curiosity about how his cousin lost his tail.

THE YOUNG SURVEYOR.

By J. T. Trowbridge.

Chapter XXVI.

VICTORY.

Peakslow halted in the gap of the fence, his fury cooling before Lord Betterson's steady eyes and quiet threat.

Betterson went on, speaking deliberately, while his poised and ready barrels gave emphasis to his remarks:

"You 've talked a good deal of shooting, one time and another, friend Peakslow. I think it is about time to have done with that foolishness. Excuse my frankness."

"I 've a right to defend my property and my premises!" said Peakslow, glowing and fuming, but never stepping beyond the gap.

"What property or premises, good neighbor? The horse is this young man's; and nobody has set foot on your land."

"That dog was on my land."

"And so was the horse," put in Jack.

"Take him off, pa! he 's smotherin' on me!" shouted Zeph.

"Your boy is abusin' mine. I 'll take care o' *him!*" And Peakslow set a foot over the two lower rails left in the gap.

"You 'd better stay where you are,—accept a friend's disinterested advice," remarked Betterson. "If your boy had been on the right side of the fence, minding his own business,—you will bear with me if I am quite plain in my speech,—my boy would have had no occasion to soil his hands with him."

Peakslow appeared quite cowed by this unexpected show of determination in his easy-going neighbor. He stood astride the rails, just where Betterson had arrested his advance, and contented himself with urging Dud to the rescue of his brother.

"Why do ye stan' there and see Zeph treated that way? Why don't ye pitch in?"

"That 's a game two can play at," said Jack. "Hands off, Dud, my boy." And he stood by to see fair play.

"My boy had a right on that land; it 's by good rights mine to-day!" exclaimed Peakslow.

"We wont discuss that question; it has been settled once, neighbor," replied Betterson. "Rufus, I think you 've done enough for that boy; his face is blacker than I ever saw it, which is saying a good deal. Let him go. Mr. Peakslow,"—with a bow of gracious condescension over the frayed stock,—"you are welcome to as much of this disputed territory as you can shake out of that youngster's clothes,—not any more."

"That seems to be a good deal," said Jack, laughing to see Zeph scramble up, gasping, blubbering, flirting soil from his clothes and hair, and clawing it desperately from his besmeared face.

"That 's for daring me to fight you," said Rufe,

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as he let him go. "I 'll pay you some other time for what you did to Cecie;" while Zeph went off howling.

"No more, Rufus," said Betterson. "Come and put up this fence."

"I 'll do that," said Jack. "I 'm bound to leave it as I found it; if Mr. Peakslow will please step either forward or back."

Peakslow concluded to step back; and Jack and Rufe laid up the corner, rail by rail.

"Don't you think you 've played me a perty shabby trick?" said Peakslow, glaring at Jack.

"You are hardly the man to speak with a very good grace of *anybody's* shabby tricks," Jack replied, putting up the top rail before the hooked nose.

"I did n't think it of you!" And Peakslow cast longing eyes after the horse.

"You must have forgotten what you thought," said Jack. "You did n't dare turn the horse out till Zeph told you I 'd gone home; and it seems you kept pretty close watch of him then."

Peakslow choked back his wrath, and muttered:

"Ye might 'a' gi'n me suthin' for my trouble."

"So I would, willingly, if you had acted decently."

"Gi' me suthin' now, and settle it."

"I consider it already settled,—like your land-claim dispute," said Jack. "But no matter; how much do vou want? Don't bid too high, you know."

"Gi' me a dollar, anyhow!"

Jack laughed.

"If I should give you enough to pay for the charge in your gun, would n't that satisfy you? Though, as you did n't fire it at me, I don't quite see that I ought to defray the expense of it. Good-day, Mr. Peakslow."

Jack went to find the chicken that had been shot; and Peakslow vented his rage upon his neighbor across the fence.

"What a pattern of a man you be! stuck-up, struttin',—a turkey-gobbler kind of man, I call ye. Think I 'm afraid o' yer gun?"

"I have no answer to make to remarks of that nature," said Lord Betterson, retiring from the fence.

"Haint, hey?" Peakslow roared after him. "Feel above a common man like me, do ye? Guess I pay *my* debts. If I set out to build, guess I look out and not bu'st up 'fore I get my paintin' and plasterin' done. Nothin' to say to me, hey?"

Betterson coolly resumed his slow and stately march across the buckwheat, looking for prairie chickens.

"You puffed-up, pompous, would-be 'ristocrat!" said Peakslow, more and more furious, "where 'd you be if your relations did n't furnish ye money? Poorer 'n ye be now, I guess. What if I should tell ye what yer neighbors say of ye? Guess ye would n't carry yer head so plaguy high!"

Two chickens rose from before Betterson's feet, and flew to right and left. With perfect coolness and precision of aim he fired and brought down one, then turned and dropped the other, with scarce an interval of three seconds between the reports.

"This is a very pretty piece of yours," he observed smilingly, with a stately wave of the hand toward Jack.

"I never saw anything so handsomely done!" exclaimed Jack, bringing the chicken previously shot.

At the same time he could not help glancing with some apprehension at Peakslow, not knowing what that excitable neighbor might do, now that Betterson's two barrels were empty.

"I think I will stay and have one or two more shots," said Betterson. "A very pretty piece indeed!"

The muttering thunder of Peakslow's wrath died away in the distance, as he retired with his forces. Rufe picked up the last two prairie chickens and followed Jack, who ran to overtake the dog and horse.

Lion still held the bridle rein, letting Snowfoot nip the grass that grew along the borders of the corn, but keeping him from the corn itself. Jack patted and praised the dog, and stroked and caressed the horse, looking him all over to see if he had received any fresh injury.

Then Rufe joined him; and presently Wad came bounding down the slope from the barn, laughing, carrying Jack's coat; and Link appeared, running and limping, having hurt his ankle in jumping down from the cowshed. Behind came Chokie, trudging on his short legs, and tumbling and sprawling at every few steps.

The boys were jubilant over the victory; and Jack was the object of loud congratulations; while Lion and Snowfoot formed the center of the little group.

"Much obliged to you, Wad," said Jack, as they re-exchanged coats and hats. "Thanks to you, I 've got my horse again. Thanks to all of you. Boys, I was perfectly astonished at your father's pluck!" And he could not help thinking what a really noble specimen of a man Betterson might have made, if he had not been standing on his dignity and waiting for legacies all his life.

"Not many folks know what sort of a man father is," replied Rufe. "Peakslow would have found out, if he had drawn a bead on you. How quick he stopped, and changed countenance! He can

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govern his temper when he finds he must; and he can cringe and crawl when he sees it 's for his interest. Think of his asking you at last—after you had got your horse in spite of him, and at the risk of your life—think of his begging you to give him a dollar!"

Jack said: "Look at that galled spot on Snowfoot's neck! Peakslow has got all he could out of him the past week,—kept him low and worked him hard in a cruel collar. Never mind, old Snowfoot! better times have come now, for both of us. Here, Link, you are lame; want a ride?"

Link did want a ride, of course,—who ever saw a boy that did n't? Jack took hold of his foot and helped him mount upon Snowfoot's back; then called to Chokie, who was getting up from his last tumble (with loud lamentations), a few yards off.

"Here, Chokie; don't cry; fun is n't all over yet; you can ride too." Tossing the urchin up, Jack set him behind Link. "Hold on now, Chokie; hug brother tight!"

Both chubby arms reaching half around Link's waist, one chubby cheek pressed close to Link's suspender, and two chubby legs sticking out on Snowfoot's back, Chokie forgot his griefs, and, with the tear-streaks still wet on his cheeks, enjoyed the fearful pleasure of the ride.

Vinnie's bright face watched from the door, the delighted Lill clapped her hands, and Mrs. Betterson and Cecie looked eagerly from the window, as the little procession approached the house,—Lion walking sedately before, then Link and Chokie riding the lost horse, and Jack and Rufe and Wad following with the prairie chickens.

More congratulations. Then Lord Betterson came from the field with another bird. Then Snowfoot was saddled, and Jack, with dog and gun, and two of the prairie chickens, took leave of his friends, and rode home in triumph.

THE PROCESSION APPROACHES THE HOUSE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

VINNIE IN THE LION'S DEN.

WHEN Link the next morning went to the spring for water he found that the Peakslow boys (it could have been nobody else) had, by a dastardly trick, taken revenge for the defeat of the day before.

Link came limping back (his ankle was still sore) with an empty pail, and loud complaints of the enemy.

"They 've been and gone and filled the spring with earth and leaves and sticks, and all sorts of rubbish! It will take an hour to dig it out, and then all day for the water to settle and be fit to drink."

"Those dreadful Peakslow boys! what *shall* we

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do?" Caroline said despairingly. "No water for breakfast, and no near neighbors but the Peakslows; but their well is the last place where we should think of going for water."

"I 'll tell you what *I* 'll do!" said Link. "I 'll go to-night and give 'em such a dose in their well, that they wont want any water from it for the next two months! I know where there 's a dead rabbit. The Peakslows don't get the start of us!"

"I don't see but that one of the boys will have to go to Mr. Wiggett's for water," said poor Caroline, bemoaning her troubles.

"Rufe and Wad are doing the chores," said Link, "and I 'm lame. Besides, you don't catch one of us going to old Wiggett's for water, for we should have to pass Peakslow's house, and it would please 'em too well."

"Let me take the pail; I will get some water," said Vinnie.

"Why, Lavinia dear!" Caroline exclaimed, "what are you thinking of? Where are you going?"

"To Mr. Peakslow's," Vinnie answered with a smile.

"Going into the lion's den! Don't think of such a thing, Lavinia dear!"

"No, by sixty!" cried Link. "I don't want them boys to sass you! I 'd rather go a mile in the other direction for water,—bother the lame foot!"

But Vinnie quietly persisted, saying it would do no harm for her to try; and putting on her bonnet, she started off with the empty pail.

I cannot say that she felt no misgivings; but the consciousness of doing a simple and blameless act helped to quiet the beating of her heart as she approached the Peakslow door.

It was open, and she could see the family at breakfast within, while the loud talking prevented her footsteps from being heard.

Besides Dud and Zeph, there were three or four younger children, girls and boys, the youngest of whom—a child with bandaged hands and arms—sat in its father's lap.

Vinnie remembered the swarthy face, bushy beard and hooked nose; and yet she could hardly believe that this was the same man who once showed her such ruffianly manners on the wharf in Chicago. He was fondling and feeding the child, and talking to it, and drumming on the table with his knife to amuse it and still its complaining cries.

"Surely," thought Vinnie, "there must be some good in a man who shows so much affection even toward his own child." And with growing courage she advanced to the threshold.

Mrs. Peakslow—a much bent, over-worked woman, with a pinched and peevish face—looked up quickly across the table and stared at the strange visitor. In a moment all eyes were turned upon Vinnie.

"I beg your pardon," she said, pausing at the door. "I wish to get a pail of water. Can I go to your well and help myself?"

The children—and especially Dud and Zeph—looked in astonishment at the bright face and girlish form in the door-way. As Mr. Peakslow turned his face toward her, all the tenderness went out of it.

"What do Betterson's folks send here for water for? And what makes 'em send a gal? Why don't they come themselves?"

"They did not send me," Vinnie answered as pleasantly as she could. "I came of my own accord."

Peakslow wheeled round in his chair.

"Queer sort of folks, they be! An' seems to me you must be queer, to be stoppin' with 'em."

"Mrs. Betterson is my sister," replied Vinnie in a trembling voice. "I came to her because she is sick, and Cecie—because I was needed," she said, avoiding the dangerous ground of Zeph's offense.

"I 've nothin' pa'tic'lar ag'in' Mis' Betterson as I know on," said Peakslow, "though of course she sides with him ag'in' me, an' of course *you* side with *her*."

"I 've nothing to do with Mr. Betterson's quarrels," Vinnie answered, drawing back from the door. "Will you kindly permit me to get a pail of water? I am sorry if I give you any trouble."

"No trouble; water 's cheap," said Peakslow. "But why don't they have a well o' their own, 'ste'd o' dependin' on their neighbors? What makes 'em so plaguy shif'less?"

"They have a well, but it is dry this Summer, and ——"

"Dry every Summer, aint it? What a way to dig a well that was!"

"They have a very good spring," Vinnie said, "but something happened to it last night;" at which Dud and Zeph giggled and looked sheepish.

"What happened to the spring?"

"Somebody put rubbish into it and spoiled the water."

"Who done it, did you hear 'em say?"

"I don't know who did it; and I should be sorry to accuse any person of such an act," Vinnie answered with firm but serene dignity.

The boys looked more sheepish and giggled less.

"I know who put stuff in the spring," spoke up a little one, proud of being able to convey useful information; "Dud and Zeph ——"

But at that moment Dud's hand stopped the prattler's mouth.

"I don't believe my boys have done anything of

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the kind," said Peakslow; "though 't would n't be strange if they did. See how that great lubberly Rufe treated our Zeph yist'day! rubbed the dirt into his skin so 't he ha' n't got it washed out yit."

"I am sorry for these misunderstandings," said Vinnie, turning to Mrs. Peakslow with an appealing look. "I wish you and my sister knew each other better. You have a sick child, too, I see."

"'T aint sick, 'xac'ly," replied the mother in a peevish, snarling tone. "Pulled over the teapot, and got hands and arms scalt."

"Oh! poor little thing!" Vinnie exclaimed. "What have you done for it?"

"Haint done nothin' much, only wrapped up the blistered places in Injin meal; that 's coolin'."

"No doubt; but I 've some salve, the best thing in the world for burns. I wish you would let me bring you some."

"I guess Bubby 'll git along 'thout no help from outside," said Peakslow, his ill-natured growl softened by a feeling of tenderness for the child, which just then came over him. "He 's weathered the wust on 't."

But Bubby's fretful cries told that what was left was bad enough.

"I will bring you the salve," said Vinnie, "and I hope you will try it; it is so hard to see these little ones suffer."

She was retiring, when Peakslow called after her:

"Goin' 'ithout the water?"

"I—thought—you had not told me I could have it."

"Have it! of course you can have it; I would n't refuse nobody a pail o' water. Ye see where the well is?"

"O yes; thank you." And Vinnie hastened to the curb.

"She can't draw it," snickered Zeph. "Handle's broke; and the crank 'll slip out of her hands and knock her to Jericho, if she don't look out."

"Seems to be a perty spoken gal," said Peakslow, turning to finish his breakfast. "I 've nothin' ag'in' *her*. You 've finished your breakfast; better go out, Dudley, and tell her to look out about the crank."

With mixed emotions in his soul, Dud went; his countenance enlivened at one and the same time with a blush of boyish bashfulness and a malicious grin. As he drew near, and saw Vinnie embarrassed with the windlass, which seemed determined to let the bucket down too fast (as if animated with a genuine Peakslow spite toward her), the grin predominated; but when she turned upon him a troubled, smiling face, the grin subsided, and the blush became a general conflagration, extending to the tips of his ears.

"How does 't go?"

"It 's inclined to go altogether too fast," said Vinnie, stopping the windlass; "and it hurts my hands."

"Le' me show ye."

And Dud, taking her place by the curb, let the windlass revolve with moderated velocity under the pressure of his rough palms, until the bucket struck the water. Then, drawing it up, he filled her pail.

The grin had by this time faded quite out of his countenance; and when she thanked him sweetly and sincerely for helping her, the blush became a blush of pleasure.

"It is more than I can carry," she said. "I shall have to pour out some."

Thereupon Dud Peakslow astonished himself by an extraordinary act of gallantry.

"I 'll carry it for ye as fur as the road; I 'd carry it all the way, if 't was anywhere else." And he actually took up the pail.

"You seem to have a very bad opinion of my relations," Vinnie said.

"Good reason! They hate us, too!"

"And think *they* have good reason. But I 'm sure you are not so bad as they believe; and *you* may possibly be mistaken about *them*. Let me take the pail now. You are very kind."

Dud gave up the pail with reluctance, and gazed after her up the road, his stupid mouth ajar with an expression of wistful wonder and pleasure.

"Hurry now and git up the team, Dud!" his father called from the door. "What ye stan'in' there for? Did n't ye never see a gal afore?"

When Vinnie reached home with her pail of water, all gathered around, eager to hear her adventure.

"The lions were not very savage, after all," she said, laughing.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AN "EXTRAORDINARY" GIRL.

AFTER breakfast Vinnie left Lill to "do the dishes," and went with her box of salve to fulfill her promise to Mrs. Peakslow. Dud and Zeph were off at work with their father; and she was glad to find the mother alone with the younger children.

"Oh! you ag'in?" said Mrs. Peakslow, by the chimney, looking up from a skillet she was stooping over and scraping. "Ye need n't 'a' took the trouble. Guess Bubby's burns 'll git along."

But Vinnie was not to be rebuffed.

"I have brought some linen rags to spread the salve on. Will you let me do it myself? I wish you would; the poor thing is suffering so."

And Vinnie knelt down beside the girl who was holding Bubby in her arms.

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"Is 't any o' the Betterson folks's sa'v'?" Mrs. Peakslow inquired, scraping away at her skillet.

"No; it is some I brought from the East with me, thinking I should find a use for it in my sister's family; it is good for various things."

"Better keep it for her family!" snarled Mrs. Peakslow. Scrape, scrape.

"There 's plenty and to spare," said Vinnie, unrolling her rags. "And my sister will be only too glad if it can be of any service to you."

"Think so?" Mrs. Peakslow stopped her scraping and scowled at Vinnie. "Her folks ha' n't never showed us none too much good-will."

"They have never known you—you have never understood each other," said Vinnie. "It is too bad that the troubles between the men should prevent you and her from being on neighborly terms. Can I use a corner of this table to spread the salve? And can I see the little thing's burns, so as to shape the plasters to cover them?"

"He tol' me not to use the sa'v', if ye brought it," said Mrs. Peakslow doubtfully, laying down the skillet.

"When he sees the good effect of it I am sure he wont complain; he is too fond of his little boy," said Vinnie, placing rags and salve on the table. "Will you let me take a case-knife and a pair of scissors?"

"Got rags enough of my own. Need n't trouble yourself to cut and spread plasters. *Try* the sa'v', 'f ye say so."

Vinnie did say so, and dressed Bubby's burns with her own hands, doing the work so deftly and tenderly, talking now to the child, now to the mother, who had taken him into her lap, and showing in every look and tone so cheerful and sweet a spirit that poor Mrs. Peakslow's peevish heart warmed and softened toward her.

"I do declare," she said, as the outer bandages were going on, "Bubby feels comforted a'ready. Must be dreffle good sa'v'! *Much* obleeged to ye, I 'm sure. How *is* yer sister, Mis' Betterson?"

"Much better than she was; and the baby is better too. Indeed," said Vinnie, "I think the baby will get well as soon as the mother does."

"And Cecie—how 's Cecie?" Mrs. Peakslow timidly asked.

"O, Cecie is in very good spirits. She is the most gentle, patient, beautiful girl you ever saw! She never complains; and she is always so grateful for any little thing that is done for her!"

"S'pose the folks feel hard to our Zeph; don't they?"

"I believe the boys do, and you can hardly wonder at it, Mrs. Peakslow," said Vinnie; "their own dear sister! crippled for life, perhaps. But Cecie wont allow that your son *meant* to hurt her; she always takes his part when the subject is brought up."

"Does she?" exclaimed Mrs. Peakslow, surprised into sudden tears. "I would n't 'a' believed that! Must *be* she 's a good gal. Truth is, Zeph had n't no notion o' hurtin' on her. It 's re'ly troubled me,—it 's troubled all on us, though I don't s'pose her folks 'll believe it."

And Mrs. Peakslow, not finding it convenient to get at her apron, with Bubby in her lap, wiped her eyes with a remnant of Vinnie's rags.

"Is n't it too sad that this quarrel is kept up?" said Vinnie.

"O dear me! nobody knows," said Mrs. Peakslow, in a quavering voice, "what a life it is! Our folks is *some* to blame, I s'pose. But the Bettersons have been *so* aggravatin'! Though I 've nothin' ag'in' the gals. They 're as perty gals as I 'd ask to have play with my children. My children is sufferin' for mates. I want society, too, for it 's a dreffle life—a dreffle life!" And the quavering voice broke into sobs.

Vinnie was surprised and pained at this outburst, and hardly knew what reply to make.

"Lyddy, wipe them dishes!" Mrs. Peakslow went on again, sopping her eyes with the remnant of rags. "Lecty Ann! here, take Bubby. 'Scuse me, miss; I d'n' know what sot me goin' this way; but my heart 's been shet up so long; I 've *so* wanted sympathy!" And now the apron did service in place of the rags.

"Yes, I know," said Vinnie. "This is a lonesome country, unless you have friends around you. There seem to be a few nice people here—people from the East; you are from the East, I suppose?"

"O yes; but *he* a'nt a very social man, an' he 's dreffle sot in his way. He don't go out nowheres, 'thout he has business, an' he don't think there 's any need of a woman's goin' out. So there it is. The Wiggetts, our neighbors on one side, a'nt our kind o' people; then there 's the Bettersons on t' other side. An' there 's allus so many things a wife has to put up with, an' hold her tongue. O dear! O dear! Keep to your work, gals! hear?"

There was something almost comical in this sharp and shrill winding-up of the good woman's pathetic discourse; but Vinnie never felt less like laughing.

"I am glad you can speak freely to me," she said. "I 'll come and see you again, if you will let me; and I want you some time to come and see my sister."

"I d'n' know! I d'n' know!" said Mrs. Peakslow, still weeping. "*You* may come *here*,—like to have ye,—only it 'll be jest as well if you time your visits when me an' the gals is alone; you know what men-folks be."

"You are really an extraordinary girl, Lavinia

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dear!" Caroline said, when Vinnie went home and told her story. "Did you know it?"

Vinnie laughed.

"Why, no; I never thought of such a thing; what I do comes so very natural."

"Extraordinary!" Caroline repeated, regarding her admiringly. "I'm proud of such a sister. I always told Mr. Betterson there was good blood on our side too. I wonder what Radcliff would think of you."

Vinnie sincerely believed that so fine a young gentleman would not think anything of her at all,

LORD BETTERSON.

but feared it might seem like affectation in her to say so.

"And I wonder," Caroline continued, with the usual simper which her favorite theme inspired, "what you would think of Radcliff. Ah, Lavinia dear! it is a comfort for me to reflect that it was a Betterson—nobody less than a thorough-bred Betterson—who took the place in our family which you would otherwise have filled."

Evidently Caroline's conscience was not quite easy on the subject of her early neglect of so "extraordinary" a sister; for she often alluded to it in this way. Vinnie now begged her not to mention it again.

"And you really cherish no hard feelings?"

"None whatever."

"You are *very* good. And pretty; did you know it? Quite pretty."

Vinnie laughed again.

"Mrs. Presbit brought me up to the wholesome belief that I was quite plain."

"That was to prevent you from becoming vain. Vanity, you know," said Caroline, with her most exquisite simper, "spoils so many girls! I'm thankful it does n't run in *our* family! But did n't your glass undeceive you?"

"On the contrary; I used to look in it and say to myself: 'It is a very *common* face; I *wish* it was pretty, but Aunt Presbit is right; I'm a homely little thing!'"

"And you felt bad?"

"I never mourned over it; though, of course, I should have much preferred to be handsome."

"And has n't anybody ever told you you *were* handsome?"

Vinnie blushed.

"Of course, I've heard a good deal of nonsense talked now and then."

"Lavinia dear, you *are* extraordinary. And handsome, though not in the usual sense of the word. Your face *is* rather common, in repose, but it lights up wonderfully. And, after all, I don't know that it is so much your face, as the expression you throw into it, that is so enchanting. What *would* Radcliff Betterson say to you, I wonder?"

CHAPTER XXIX.

ANOTHER HUNT, AND HOW IT ENDED.

JACK had one day been surveying a piece of land a few miles east of Long Woods. It was not very late in the afternoon when he finished his work; and he found that, by going a little out of his way, and driving rather fast, he could, before night, make Vinnie and her friends a call, and perhaps give Mrs. Wiggett the promised noon-mark on her kitchen floor.

Leaving in due time the more traveled thoroughfare, he turned off upon the neighborhood road, which he knew passed through the woods and struck the river road near Betterson's house. Away on his left lay the rolling prairie, over a crest of which he, on a memorable occasion, saw Snowfoot disappear with his strange rider; and he was fast approaching the scene of his famous deer hunt.

Jack had his gun with him; and, though he did not stop to give much attention to the prairie hens which now and then ran skulkingly across the track, or flew up from beside his buggy wheels, he could not help looking for larger game.

"I'd like to see another doe and fawn feeding off on the prairie there," thought he. "Wonder if I could find some obliging young man to drive them in!"

He whipped up Snowfoot, and presently, riding

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over a swell of land, discovered a stranger walking on before him in the road.

"No deer or fawn," thought he; "but there 's possibly an obliging young man."

As he drove on, fast overtaking the pedestrian, Jack was very much struck by his appearance. He was a slender person; he walked at a loitering pace; and he carried his coat on his arm. There was something also in the jaunty carriage of the head, and in the easy slouch of the hat-brim, which startled Jack.

"I vow, it 's my obliging young man himself!" he muttered through his teeth,—"or a vision of him!"

Just then the stranger, hearing the sound of wheels, cast a quick glance over his shoulder. It was the same face, and Jack could almost have taken his oath to the quid in the cheek.

He was greatly astonished and excited. It seemed more like a dream than anything else, that he should again meet with the person who had given him so much trouble, so near the place where he had seen him first, in precisely similar hat and soiled shirt-sleeves, and carrying (to all appearances) the same coat on his arm!

The stranger gave no sign of the recognition being mutual, but stepped off upon the road-side to let the buggy pass.

"How are you?" said Jack, coming up to him, and drawing rein; while Lion snuffed suspiciously at the rogue's heels.

"All right, stranger; how are you yourself?" And a pair of reckless dark eyes flashed saucily up at Jack.

"Better than I was that night after you ran off with my horse!" Jack replied.

"Glad you 're improving. Wife on the mending hand? And how are the little daisies? Which is the road to Halleluia Corners? I branch off here; good day, fair stranger."

These words were rattled off with great volubility, which seemed all the greater because of their surprising irrelevancy.

Before Jack could answer, the youth, with a wild laugh, struck off from the road, and began to walk fast toward the woodland. Jack called after him:

"Hold on! I want to speak with you!"

"Speak quick, then; I 'm bound for the Kingdom,—will you go to glory with me?" the rogue shouted back over his shoulder, with a defiant grin, never slacking his pace.

Jack gave Snowfoot a touch of the whip, reined out of the track, and drove after him.

The fellow at the same time quickened his step to a run, and before he could be overtaken he had come to rough ground, where fast driving was dangerous.

Jack pulled up unwillingly, revolving rapidly in his mind what he should do. Though he had recovered his horse, he felt the strongest desire to have the thief taken and punished. Moreover, he had lately seen the truckman to whom the stolen animal was sold, and had promised to do what he could to help him obtain justice.

He might have leveled his gun and threatened to shoot the fugitive; but he would not have felt justified in carrying out such a threat, and recent experience had disgusted him with the shooting business.

He would have jumped from the wagon, and followed on foot; but, though a good runner, he was convinced that his heels were no match for the stranger's. There was then but one thing to do.

"Stop, or I 'll let the dog take you!" Jack yelled.

For reply, the fugitive threw up his hand over his shoulder, with fingers spread, and thumb pointing toward the mid-region of countenance occupied by the nose; which did not, however, take the trouble to turn and make itself visible.

Lion was already eager for the chase; and Jack had only to give him a signal.

"Take care of him, Lion!" and away sped the dog.

Fleet of foot as the fellow was, and though he now strained every nerve to get away, the distance between him and the dog rapidly diminished; and a hurried glance behind showed him the swift, black, powerful animal, coming with terrible bounds, and never a bark, hard at his heels.

The thickets were near,—could he reach them before the dog reached him? Would they afford him a refuge, or a cudgel? He threw out his quid, and *leaned* to his work.

Jack drove after as fast as he could, in order to prevent mortal mischief when Lion should bring down his game; for the dog, when too much in earnest with a foe, had an overmastering instinct for searching out the windpipe and jugular vein.

The rogue had reached the edge of the woods, when he found himself so closely pursued that he seemed to have no resource but to turn and dash his coat into the dog's face. That gave him an instant's reprieve; then Lion was upon him again; and he had just time to leap to the low limb of a scraggy oak-tree, and swing his lower limbs free from the ground, when the fierce eyes and red tongue were upon the spot.

Lion gave one leap, but missed his mark, the trap-like jaws snapping together with a sound which could not have been very agreeable to the youth whose dangling legs had been actually grazed by the passing muzzle.

With a wistful, whining yelp, Lion gave another

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upward spring; and this time his fangs closed upon something—only cloth, fortunately; but as the thief clambered up out of their range, it was

LION JUST MISSES HIS MARK.

with a very good chance for a future patch upon the leg of his trousers.

Leaping from his wagon, Jack rushed to the tree, and found his obliging young man perched comfortably in it, with one leg over a limb; while Lion, below, made up for his long silence by uttering frantic barks.

"What are you up there for?" said Jack.

"To take an observation," the fellow replied, out of breath, but still cheerful. "First-rate view of the country up here. I fancy I see a doe and a fawn off on the prairie; would n't you like a shot at 'em?"

"I 've other game to look after just now!" Jack replied.

"Better look out for your horse; he 's running away!"

"My horse is n't in the habit of running away without help. Will you come down?"

"I was just going to invite you to come up. I 'll share my lodgings with you,—give you an upper berth. A very good tavern; rooms airy, fine prospect; though the table don't seem to be very well supplied, and I can't say I fancy the entrance. 'Sich gittin' upstairs I never did see!'"

Jack checked this flow of nonsense by shouting: "Will you come down, or not?"

"Suppose not?" said the fellow.

"Then I leave the dog to guard the door of your tavern, and go for a warrant and a constable, to bring you down."

"What would you have me come down for? You seem to be very pressing in your attentions to a stranger!"

"Don't say stranger,—you who drove the deer in for me! I am anxious to pay you for that kindness. I want you to ride with me."

"Why did n't you say so before?" cried the rogue. "I always ride when you ask me to, don't I? Say, did you ever know me to refuse when you offered me a ride? Which way are you going?"

"Down through the woods," said Jack, amused, in spite of himself, at the scamp's reckless gayety.

"Why, that 's just the way I am going! Why did n't you mention it? I never should have put up at this tavern if I had thought a friend would come along and give me a lift in his carriage. Please relieve the guard, and I 'll descend."

The dog was driven off, and the youth dropped from the branches to the ground.

"Pick up your coat," said Jack, "and do pretty much as I tell you now, or there 'll be trouble. None of your tricks this time!"

He held the reins and the gun while he made the fellow get into the buggy; then took his seat, with the prisoner on his left and the gun on his right, drove on to the traveled track, and turned into the woods; the vigilant Lion walking close by the wheel.

(To be continued.)

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HOW TO MAKE A BOAT.

BY FREDERIC G. MATHER.

ALMOST all boys who live near the water want to own a boat, and it very often happens that the only way they can get one is to build it themselves. It is very well to do this, for, when they have done their work well, they get not only a boat, but some excellent experience in mechanical construction, which can scarcely fail to be of use to them.

The object of this article is to tell boys how, with a good deal of labor and a very little money, they can build a boat for themselves.

The first thing to be done is to learn to swim—that is, if you do not know how already. No boy should have a boat who cannot swim. Any boat, no matter how skillfully handled, may upset, and any boy, no matter how careful he may be, may fall out of a boat.

The next thing is to study carefully the plain account here given of the building of a boy's boat. Any boy who can use a plane, a saw, a bit-stock, and a drawing-knife, can easily build a boat like the one of which we are about to give the history from the time she existed in the form of boards until she floated gracefully in the water.

In the first place, you must go to the lumber-yard or mill, and select two boards of clear pine, eleven or twelve feet long and one inch thick. One should be wider than the other; but together they should make a width of twenty-five inches. Have them planed on both sides, and a groove planed out of the edge of one board and a tongue out of the corresponding edge of the other board. When you have taken the boards home, buy a two-pound can of white lead. Fill the groove with this lead; then put the boards together, and drive the tongue of one into the groove of the other. This will make the joint water-tight. To keep the boards from spreading, tack three or four strips across the crack, and lay the whole on the floor with the strips downward.

You will then have what is the same as one

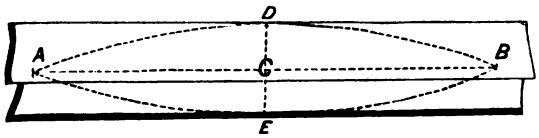

FIG. 1.—THE BOTTOM BOARD.

board, eleven or twelve feet long and not less than two feet wide. This we will call the bottom board (Fig. 1).

The next thing to do is to sweep the floor of your workshop, so that there will be a clear space of about fifteen feet square. Place the bottom board at one edge of the space thus cleared, and draw the line A B, which divides the width into equal parts.

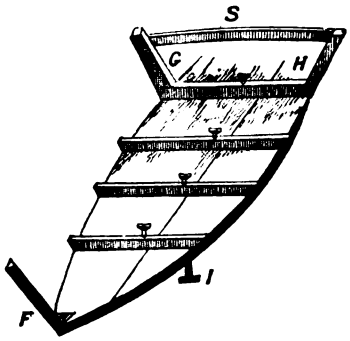

FIG. 2.—THE BRACES AND RIBS.

Draw D E at right angles to A B. The points A and B should be five feet three inches from C; and D and E, each one foot from the same. This will make A B ten feet six inches, and D E two feet.

To mark the curved line A E B, drive a nail in the floor in the direction of D, and about fourteen feet three inches from E. Having made a loop at the end of a piece of wire (string will stretch too much to be accurate), you must bring the wire to the point E. The wire is your radius, and your object is to hold a pencil at such a point that it will pass through the points A, E and B. Your pencil will easily hit A and B. If it falls outside of E, you must move the board away from the nail; if it falls between C and E, the radius is too long, and the board must be moved toward the nail. Having found the exact spot, draw the curved line A E B. Then turn the board around, end for end, and mark the line A D B in the same manner. Then saw carefully along the curved lines, and you will have cut out the bottom of your boat.

The next step is to bevel the edges just sawed; that is, to cut the wood away from the under side of the edge of the bottom board, so that the side boards will easily be fitted to it.

At H (Fig. 2) is an angle of 120 degrees. The under edge must be cut off at this angle; but, as you come toward the end, cut away less and less of the under edge, until at F you cut away scarcely any. Bevel the entire edge in the same way,

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taking great care to change the bevel gradually and uniformly.

You must now fasten some hard-wood strips, one inch square, upon the bottom. Lay one in the middle (G H), and three toward each end, about thirteen inches apart. Let them be long enough for the ends to project an inch over each side. Drive an inch-and-a-half screw through the middle of each strip into the bottom.

Then turn over the bottom board and drive from four to six screws the other way, as at I, taking care to drive screws into each strip not more than an inch from the crack between the boards, and not more than that distance from the outer edge.

You would do well to put these screws in first, and afterward put in as many others as may be necessary to keep the bottom from warping. Use the gimlet and countersink, and dip the screws into oil or paint before driving them. The heads of all the screws, which are drawn large in the cut so as to show distinctly, should be below the surface.

The ends of the strips, or braces as we will now call them, should be sawed off to correspond with the bevel of the edge which is just below them.

You will now need fourteen pieces of the inch-square hard-wood. They are for the ribs, and each one should be one foot long. Fit one of the ribs to each end of the middle brace, so that the angles at G and H will be 120 degrees. Fasten the ribs to the brace by an angle-iron (H), which any blacksmith can make. A temporary brace (S)

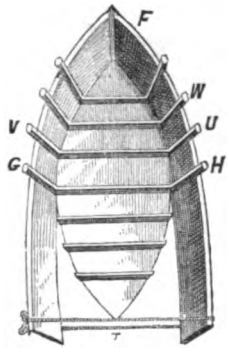

FIG. 3.—THE SIDES.

should be nailed into the ribs, G and H. A triangular piece (F), called the "dead-wood," is fastened with a block at an angle of 120 degrees with the bottom.

You must do the same with the other end of the bottom, which does not show in Fig. 2. You will then have seven braces, two ribs, and two dead-woods, all fastened to the bottom of the boat.

The boards for the sides should be of half-inch pine or three-eighths-inch ash. They should be of uniform thickness, with both sides smoothly planed. The length, fourteen feet; and the breadth, fourteen inches. Mark the exact middle of one of the boards, and place that mark against the rib H (Fig. 3). Let the lower edge project four inches below the bottom, and fasten the side to the rib with about five screws.

Now fasten the other side to the rib G in like manner. Tie a string around the ends at T, so that they will not spread. Bring the other ends,

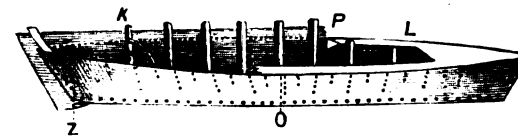

FIG. 4.—THE DECK AND CURVED BRACES.

at F, as near to each other as possible, and confine them with a string. Commence at H to fasten the side upon the bottom. Put in inch-and-a-quarter screws, about three inches apart. When you have reached the first brace, put the rib U in place and fasten it.

Pass to the other side, and fasten the bottom edge from G to V, and also the rib V. Return now to the first side, and fasten from U to W and the rib W. Do this alternately until you are within a foot of the end, F. You will then be obliged to cut off the ends of the side boards, in order to bring them up to the dead-wood at F.

This process is shown more plainly in Fig. 4. Your boat now looks something like Fig. 3; and the same course is to be followed as you commence at G and H and fasten toward the end, T.

The edge of the boat is rough, and the ribs project, as appears from K to P in Fig. 4. Having marked O, nine inches, and Z, eleven inches, you must trace a gradual curve each way from the middle. Be very careful about this, especially as you saw through ribs and all while following the mark. One edge in Fig. 4 is cut off in this way. The under edge is easily trimmed so as to be even with the lower surface of the bottom board.

The ribs nearest the ends should be connected at the top by the curved braces, K and L. A straight brace should extend from the middle of the curved brace to the top of the dead-wood. The corners which were left when you sawed out the bottom will now be of use. From them you can cut sixteen triangular pieces for brackets to support the deck. Let these brackets be upon each edge, seven, six, and five inches respectively. They are to be fastened half-way between the ribs with screws from the outside. The screws enter the edge which is six inches long, leaving the five-inch edge to receive the deck. Quarter-inch pine makes the best deck, and the fewer pieces in the

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deck the better it will be. The greatest breadth of the boat across the deck will vary, according to the manner in which you have done the work. It ought to be about three feet two inches, and the extreme length twelve feet. For security, it is well to fix a ring and staple in each end of the deck.

Benches or stools make good seats, but these you can arrange according to your fancy. A false bottom of slats will help to preserve the true bottom. You can fit a rudder to either end, if you choose.

A paddle can be used to good effect in propelling such a boat as this, but oars are better. For oar-locks you can have simple pegs set in a block, which is firmly screwed to the edge of the deck; or you can buy iron oar-locks which fit into a hole in a block which is fastened as above; or you can have iron arrangements like Fig. 5 made at the blacksmith's. There may be two of these, each made of inch horseshoe iron. They pass through plates of one-eighth-inch iron, screwed into the deck and into the bottom, and are eighteen and a-half inches long. They are straight for thirteen inches of this length, and are finished with a thimble in which the pin of the iron oar-lock can play.

All the carpenter-work of the boat is now completed, and you must turn your attention to the painting. After the first coat, or priming, paint two other coats of whatever color you wish. Upon

FIG. 5.—IRON SUPPORT FOR OAR-LOCK.

your choice of a color for the body will depend the color for the trimmings. If your own taste is not reliable, perhaps your friends will advise you how to paint.

At length, having followed these directions, you will have the satisfaction of launching your craft; and if it be carefully constructed, it will prove to be a very safe and a very useful boat, and not least among the pleasures you will experience will be that of having made it all yourself.

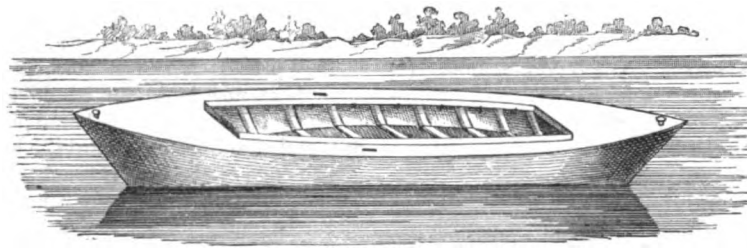

FIG. 6.—THE BOAT COMPLETE.

LITTLE Peri-Winkle,
With her eyes a-twinkle,
Said, "I am going to the ball to-night."
But nobody could wake her,
Hard as they might shake her,
For she went to sleep with her eyes shut tight,
And never waked up till the sun shone bright.

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MARIGOLD HOUSE.

By Sarah O. Jewett.

I WONDER if you remember a story, printed in ST. NICHOLAS for last September, called "My Friend the Housekeeper?" It was about a girl named Nelly Ashford, whose father had a play-house built for her in the garden, which play-house was like a real house, only smaller, with a little entry-parlor and kitchen in it. This was Marigold House.

It might have been better to have said in the first story that Nelly wished her house to have a name, and that it took a whole evening to make choice of one. Finally, Aunt Bessie happened to think that the housekeeper was very fond of marigolds, and that Mrs. Ashford had told the gardener to plant some under the windows and in the borders near by; so she said: "Suppose we call it Marigold House?" and this name suited everybody.

There was only one thing that Nelly wished might be added to the outside or inside of her play-house, and this was a door-plate, with "Miss Nelly Ashford" on it in printing letters. The grown people laughed when she mildly suggested this; but the door-plate was ordered, nevertheless, and her considerate aunty even asked if she would also like a number on the door.

Nelly thought there was no need of that, and also refused the offer of lightning-rods, kindly made by grandmamma.

All through the vacation, Nelly, and Alice Dennis, who was her best friend, spent most of their time at Marigold House. All the children from the houses near came often to play with them, and there were several tea-parties which were capital fun. The guests could not help envying Nelly, for nobody had ever seen half so nice a play-house before, and at tea-time the low table, the new blue and gold tea-set, and the little napkins, were perfectly fascinating.

There was a great deal of sewing to be done, for the dolls' clothes had to be made ready for Summer as fast as possible, as the children insisted that nearly all the last Summer's clothes had been outgrown and must be altered, so making themselves a great deal of work, and the kitchen was almost neglected for several days at a time.

Aunt Bessie did not go home to Boston with grandma, for she liked so much being in the country, and she used to come out to the play-house often with her painting, and tell stories, and sometimes sing, while the children sewed and took care of the dolls.

But our friends' fondness for dress-making did not last long, and the kitchen proved much more interesting. Miss Bessie gave them one day a little cook-book, with recipes for making cake and one or two puddings, and oat-cakes, which pleased them very much. She printed it herself with pen and ink, and instead of cupfuls and pounds of sugar or flour, she had reduced the measures to spoonfuls, and had tried these "doll recipes" herself, to be sure they were right. The first attempts were not very successful; but, after a week or so, they had learned to cook several things very well; and there was such continual feasting that Mrs. Ashford and Mrs. Dennis had to make a rule that they must never cook but one thing each day, or carry out provisions from the big house without special permission, and that they could only have one party a week. The children were required to keep everything tidy about the kitchen, and they soon learned to be orderly; but at first they had a fashion of putting away sticky dishes and forgetting to wash them.

Once, Nelly was away for a few days, and when she came back there was blue-mold on some unsuccessful cake she had carefully stored away in the kitchen-closet, and this gave such a shock to her feelings that she was much more careful afterward. The little cooks became most expert in making plum-puddings, which even Mrs. Ashford, who was very dainty, said were delicious. These puddings were made of pounded crackers, with sugar and spice, and an egg and some milk, with a great many raisins and currants, besides some bits of citron. Nora taught them to make sauce for it; and they achieved great renown among their friends, great and small, beside learning much about housekeeping and cooking which they will not forget.

I think I must tell you about the day of the grand dinner-party. It was when Nelly had been at housekeeping several weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Ashford were away, and Miss Bessie had gone to spend the day with a friend, and on the way asked Edith and Mary Talbot, two nice girls, to go down to Marigold House to lunch. Alice Dennis was already there, of course; and after they had all been talking for a few minutes, making various plans for the work and enjoyment of the day, Alice

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said: "I mean to have a dinner-party instead of lunch; mamma said we might have what we pleased."

Nelly's guests were usually entertained in the kitchen on such an occasion as this, and, indeed, would have felt defrauded if they had not been allowed to help with the cooking.

Nelly looked in the closet to see what was needed, and then ran into the great house to get supplies from the cook. Nora was particularly good-natured, and gave her potatoes to bake, some cold roast chicken and bread, filled her grocery-boxes and the big milk-pitcher, and then gave her some strawberries that had been left from breakfast; so my friend the housekeeper and one of the others had to make two voyages to carry everything out. It was a very busy morning. They made a plum-pudding of extra size and superior sweetness and fruitiness, and stoned all the raisins for it, which they commonly omitted to do. Then they undertook to make some soup. Alice had watched the cook at home do it several times, and was sure she knew how. So she and Edith went over to the vegetable garden, and came back with carrots, onions, beets, and radishes, though she was n't quite sure the last-named two belonged with the rest. There must be some potatoes and meat and a little rice. The cook had used beef-bones, she thought, but it was likely any meat would do as well; so our friends took some of the roast chicken and put it on to boil. Then each took a knife to slice the vegetables. Nobody wished to cut up the onions, for they make one's eyes smart so dreadfully; so they chopped them a little on the outside with a knife, and dropped them in whole. The other things were cut as fine as possible, and as fast as they were ready Alice stirred them in. There was a great deal of tasting done, but for some time there was no flavor, when they remembered it ought to have pepper and salt, and it is not surprising that they got in altogether too much, so that it was worse than when it had no taste at all.

COOKING THE DINNER.

Poor Mary Talbot had the bad luck to swallow a large lump of dry pepper which had not been stirred in, and so it seemed to her more highly seasoned than it did to the rest, and she said, as soon as she could speak: "Can't we put more water in?"

This seemed to be a sensible idea, but the little kettle was already full, so they dipped half the soup out into the other kettle, and filled both up with water. The potatoes and the pudding were baking well, so they went into the parlor and en-

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joyed the society of the dolls for a season, then began to set the table and get ready for dinner.

"Now we must have some names," said Nelly. "I am going to be Queen Victoria, and you are great ladies come to dine with me."

It was finally decided that Alice should be the Princess of Wales; Edith, Mary Queen of Scots; and Mary, the Empress Eugenie. And then, with great state and majesty, Queen Victoria went out to the kitchen to take up the soup.

She was very sorry that she had no dinner-set, for the tea-set was, in some respects, inconvenient, though she could manage well enough except in the question of a soup-tureen; but one could easily pretend that the bright tin pan she was obliged to use was silver, and the only trouble about the saucers was that they were small and shallow; but, as it was a State banquet, there was no hurry at all, so they could be filled often.

The company were seated, and just ready to begin, when there was a loud ring at the door.

"Your Majesties will please excuse my leaving the table," said Queen Victoria; "but my servants are all busy. I hope it is nobody coming to call; but I shall ask them into the kitchen, unless it is somebody very nice."

On the door-step stood an odd-looking little old woman, with a big black bonnet, and a wide white cap-frill underneath, and a pair of huge green spectacles.

"How do you do, miss?" said she, with a sudden courtesy, which nearly made Nelly laugh; but she managed to say:

"I 'm very well, thank you."

"Would n't ye take pity on a poor ould ooman as has to travel all the way to Bostin by her lone self, an' had nothin' to ate since 'arly this mor-nin', an' her heart failin' her intirely wid hunger? I can see it 's a fine, kind little shild ye are, by yer two blue little eyes; and sure, I 'll tell ye a fine story while I rist mesilf."

"Wont you please wait a minute?" said Nelly, and she ran in to ask the others what she had better do. "She 's a clean old woman," said our friend, "and she says she will tell us a story. We have ever so much more dinner than we can eat," adding, virtuously: "Mamma never wishes beggars to go away hungry, and she always tells me to be very kind and polite to poor people. I should n't like to be hungry and tired if I were a poor old woman."

Their Majesties thought it would be great fun, and her Royal Highness of Great Britain and Ireland turned to go out and ask the guest to come in, but first had the thoughtfulness to say that perhaps they had better not tell her whom they were, as she might be frightened.

"We have cooked most of the dinner ourselves," said Nelly, "but we hope it is good, and, at any rate, there is chicken and bread and butter."

"My heart! my heart!" said the old woman, as she came in at the door; "and aint this the swate little house! Would n't I like the mate to it to be restin' me old bones in! and I wanderin' about the highways, that might be grandmother to all of yez. Och! but I had the tidy little house in Ould Ireland, with my bit of a pig in a nate sty forninst the door. Indade, miss, and the likes of me would niver make bould to sit down at the same table with yez. Give me a bit of bread in me hand."

"Oh, no!" said Nelly, hospitably; "you can sit right here. I 'll move the dolls closer together. I 'm glad you happened to come to-day, for I have a better dinner than usual—there are five courses!" at which information the old woman looked rather blank.

So the hostess explained that there was—first, soup, and then chicken and potatoes, and next, plum-pudding, then strawberries, and, lastly, "little-biscuit" and milk.

"May the saints presarve ye!" said the guest. "My heart! and aint it the weary long day since I had a dinner like that!" and, without any more urging, she sat down at the table.

Nelly thought as she was so hungry that she would like more soup at once than the saucers held, so she went to the kitchen and found a nice white pint bowl, which the cook had lent her. She filled this with hot soup, and, remembering that Nora was fond of onions, she generously dipped out the two big ones that had been put in for flavoring, and carried it in triumphantly with both hands, the onions floating conspicuously on top.

The beets, which had, unfortunately, been boiling longest, had given it a most uninviting color, and there were bits of carrots and raddish and turnip, not to speak of potatoes and chicken-bones.

"Here is some nice hot soup for you, and I gave you all the onions," said my friend the housekeeper, while the other guests looked on admiringly.

The Irishwoman hesitated a minute, then tasted the undesirable-looking stew, but was instantly seized with a severe fit of coughing, and buried her face in her calico apron, while the children sat in great suspense, fearing she might choke.

"Wirra, wirra!" said she after awhile; "but the pepper in it was near the death of me, and what would I do and no praste near? Bless your pretty hearts, it 's a fine soup; but I had a cough this tin years back, and the docther said mesilf could ate no bit of pepper at all, at all; and—well, I 'm

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'shamed to be turning away from yer kindness, but I 'd best ate no more."

"It *is* strong of pepper," said Alice, looking quite crest-fallen; "and it 's *very* strong of those horrid onions! I wish we had n't put them in; but never mind, I shall know how exactly, next time."

The cold chicken was eaten by all the company with great satisfaction; the potatoes were baked just right, and the pudding was a grand success, for the old woman asked if she might make so bold as to ask for another piece, which compliment was graciously received.

By the time the strawberries were served, she was chattering in the most amusing way, and seemed to have quite forgotten her weariness; in fact, the children thought her one of the most charming persons they had ever seen. Sometimes they could hardly sit in their chairs, they laughed so hard. She praised everything extravagantly, and told them proudly that she once cooked for a gintleman's family, and if anybody knew a good dinner when she saw it, it was Biddy Sullivan. And then she went on to tell a long story about her husband, one Larry Sullivan, who had been dead ("Hiven rist his soul!") thirteen years come Christmas.

The children were very sympathizing, and, after some further particulars of her life in the old country, she gave them their choice of two stories: "The Little Cakeen" or "The Bad Son and the Good Son."

"Oh, I don't want to hear the Cakeen story!" said Nelly. "I 'm so tired of that. I used to like it, and now Aunt Bessie tells it to tease me. I 've heard the other one too, but I like that ever so much."

"Whist, thin!" said Mrs. Biddy Sullivan. "I likes the other best mesilf, an' it having such a fine ind to it."

Then she drew a long breath, afterward putting her tongue out at the corner of her mouth in a meditative way, and then began.

She had left the dinner-table, and was sitting with her back to the light, which she said hurt her eyes. She still wore her big green spectacles, and had refused to take off her big reddish cotton gloves. I believe I have not told you that she said she was going to Boston to have her eyes doctored, and had requested them to give her money.

"An' it was once, long ago, in the ould counthry," said Mrs. Biddy, "there was livin' a fine, clane, honest, poor widdy woman, an' she havin' two sons, an' she fetched the both of 'em up fine and careful, but one of them turned out bad intirely. An' one day says she to him, says she:

"'I 've given you your livin' as long as iver I can, and it 's you must go out into the wide worruld to sake your fortune.'

"'Mother, I will,' says he.

"'An' will ye take a big cake wid me curse, or a little cake an' me blessing?' says she.

"'The big cake, shure,' says he.

"So she baked a big cake and cursed him, and he wint away laughin'. By and by he came forninst a spring in the woods, and sat down to ate his dinner off the cake, and a small, little bird sat on the edge of the spring.

"'Give me a bit of that cake for me little ones in the nest,' says she; and he caught up a stone to throw at her.

"'I 've scarce enough for meself,' says he; and she bein' a fairy, put her bake in the spring and toorned it black as ink, and wint away up in the trees. And whiles he looked for her to kill her, a fox wint away wid his cake.

"So he wint away from that place very mad, an' nixt day he stopped, very hungry, at a farmer's house, and hired out for to tind the cows.

"'Be wise,' says the farmer's wife, 'for the next field is belongin' to a giant, and if the cows gets in his clover he will kill you dead as a shtone.'

"But the bad son laughed and wint away out to watch the cows; and before the noon-time he wint to slape up in a tree, and the cows all wint in in the clover, an' out comes the giant and shook him down out of the tree an' killed him dead, and that was the ind of the bad son.

"And by the next year the poor widdy woman, says she to the good son:

"'Ye must go out into the wide worruld and sake your fortune, for I can kape you no longer,' says she.

"'Mother, I will,' says he.

"'An' will ye take a big cake wid me curse, or a little cake wid me blessing?'

"'The little cake,' says he.

"So she baked it for him and gave him her blessin', and he wint away, an' she a-weepin' afther him foine and loud. An' by and by he came to the same spring in the woods where the bad son was before him, and the small, little bird sat again on the side of it.

"'Give me a bit of yer cakeen for me little ones in the nest,' says she.

"'I will,' says he, an' he broke her off a foine piece, and she dipped her bake in the spring and toorned it into sweet wine; and when he bit his cake, shure an' she had toorned it into a fine plum-cake intirely; an' he ate and drank and wint on light-hearted. And nixt he comes to the farmer's house.

"'Will ye tind cows for me?' says the farmer.

"'I will,' says the good son.

"'Be wise,' says the farmer's wife, 'for the

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clover-field beyant is belongin' to the giant, an' if ye lave in the cows he will kill you dead.'

"'Never fear!' says the good son; 'I don't slape at me worruk.'

"And he goes out in the field and lugs a big stone up in the tree, and thin sinds ivery cow far out in the clover-fields and goes back ag'in to the tree. An' out comes the giant a-roarin' so you could hear the roars of him a mile away; and when he finds the cow-boy, he goes under the tree to shake him down, but the good little son slips out the big stone, an' it fell down and broke the giant's head intirely. So the good son wint running away to the giant's house, and it bein' full to the eaves of gold and diamonds and splindid things!

"See what fine luck comes to folks that is good and honest! An' he wint home and fetched his old mother, an' they lived rich an' continted, and died very old and rispicted."

"That 's a nice story," said Edith, and Nelly remarked that it was exactly the way that Aunt Bessie used to tell it.

"Would n't it have been awful if the stone had n't hit the giant?" said Mary, who was timid; while Alice Dennis said, "Now please tell us another."

"I must be going now," said the widow Sullivan. "Bless your innocent hearts!"

"Oh, I wish you could stay a little longer!" said Nelly. "My Aunt Bessie will soon be home. She has lots of money, and I know she will give you some, so you need n't walk to Boston."

But now, to their great astonishment, the guest laughed and pulled Nelly into her lap and kissed her, and, taking off the big gloves, threw them at Alice with a very small white hand; and next off came the green glasses and the bonnet, and there sat Miss Bessie herself!

"You dear little geese!" said she. "I must n't cheat you any longer; but it has been such fun! I supposed you would find me out in the first ten minutes."

And then there was such a frolic!

"I came nearest laughing when you came in with that odd red soup with the big onions," said Aunt Bessie, "for you know I don't like onions at all. And I was sure you would suspect when I asked if you would like to hear the Cakeen story. But the best part of it was that you were all so sweet and kind and ladylike, and did your very best to make a poor old woman comfortable. I could n't help feeling a little ashamed at being only a naughty older girl who was deceiving you. But I 'll help you clear away the dinner if you like, and then we will have a drive."

"Oh, *darling* Aunt Bessie! you are so funny!" said Nelly, and then they all laughed again. It began to rain, so they could n't go to drive; but Miss Bessie stayed at Marigold House all the afternoon, and "My Friend the Housekeeper" and her cronies had some capital fun.

HELLO!

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A GLANCE AT RHINELAND.

BY E. D. SOUTHWICK.

BACHARACH, ON THE RHINE.

THERE is nothing I should enjoy better than to take a party of bright boys and girls on a visit to "Rhineland."

We would start from Cologne, where we would first see all the sights. We would have the grandest time imaginable, for we would stop just where we liked. We would ride up the Drachenfels on little gray donkeys, and scamper all over the old castle (what there is left of it). Then, while enjoying the view, taste some "dragon's blood;" for tradition says that a great dragon lived among these mountain crags when the castle was in its glory, and was slain by valiant knights, since which time all the wine made there, being very red, is called his blood. Going on up the river, we should pass the Isle of Nonnenworth, where the daughter of the Lord of Drachenfels died in a convent, because she believed that her lover, the Lord of

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Rolansdeck, had been killed in the war, though he really was safe, and returned to mourn his life away in his castle above the isle.

I can't tell you of all the places we would see. But we certainly should stop at Coblenz, and visit Ehrenbreitstein (Honor's broad stone) just opposite, the strongest fortress on the Rhine; and, after finding out all we could about it, take steamer up the Moselle, which flows in just there. Then we should land at Treves, the most ancient city on our route—so old that no one knows when it had a beginning. History relates, however, that when Julius Cæsar first led the Roman armies into this part of Europe, fifty-eight years before Christ, Treves was the flourishing capital of a great nation, and that afterward many Roman emperors and princes lived there. Indeed, many interesting relics of them still remain, such as a gate-way, built in the year 318 by Constantine the Great; a bridge which was in use in the reign of Augustus, twenty-eight years before Christ; an arena, nearly as old; and, in fact, that our visit would be almost equal to going to Rome itself.

Back again upon the Rhine, we would stop to climb up to the Castle of Stolzenfels, which, being the property of the Emperor of Germany, has been thoroughly restored, and is now the most beautiful specimen of a castle of the Middle Ages anywhere to be seen. It was built by the Princes of Treves, many of whom lived there, and in 1235 was the scene of great festivities, when the Emperor Frederick II. lodged there with his bride, an English princess. This single castle would pay us for such a journey; but many more come in our way. Two—"The Cat" and "The Mouse"—are not far apart; the former called so from its ancient owners, whose name meant "Cat's-elbow." They used to quarrel with the Lords of "The Mouse," but were always beaten. This castle, although built in 1363, is one of the most perfect on the Rhine, and we would wander through its halls, and hunt for dungeons, if you liked.

Just beyond these two is Rheinfels, the largest ruin of all, standing on a rock 368 feet above the river. It was built by one of the "Cat's-elbow" princes in 1245, who made it his home, and exacted tolls for all merchandise that passed. But he became so severe in his exactions, that the neighboring traders besieged the castle for fifteen months, but could not take this stronghold. It was not long after, however, that sixty cities united against these robber knights, and in a few years dismantled all their castles.

The Rheinfels' nearest neighbor is the picturesque ruin of Schonberg—"Beautiful Hill"—which was named for seven beautiful daughters of its lord, who, tradition says, were all so hard-hearted that they would show no favor to any of the young knights who came to the castle, and were therefore changed into seven rocks, which may now sometimes be seen in the rivers.

In the little towns lying below each castle, we should catch many glimpses of ancient grandeur, such as our illustration affords; quaint, yet beautiful houses, Gothic churches, and scenes of quiet peasant life.

Bacharach, a picture of which you see on the opposite page, lies about twenty-six miles south of Coblenz, and holds one of the most important positions on the river. It is enclosed by old walls, which had in former days twelve towers for defense, each open on the side nearest the town, probably to prevent their being used against it, if in possession of an enemy. Its name came from "Bacchiara,"—the altar of Bacchus,—the name of a rock in the river, which is sometimes seen in dry seasons; and its appearance is always hailed with joy, as it promises a great vintage. The wine made here is very valuable. As early as 1460, Pope Pius II. imported a tun of it every year to Rome; and it is said that the city of Nuremberg obtained its freedom in return for four casks of it sent annually to the Emperor Wenzel by her devoted citizens.

The ruin on the heights is all that is left of the Castle of Stahleck, for hundreds of years the residence of the Electors who ruled the Rhineland; but as it was destroyed in the thirteenth century, we should not see much, after a climb there, of the ancient glory, excepting the grand and extended view of the Rhine, that river which the Germans as a nation have always regarded with such deep reverence and affection.

This is not all, but it wont do to say any more now. I certainly hope that as we cannot all go together, you will see and enjoy the Rhineland for yourselves sometime, for it will be a pleasure as long as you live, and you will be sure to want to go again.

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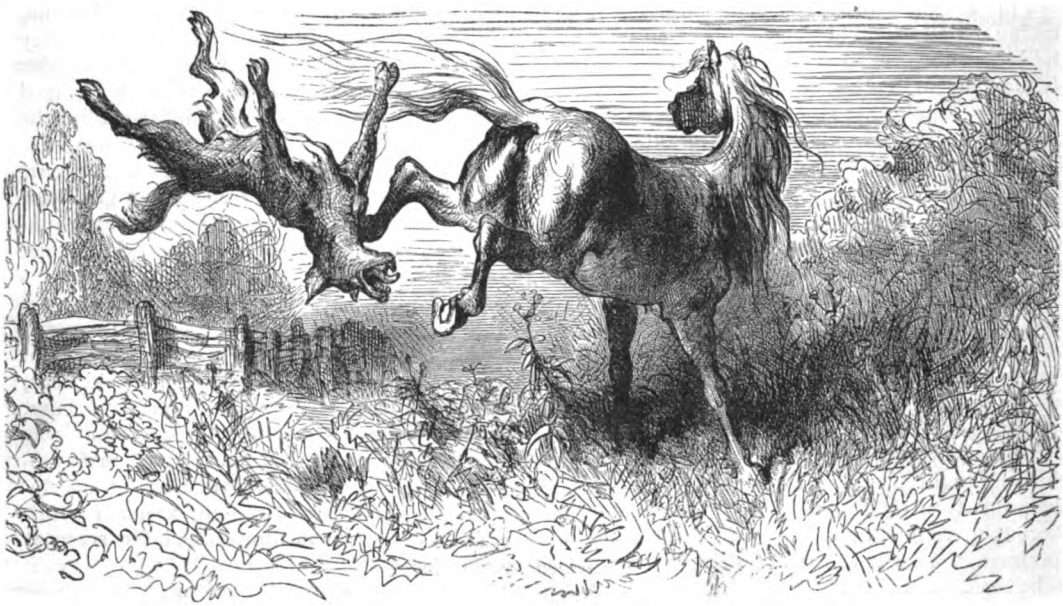
THE HORSE AND THE WOLF.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.



[A prowling wolf espied a horse grazing in the field. "Aha!" cried he, "a prize; but how to manage? A horse is not easy prey, like a sheep. I must try some trick." So he drew near and introduced himself as a doctor. "You must be ill," he told the horse, "or they would not have turned you out to graze. Tell me your disease; I can cure it, whatever it is." "I have a swelling on the under side of my foot," replied the horse. "Let me examine," said the wolf, making ready for a snap. Suddenly the wary horse flung wide his heels and threw the wolf high in air. "Ah!" he howled, as he limped away. "This serves me right. I should not have quitted my trade. Nature meant me for a butcher, not for a doctor."]

IN the front of the big house in the square, two windows stood wide open one morning in June. Every one who passed stopped and stared, for nobody had ever seen a window open in the big house before.

The big house faced the south. It should have been bright, but it seemed as if the sun dodged its duty, and shone everywhere else. Inside were large dull rooms, which smelt of furniture, though Mrs. Ursula, the housekeeper, dusted them every day. Mrs. Ursula was tall and bony. She had sharp eyes, with red rims to them, and large, prominent teeth. Most people were afraid of her; but she always trod softly, and spoke as if her mouth were full of sugar, when she entered the room where Governor Alden, the owner of the big house, sat, surrounded with law books, and always alone. He was an old man now; it was years since he had governed anybody, but people called him "the Gove'nor" still. Mrs. Ursula's place was a capital one, everybody said. She ruled the big house, and, when "the Gove'nor" died, she would, no doubt, inherit his money; who else had he to leave it to, poor old man?

And now the windows stood open, and passers-by stopped to wonder!

"What is it? Do you know?" asked one of another.

"I know," squeaked a little boy, proud to be wiser than the older people.

"What is it? Tell us quick!" exclaimed the rest.

"It's a girl. She came last night in the eight o'clock 'bus. She's pretty, too, you bet. I seen her go in! Bill took in her trunk. He says she's the Gove'nor's granddaughter, and I guess Mrs. Ursula don't like it much; she most bit Bill's head off. Crickey!"

These remarks concluded, the little boy stood on his head, by way of exclamation point!

"The Gove'nor's granddaughter! I did n't know he ever had chick or child," said a man.

"Did n't you?" said old Mrs. Tibbetts. "O yes. Sophy Alden was the prettiest girl in this

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town; but she went and took up with a furriner, and her Pa cut her off. So her dartier's come here to live, has she? Well, well!"

While the people thus wondered outside the house, Mignon Chevalier was wondering equally inside. What sort of home was this—what sort of a grandpapa? Why had he first looked at her in such rigid silence; and then, after reading the letter she brought, trembled and cried, and said: "Take her away, Ursula; make her comfortable—I must be alone?" How queer that a house should be built all of wood; how different from the houses she had been used to in France! Why did the people stare so at the windows? She popped out her head to see. Mrs. Tibbetts caught a glimpse of it, framed in its bronze-brown curls, the clear, frank eyes full of curiosity, and cried:

"Bless the girl! Don't she look pretty and skittish! She's the moral image of her Ma!"

Mignon heard; she smiled gayly, and kissed her hand to the old woman.

It did not take long to make the child at home. The old walls seemed to welcome her. The sun took the house into favor, shone in at Mignon's windows all day, and played bo-peep with her of mornings. The very mice appeared glad of her coming; they racketed about and squeaked gleefully from their hiding-places. All things rejoiced over the young, happy creature. All but grandpapa. He dared not rejoice. His new-found happiness was mixed with constant anxiety. This was in great part the fault of Mrs. Ursula. She knew that he was afraid of French people, and disliked them; and she never lost a chance of reminding him that Mignon was half French.

"I ought to be getting Miss Chevalier some Summer frocks," she would say. "But perhaps I had better let her choose them. *The French* have so much taste in dress." Or, "I told Biddy to make one of those thin soups *the French* are so fond of. I thought, perhaps, Miss Mignon would enjoy it. But I'm afraid it's not very good." Or, "I'm sure I beg your pardon, sir, if I misunderstood; but Miss Mignon gave me the message, and I can't always make out what she says. She has such a foreign accent!"

Mignon's accent was a little foreign, but she spoke English very prettily, and only an envious person could have found fault with her, she was so amiable, fresh, and gay. The old Governor felt the charm. Left to himself he would soon have loved her dearly. When she put her sweet face to his, and kissed him good-night, his heart warmed with pleasure. But then came Mrs. Ursula saying: "Miss Mignon is French, you know, and I am only used to American girls. They are *so* different!"

Meantime, when alone with Mignon, she pretended to like her very much. She praised and flattered her, and asked leave to "curl that beautiful hair."

But, though Mignon was gracious and polite, in her heart she was afraid. Mrs. Ursula's large teeth, and the expression of her red eyes, made her think of a wild beast.

"I feel like Red Riding Hood," she said to herself once, and then she laughed.

So the Summer passed. If she had not been the brightest and sunniest of girls, Mignon must sometimes have been very lonely in that dull house, with Mrs. Ursula for companion, and grandpapa, who at times seemed so fond of her, at other times shrinking away and becoming cold and stern.

But she hardly knew the meaning of the word lonely. Outdoors one minute, indoors next, she flashed about like a sunbeam, making friends of every body and thing within her reach. Dogs, cats, birds, currant-bushes, rose-vines, little boys, babies—all were interesting to Mignon. Her light feet echoed strangely in the long halls. People who passed heard her singing, and remarked how different the old house was now that she was there.

One day in August she came in with her lap full of flowers, and grandpapa opened the study door and called her:

"Mignon, my child, I want you."

Mignon went in. Two gentlemen were there whom she had never seen before. They were sitting by the table, which was covered with papers.

Grandpapa put his arm about Mignon's shoulders. "This is she," he said; "my only daughter's only child. Mr. Squires, Mignon, and Judge Dubberly."

The gentlemen rose and bowed, and Mignon made her courtesy very prettily.

"That will do," said grandpapa. "Now run away, my dear." Mignon went, but she wondered what it meant.

Mrs. Ursula wondered too, but she guessed pretty well what it meant. She found a good deal to do that morning in the pantry which adjoined the study, and caught words which made her suspect that the Governor was making his will. Mrs. Ursula did not like this. The Governor had made a will years before Mignon came, in which he left Mrs. Ursula a legacy; she feared that he might forget to do so now.

After awhile, the gentlemen left. Then the Governor went into the dining-room, and opened the iron safe in which he kept his papers. Mrs. Ursula heard the sharp click of the closing door, and was ready to fly with vexation and anxiety.

Two or three days after, something happened that was very sad. Grandpapa came in from the

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hot sun with a bad headache. That night fever set in, and soon he was very ill.

"He is an old man. There does n't seem much chance for him," the doctor told his wife. He did not say so to Mrs. Ursula, but she looked in his eyes and guessed.

Mignon was grieved to have grandpapa sick. Mrs. Ursula took all the care, and would not allow her to do anything; but she would sit beside the bed for hours at a time, fanning grandpapa, or holding and stroking his hand. Sometimes she would sing little French hymns, in her soft young voice, and he always seemed to like to hear them. But, after awhile, he was so very ill that he did not know who was in the room or who was not.

Then came a dreadful evening, when the doctor looked graver than usual, shook his head, and whispered that there was almost no hope. Mignon was too unhappy to sleep, and, after Mrs. Ursula thought her safe in bed, she stole back, and sat down in a dark corner behind grandpapa's curtains. There was nothing for her to do, but it seemed a comfort to be there, rather than in her lonely bedroom.

The house was very quiet. After awhile, Mrs. Ursula came in on tiptoe with a candle, which she shaded with her hand, as she stood beside the bed, looking down at the Governor's face, so white and still that it almost seemed dead.

She stood there a great many minutes; then, moving noiselessly, she crossed the room, and began to fumble in the closet. What was she about? Mignon felt curious. She leaned forward and saw Mrs. Ursula take a key out of the pocket of grandpapa's waistcoat, which hung there. She recognized it well; it was the key of the iron safe in the dining-room.

Mignon was but thirteen, but, in spite of her gay heart, she had a wise little head of her own, and she knew very well that Mrs. Ursula had no business with this valuable key. So, when the housekeeper left the room and went softly downstairs, Mignon crept after, to see what was being done.

Mrs. Ursula, standing before the open safe, had no idea that just outside in the dark hall a pair of indignant brown eyes were watching her every movement. It was as she feared. The Governor *had* made a new will. She read it from end to end,—a small legacy to herself, all the rest to Mignon. But something else lay in the drawer, namely, the old will, which the Governor had not yet destroyed, and in which Mrs. Ursula was left a large legacy, while nothing at all was said of Mignon.

Mignon, watching, saw Mrs. Ursula's face change when she spied this. Her eyes lighted up, she showed her large teeth, and looked more like a wolf than ever. She thought a moment, then took the new will, laid it on the hearth, struck a match, and set fire to the paper. It was only a moment in burning up, all those long words which grandpapa and the other gentlemen had spent a whole morning over.

"There!" said Mrs. Ursula aloud, gazing on the little heap of ashes. "There, Miss Mignon! That does for you, I fancy!"

She did not hear the light feet flit upstairs before her. In the sick-room all was quiet; the Governor lay asleep or unconscious, and Mrs. Ursula rejoiced.

"Only a day or two more," she thought; "then I 'll send that French chit packing about her business!"

Does it not seem dreadful that any woman should be so wicked? But we must remember that she did n't become wicked all at once. It is the tiny seeds of envy and greediness which we neglect which take root in our hearts unchecked, and after awhile crowd out all the good, and lead us to do shocking things which once we should have shuddered at.

Mignon did not go to bed at all that night, but slept in the big chair beside grandpapa. She felt as if she wanted to watch over him. While she slept the good Angel of Healing passed by and laid his blessed hand on the poor old man. The doctor looked surprised and glad when he came in the morning. The fever had gone, he said; now grandpapa might get well, only he would need the best of nursing for a long time to come.

"I 'll be nurse," cried Mignon. "Tell me exactly what to do, Doctor, and I 'll do it beautifully. Grandpapa will like to have me; wont you, grandpapa?" And the sick man smiled faintly and nodded his head.

So the doctor gave directions, and that day, and many days after, Mignon waited on grandpapa,—the prettiest, brightest, kindest little nurse that ever was. She wrote down all the orders about food and medicine, she timed herself with grandpapa's heavy old gold watch, and never once forgot or made a mistake. Mrs. Ursula did not interfere, for she was frightened almost out of her wits at the thought of what she had done. It had never occurred to her while she burned the paper that the Governor might get well, and now she did not know which way to turn.

At last she resolved to tell grandpapa that Mignon had meddled with the will and burnt it up by accident. "He 'll take my word against that child's, surely," thought she. Meantime, while getting ready to make this accusation, she was very sweet

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to Mignon, and caressed and flattered her more than ever.

One day in early October, when grandpapa was so much better as to sit up, Mignon, coming in from a walk, heard a voice in grandpapa's room. It was Mrs. Ursula's voice.

"If you please, sir, have you the key of the smoke-room?"

"I? No," replied the Governor.

"Oh, then Miss Mignon must have it."

"Mignon! Why what should she want with that key? She does n't care for hams and tongues, Ursula."

"I don't know I 'm sure, sir. She 's a curious girl, and she likes to unlock and turn things over. I don't suppose there 's a drawer in this house, or a closet, that she has n't been into; even the iron safe, though there 's nothing in *that* but papers, to be sure. The French are a singular people."

"What on earth should the child want of the iron safe?" remarked the Governor, surprised and a little fretful, for he was a man who hated to have his things meddled with.

Mignon went to her room quietly.

"How dare she tell such a falsehood?" she thought; "but *why* did she want to tell it?" She felt that Mrs. Ursula was meditating mischief, and she resolved to tell grandpapa about the burnt paper as soon as he was a little stronger.

It was quite a festival in the big house the day that grandpapa came down to dinner for the first time. Biddy had prepared a feast. Mignon adorned the room with chrysanthemums and late roses. In the middle of the table was a bowl of purple and white grapes trimmed with vine-leaves, and the sun streaming in, shone on all,—on the roses, the grapes, on grandpapa's white head, on Mignon's curls of sunny brown, on the wood fire, and the iron safe which stood in its recess grim and black.

"Grandpapa," asked Mignon as dinner ended, and Mrs. Ursula set the dessert on the table, "what do you keep in *there?*" pointing to the safe with her finger.

"Papers, child."

"And what papers do you keep in the second drawer from the top on the right-hand side?"

Mrs. Ursula stared. Grandpapa was astonished, and a little vexed.

"Why do you ask?" he said.

"I will tell you," replied Mignon, speaking very gravely and looking straight at Mrs. Ursula. "One night when you were very, very sick, grandpapa, and the doctor said he did not think you could get well, Mrs. Ursula came into your room and took the safe key out of your pocket. She did not know I was there, but I was, and I crept after her and watched her. She took a paper out of that drawer and read it; then she took out another paper and read that; then she laid one of the papers in the fire-place, and set fire to it and burned it up. I have not told you before, because you were not strong, but I think I ought to tell you now."

"Is this true?" demanded the Governor sternly.

"Sir,—I—I— No, it is not true," stammered the terrified Ursula.

Grandpapa rose and went to the safe. He opened the drawer, took out the will, examined it. Then—

"You will notice what I do," he said, "and you, Mignon."

He laid the paper on the logs. It flamed, then blackened; he stood watching till it was quite burned up.

"Now," he said, turning to the housekeeper, "Go! Your wages shall be paid afterward; but I do not wish to see you again."

"Oh," groaned Mrs. Ursula, as she tied up her bundles, "why did I do such a venturesome thing? I shall never get a place like this again."

With her departed the evil spirit from the old house. From that time Mignon became all in all to grandpapa. Her youth and brightness made him feel young; her affection cheered him; he loved her tenderly and trusted her in all things.

"Mrs. Tibbets says you are 'skittish,'" he said one day. "And you *do* make me think a little of a colt in a pasture; you frisk about and toss your head so, and seem to enjoy being alive so much."

"Oh, I'm like a colt, am I?" replied Mignon, saucily. "Well, grandpapa, you make me think of a gallant old war-horse, who does n't go to battles any more, but has a good time at home. I don't mind frisking by your side. Mrs. Ursula always made me think of a wolf, do you know? Now we 've got rid of her, I can frisk with a light heart and be content."

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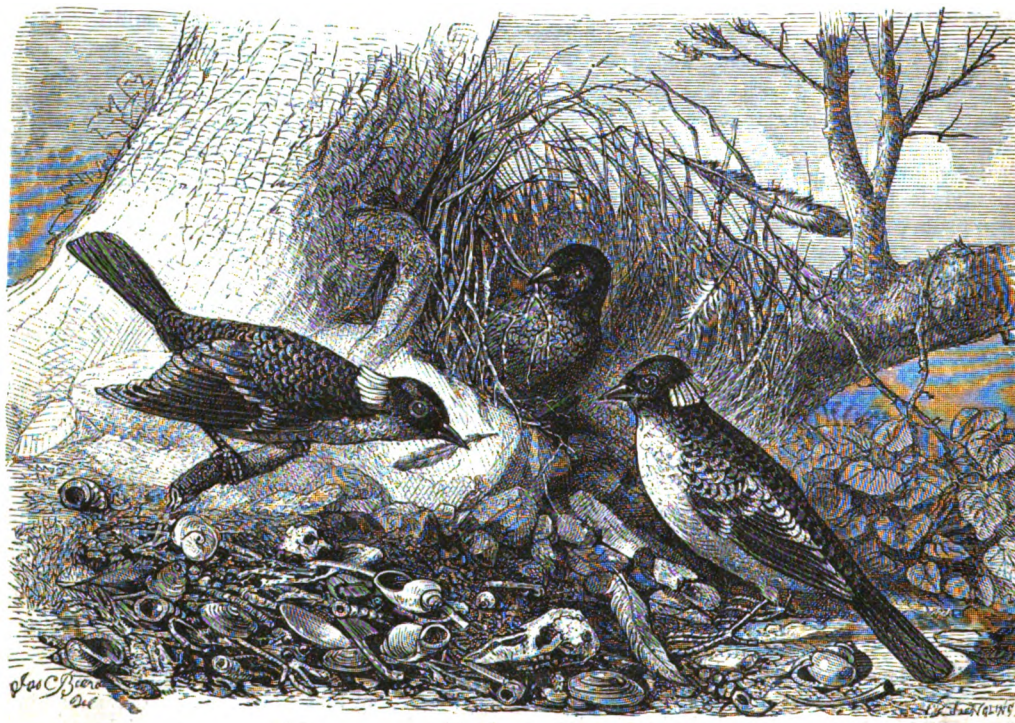
DE AVIBUS QUÆ DOMUS LUSORIAS FINGUNT.

SCRIPSIT JACOBUS C. BEARD.



SOLLERTI nidorum usitatorum structura adeo assueti sumus ut jam non miremur ita tenuem jucundamque domum rebus ita variis collectisque e locis ita diversis construi, atque modis ita artificiosis conjungi ab aviculis, quæ quidem nullis instrumentis nisi suis ipsorum rostris ungulisque utuntur. Quid autem dicatis, si, aliquo mane verno, frequentes hæ aves parvæ, non in nido, sed in domo lusoria elaborare incipiant, atque paucis post diebus saltandi colludendique causa ad hanc domum illo ipso consilio atque summa diligentia sollertiaque structam se congregent? En! nonne mirum narratur, vix credibile?

Sunt tamen hujusmodi aves et ab iis tales ipsæ domus profecto construuntur. Sed ubinam gentium? In Australia, nec usquam alibi. Qua de causa veri simile est vos has aves nunquam visuros esse, ideoque ipsæ, transmissa sui imagine, exoraverunt ut vobis per SANCTI NICOLAI paginas commendentur. Vocantur Chlamyderæ vel Trichilarum Aves, et in duo genera dividuntur. Eis quæ in pictura exhibentur nomen est Maculatis Trichilarum Avibus, quarum est color pulchre fuscus, maculis luteis aureisve variatus, et in cervicibus apparet torques vel quoddam collare ex pennis longis et puniceis roseisve constans.

Domus autem lusoria vel trichila in altitudine fere sesquipedalis plerumque est atque pedum ternorum quaternorumve in longitudine. Primum suggestus aliquot digitos crassus fingitur, fiscinarum more vel textus vel plexus. Deinde graminis herbæ quum longæ tum virgeam circumplexæ compagem, quæ in suggestus mattæve lateribus fixa est, trichilam efficiunt; unde surgit quasi cryptoporticus, non solum in partibus extremis aperta, sed etiam et insuper et utrinque tecta. Necdum omnia audivistis. Aves enim lusorium adornare nunc pergunt, quam ad rem et conchis utuntur et ossibus mundis albisque et pannis versicoloribus et vitreis fractis et murrhinis et si quas alias res lucentes reperire possunt. Nam tabaci fistula et muliebre digiti munimentum in quadam harum trichilarum et ipsa inventa esse dicuntur; quin etiam vir rerum naturæ peritissimus nos cer-

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tiores facit Australicos ipsos, si quodcunque ornamentum portabile amiserunt, semper scrutantur trichilas vicinas in quibus res quæsitæ sæpe reperiuntur. Trichilæ autem usu diuturno corruunt ramaliaque, vento imbrique obnoxia, tandem dirumpuntur, itaque trichilæ corbi vetustæ et obsoletæ similes fiunt. Resarcire trichilam aves nonnunquam volunt; sed plerumque malunt denuo contexere. Nec est hoc architectis tam impigris et tam sollertibus opus difficile.

[Translations of the above, received before the first day of August, will be duly acknowledged.]

THE BROOK.

By Mary N. Prescott.

The little brooklet ripples along,
Every bubble singing a song;
It tangles the sun in its crystal skein,
And it answers back to the fretting rain;
Along its margin the ferns unfold,
And violets shapen out of the mold;
And the flag-flower leans, as if fain to snatch
A hint of the brooklet's musical catch,
But the way is long, and the path is rough,
And day and night are not long enough.
Orion looks on its quivering stream,
His belt and buckle upon it gleam,
And all the stars that haunt the sky
Reflect their splendor in passing by.
Oh, happy brooklet, that bears along
The skimming swallow's early song;

While arrow-heads are wading out
To watch the flashing of silver trout.
Day after day, and night after night,
It seems to be running away out of sight;
The secret of each neighboring nest,
Of lilies anchored on its breast;
That every day, and perhaps forever,
Plays out of doors in all sorts of weather!

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THREE LITTLE DOGS.

TRIP.

THIS is Jane's dog Trip. See how fast he runs! He has been sent with a note from Jane to her friend Kate.

TRIP.

Trip will run to Kate's house, and scratch the door, and whine to be let in. Then Kate will come and take the note, and pat him on the head and say, "Good Trip! how is Jane?"

"Bow, wow!" says Trip. That means, "Jane is well; and how are you, Kate?"

Kate says, "Come in, Trip, and wait; I will write back to Jane."

So Trip goes in, and jumps up by her chair, and barks, while she writes her note.

Then she folds it, and writes Jane's name on the back. Down at one side she puts these words, "Care of Trip." That means Trip is to take good care of the note, and not lose it.

Trip takes the note in his teeth, and runs with it back to Jane, and does not play by the way. They think he is the best dog in the world.

JIM.

KATE has a dog too, and his name is Jim. She does not send him with notes, but he is a good dog, and he is such a firm friend to Kate's bird, Tom, that he will let Tom come and jump on his back, which is a nice soft and warm place for the bird to rest on.

JIM.

If Tom could say that he would like to have one or two hairs from Jim's back to help make a nest, Jim would let him have them. But Tom

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cannot talk to Jim, or if he does chirp in the dog's ear, the dog does not know what he means. But they are such good friends, and Tom is so glad to see Jim, and Jim is so glad to see Tom, that they do not need to know how to talk. So if Tom feels that he would like to have a hair or two, he just takes them, and Jim does not mind it much.

Rob.

Rob is a good dog too, but he will bark when a man or a boy does what he thinks is wrong. He is John Hale's dog. John is a friend of both Kate and Jane.

ROB.

Rob does not like bad dogs, and he will bite them if they are not too big. One day he saw a small dog who was so cross and mean that he would bark at all the girls who went to school past his box or house.

So Rob thought that this small dog should learn to keep cool; and he took him in his mouth and let him drop in a pond. The small dog did not like this, and when he came out he went home as fast as he could, and to this day he does not bark at the girls when Rob is near.

But if this cross small dog should fall into a pond or a creek, and if he could not swim well, and so could not get out, and if Rob should come by and see him in the pond, Rob would jump in and help him out all the same as if he were a good dog; for Rob is kind to those who need his help, but at the same time he knows how to treat those who are bad and mean.

There are some men and boys, and girls too, who might learn from Rob a good deal that it would be well for them to know.

They might learn that we should not make friends with those who are bad, but that we should do good to all who need our help, if they are good or if they are bad.

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JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HURRAH for the Fourth of July, my dears! and hurrah for the grand hundred years that have passed over our country since she resolved to stand up for herself and go it alone!

Hurrah, too, for the beautiful, glorious Summer with its joy and music, its lessons of peace and love, and, last not least, its delightful VACATION!

Ah! that is what Jack loves—the school vacation—when boys and girls swarm in the woods and meadows, by the sea-shore, on the mountains, and even among the wet stones of the noisy brooks! Bless them! How their voices ring, and how their young hearts bound! What wonder that in July birds become wild with joy, and daisies nod, and trees shake down their ripening fruit too soon?

Jack does n't like to think of poor children in cities at such times as this. It 's awful. Do all you can, my favored ones, toward helping those little pale cheeks to wide sunlight and the breath of flowers. Talk to the grown folk about it, and so help to multiply free Summer excursions for them. These free excursions for poor little ones are great things. Dear, dear! How the birds do try to sing their best on such occasions!

But enough. Let 's have

TOM HUGHES ON FIGHTING.

IT is hard, you see, for a steady, peaceable Jack-in-the-Pulpit to give you boys real, fire-crackery, Fourth-of-July talk, such as, perhaps, you 'll expect to find in the July ST. NICHOLAS; but here is something that will answer very well. It 's by Tom Hughes, the great historian of the schoolboy. He is talking to the boys of England when he says it; but, mind you, he expects them to be sharp and get at its true meaning—not swallow it whole, like a pill:

After all, what would life be without fighting, I should like to know. From the cradle to the grave, fighting, rightly understood, is the business—the real, highest, honestest business—of every son of man. Every one who is worth his salt has his enemies, who must be beaten, be they evil thoughts and habits in himself, or spiritual wickedness in high places, or Russians, or Border-ruffians, or Bill, Tom, or Harry, who will not let him live his life in quiet till he has thrashed them.

CAN THE TELEGRAPH SING?

THE birds are quite in a state of excitement up our way over a new invention that has come to their knowledge. It is called Gray's Telephone, and it undertakes to *sing by telegraph!* What say you to that, my chicks? Yes, they say it can hum "Home, Sweet Home," "Yankee Doodle," and on Sundays, "Old Coronation"—hum them so well that any one listening can tell the tune to a certainty.

The newspapers have had accounts of this wonderful thing; they say that, by means of his telephone, Mr. Gray can sit down in Milwaukee and play tunes for the instant enjoyment of friends in Chicago. They say he did this very lately. What is more, Mr. Gray knows your friend, Mr. Haskins, Commander-in-Chief of the great Army of Bird-Defenders—whose muster-roll appeared in the June number of ST. NICHOLAS—and Mr. Haskins has heard the telephone!

Electricity is a wonderful thing. The robins and sparrows don't understand it at all—they think it is only a tremendous system of bird-perches stretching all over the country; but the owls—ah, you ought to hear them hooting about electric currents, and Franklin's kite, and Summer lightning, and cats' backs, when you boys and girls are asleep!

GRAMMAR IN RHYME.

HERE is something useful. I heard ten little tots reciting it at once, not long ago, to the pretty schoolmistress as she sat upon the willow stump smiling and nodding at them like a good one.

Three little words you often see:
The Articles *a*, *an*, and *the*.

A Noun 's the name of anything,
As *school*, or *garden*, *hoop* or *swing*.

An Adjective describes the Noun,
As *great*, *small*, *pretty*, *white* or *brown*.

In place of Nouns the Pronouns stand,
As *he* or *she*, *your* arm, *my* hand.

Verbs tell of something to be done—
To *read*, *count*, *laugh*, *sing*, *jump* or *run*.

How things are done, the Adverbs tell,
As *slowly*, *quickly*, *ill* or *well*.

Conjunctions join the words together,
As men *and* women, wind *or* weather.

The Preposition stands before
A Noun, as *in* or *through* the door.

The Interjection shows surprise,
As "*Oh!* how pretty"—"*Ah!* how wise."

The whole are called Nine Parts of Speech,
Which reading, writing, speaking teach.

THE COMPANY PLAN.

HERE 'S something, my dears, that the editor of ST. NICHOLAS said long ago to a crowd of youngsters. As I never heard of its doing them any

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special harm, it occurs to me that it will not hurt *my* little folks to hear it:

Did you ever notice what an amiable, pleasant feeling steals over you when you are visiting and on your "good behavior?"—how willing you are to overlook anything that interferes with your comfort?—how anxious to please, and how ready to take an interest in all that is going on? At these times your face lights up, your voice grows sweet and cheerful, your very movements become graceful. "What pleasant persons these friends are!" you say to yourself; and they very naturally consider you quite winning and delightful. So far, so good. It is just as it should be.

Of course, when you go home you take all your pleasant ways with you. If these friends who have known you but a little while, and who care for you merely as friends, have power to brighten and sweeten you, certainly when you return to your own relatives, who love you so much more, you 'll be brighter and sweeter than ever.

Is it so? Perhaps it is. But if, by any chance, it should not be—if, for instance, you choose to let yourself be sour or indifferent at home, thinking any tone of voice, any glum look, and any careless word good enough for "the folks"—I 'm sorry for you, that's all. You lose a great deal of comfort, and you miss a great opportunity of making others happy. But it is never too late to improve. Suppose you try the company plan. Be polite, sunny, and charming at home. Commence to-morrow—no, to-day. The home life *is* only a visit, after all, for no family can remain together always.

THE INVENTOR OF THE WHEELBARROW.

IT takes a great man to do a little thing sometimes.

Who do you think invented that very simple thing called a wheelbarrow? Why, no less a man than Leonardo da Vinci.

And who was he?

He was a musician, poet, painter, architect, sculptor, physiologist, engineer, natural historian, botanist, and inventor, all in one. He was n't a "Jack at all trades and master of none," either. He was a real master of many arts, and a practical worker besides.

When did he live?

Somewhere about the time that Columbus discovered America.

And where was he born?

In the beautiful city of Florence, in Italy.

Perhaps some of you may feel a little better acquainted with him when I tell you that it was Leonardo da Vinci who painted one of the grandest pictures in the world,—"The Last Supper,"—a picture that has been copied many times, and engraved in several styles, so that almost every one has an idea of the arrangement and position at the table of the figures of Our Lord and his disciples; though I am told that, without seeing the painting itself, no one can form a notion of how grand and beautiful it is.

And only to think of the thousands of poor, hard-working Americans who really own, in their wheelbarrow, an original "work" of Leonardo da Vinci!

STEP OVER.

MY bird-friends tell me that ostriches, notwithstanding their long legs and their wonderful power of running, never attempt to get over anything that is more than a few inches high. A fallen log is an impassable barrier to them, and, according to all accounts, you could imprison them for life by surrounding them with a fence hardly more than one foot high! Now, it seems to me, from what I hear, that there are a good many boys and girls of the ostrich sort in this world—a very little thing hinders them. Even when they are going in the right direction, it 's astonishing how easily they can be turned back if a slight difficulty rises in their path.

It ought not to be so, my chicks—and I don't say it always *is* so. But it will never happen, if always at the right moment, you will remember the ostrich, and try to *step over*.

I 'm not talking about very big difficulties; they are hills and mountains of another sort. The little fallen logs and timbers in every-day life are far more important, because there are so many of them.

Davy Crockett said, "Be sure you 're right, then go ahead!"

To which Jack adds—and *step over*.

A LETTER FROM SCOTLAND TO THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

HEIGHO! Here 's trouble! Here have I been keeping a letter for weeks and weeks, instead of handing it over like a good Jack-in-the-Pulpit. Sorry, but it cannot be helped now. "Forgive and forget." So, dear Arbutus, as I did the forgetting, may be you 'll do the forgiving, and call it square.

DEAR ARBUTUS: I have read your correspondence with the Scotch Heather, kindly forwarded to ST. NICHOLAS by Jack-in-the-Pulpit; and I am pleased to observe the friendly relations subsisting between your dainty little ladyship and my hardy old crony of the mountain.

But I want to say a word about the Heaths. The "Cape Heath," dear, is very different from the Scotch Heather. Its home is at the Cape of Good Hope, where there are three hundred species, many of them twenty feet high. When they come to see us in Scotland, the people put them in beautiful glass houses by themselves, where they blossom all over in a profusion of delicate bells, some of them two inches long, and of every shade of pink and purple, with waxen white and brilliant yellow. There are only two kinds of these showy Heaths in Scotland. One is a pale rose-color, the other deep crimson. They grow in tufts and clusters, here and there; but your true Heather covers many a mile of moor and mountain, and, from the profusion of its tiny pink blossoms and close, thick leaves, has a purple effect at a distance. It grows from a few inches to several feet high, according to circumstances, and varies considerably in depth and shade of color. One rare variety is pure white. It is so full of honey that the bees love it dearly.

None of the Heaths are *blue*, but we Bluebells like to live amongst them, and perhaps from this cause it has sometimes been supposed that the Heather itself is blue. The Blue, or Harebell, however, is not the same as the wild Hyacinth, whose lovely drooping flowers make all the lowland woods and pastures fragrant in Spring and early Summer. The Bluebell is a true mountain maiden, haunting the bare rocks and wild hill-sides, coming into bloom with her beloved companions, the Heathbells and Heather, and lingering with them till the advent of the frost and snow.

And now, hoping you will excuse this long letter, and trusting that you have had a most happy blossoming, I remain your loving friend,

THE BLUEBELL OF SCOTLAND.

SPELLING OUT OF SCHOOL.

THE children had a good joke lately. They were picnicking in our meadow, and one of them suddenly asked the pretty school-mistress:

"Miss G——, how do you spell NEED—need bread?"

"K-N-E-A-D," replied the school-mistress, promptly.

"Wrong!" cried all the children, in a breath. They evidently had heard the joke before.

The school-mistress looked astonished.

"Certainly, it 's wrong," insisted the first youngster; "that 's to knead *dough*. It 's N-E-E-D, need!"

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THE LETTER-BOX.

ROSE FULLERTON asks: "Do most little girls like to sew?" We cannot say, but we are sure that nearly all little girls like to have things sewed, and we know, too, that there *are* little girls who are not willing to impose all their sewing on other people.

M. A. E.—We cannot give you much encouragement in regard to your contributing to ST. NICHOLAS. In the first place, we do not need any "regular contributors." We have more articles on hand than we can use in a long, long time, and every month we return hundreds of *excellent* stories, essays, and poems, simply because we have no room for them. If we printed all the good things that we receive, we should have to make ST. NICHOLAS eight or ten times as large as it is, and charge more for it than any of you would be willing to pay for a magazine. But we are always willing to examine anything good that is sent us, because it is just possible that it may be better than anything that we have on hand. In that case we want it, but not otherwise. While we are glad to have our little friends write to us, and will print their letters or sketches in the Letter-Box whenever we can, it is useless for our friends to send us articles for the body of the magazine unless they are practiced writers, and feel that their contributions are likely to be better than any of the hundreds of manuscripts that ST. NICHOLAS has on hand.

We do not wish to discourage any persons who are convinced that they can write really first-class stories, sketches, or poems from sending their work to us. We *may* accept some of their articles. But we do not wish to encourage any one else.

S. A. BLAKE.—Your coin is a piece of Turkish money, of small value. It is modern. On one side is a little dot in the center of the coin, surrounded by a Turkish inscription. The large figure under the inscription on the other side is a *fac-simile* of the Sultan's signature.

As so few of our readers own gold-mines, we print the following letter:

Central City, Colorado, May 11th, 1875.

TO THE EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS: I thought that I would write you a few lines to let you know that I take the ST. NICHOLAS, and I think that it is a very good book. I am ten years old. I study in the Second Geography, First Speller, and Ray's Practical Arithmetic; read in the Fourth Reader, and am writing in the fourth number of your writing-books. I own a gold-mine, and I named it the Crumplehorn. I speak of it, for I did not know but what you would want to buy it. I own 1,500 feet in length, 150 feet in width. I will sell it for $500. I see a good many letters in the ST. NICHOLAS that children write, and thought that I would like to see mine in print.—Yours truly, FRANK G. MOODY.

ANNE P.—"Faust-Life" is a very pretty little sketch, but it is too long for us to print.

WE cannot give subscribers the residences of our contributors.

Buffalo, April 14th, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I should like, if I might, to make a suggestion, and in fact to make two.

In the first place, could n't we have a little larger Letter-Box? In *Our Young Folks* it used to take up four or five pages, six sometimes, and I used to enjoy it so!

In the second place, I should like to propose a Correspondence column. I suppose you know what this means: any one who would like to correspond with somebody else, sends his name, address, and requisites for correspondence, which are published.

Wishing long life to ST. NICHOLAS, I remain, respectfully, M.

In answer to "M." we would say, as we have said before, that we do not care at present to open a Correspondence column. The benefit to be derived from it is not, in our estimation, equal to its probable disadvantages.

As for the enlargement of the Letter-Box, we too should be glad if we had more space to devote to communications of our young friends. The Letter-Box, at present, will not hold half of those that reach us.

HATTIE GERTRUDE.—The "Bumble-Bees' Party" is full of very pretty fancies. It would be creditable to many an older writer.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, eight years old. I live in Brooklyn, near Fort Greene; and I think the happiest day in the month is when my ST. NICHOLAS comes, with my own name on the wrapper.

I have the darlingest little baby brother in the world, and when he gets old enough wont I tell him rhymes and jingles! I know lots of them now.

I have made some verses about our dear little cunning baby, and mamma said that I might send them to you, and perhaps you would put them in the Letter-Box.

Is n't the "Eight Cousins" splendid? I thought "Nimpo's Troubles" was lovely, but I think I shall like this even better.

I love to write dearly, but I make a great many mistakes. Mamma says the meter is not quite right to these verses. I do not know exactly what that means, but when she gets the baby to sleep she will explain. M. C.

MY BABY BROTHER.

I have a little brother,
  He is only three months old;
He is such a little darling,
  He is worth his weight in gold.

I often take him riding
  In my dolly carriage red;
When he is a little older
  I 'll take him on my sled.

When I ride my little brother,
  He pays me with a smile;
I think that is pay enough
  Should I ride him a whole mile.

He thinks his thumb the sweetest
  That ever baby had,
And when it 's taken from him
  He is just a little bad.

He laughs all day at nothing,
  With a dimple in each cheek;
I 'm sure he 'd say he loved me,
  If he could only speak.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following:

I believe inquiry was made in ST. NICHOLAS for October, 1874, for employment or amusement for a boy who is a cripple. I once knew a boy who bought colored tissue paper, with which he made plain kites by the half-dozen for the toy-shops, and he earned considerable money by it. Perhaps the bird or man kite would sell even more readily. I think he could learn to make willow baskets, and sell them at variety stores or give them to his friends. He might knit stockings or mittens, or piece quilts for the poor. If musically inclined, he might learn the violin or guitar. He could learn to embroider with silks or worsteds, or make pen-wipers or other fancy articles. Drawing would be very fascinating, if he had any one to teach him, and this remark would also hold good in regard to modeling in clay.

TO "JICKS," and any others of our subscribers who are going to Europe: The postage on ST. NICHOLAS, when sent to foreign countries, must be prepaid by us in stamps. To Great Britain it is four cents on each copy; to France or Germany, twelve cents; to Austria, Italy, or Switzerland, sixteen cents. This amount for each copy should be sent to us in addition to the subscription price.

SADIE W. PARSONS sends the following recipe for making skeleton leaves, in answer to Clarence Dellam's request in the May number:

Leaves to be skeletonized should be gathered only in dry weather, should also be perfectly matured, July and August being the best months to gather them. Among the choicest varieties are vine, poplar, beech, and ivy leaves. Dissolve four ounces of washing soda in one quart of boiling water; add two ounces of quick-lime and boil fifteen minutes; allow this to cool; then pour off the clear liquor into a clean saucepan, and when at a boiling point place the leaves carefully and boil one hour; boiling water should be added occasionally to supply that lost by evaporation. If after boiling one hour the cel-

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lular tissue does not rub off between the thumb and finger, boil them till it will, always placing the leaves in cold water to separate the fleshy matter from the skeleton. Bleach the skeletons by putting them in a solution of one quart of water, a large table-spoonful of chloride of lime, and a few drops of vinegar. Let them remain in twenty minutes, and then remove and dry between sheets of white blotting-paper, beneath a gentle pressure.

The following boys and girls have sent in similar directions: Henry Carver, J. H. Drechsler, Fannie H. Kellogg, Clarence P. Dresser, "Gussie," Theodore M. Purdy, Annette H. Aldrich, Harry Mason Plaisted, and Minnie Fisher.

Clarence is fortunate also in receiving answers to his other question —how to crystalize flowers. Henry Carver sends the following recipe:

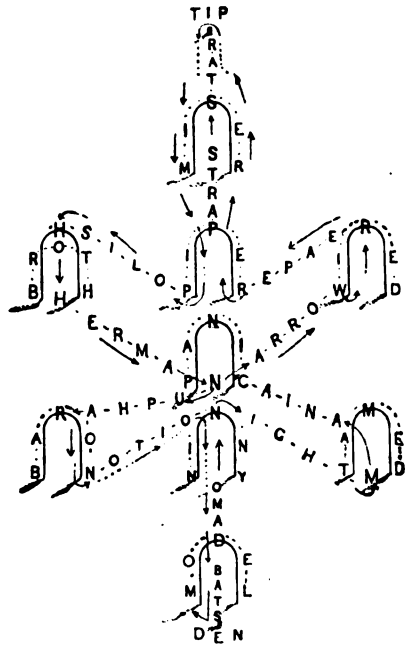
Put eighteen ounces of alum into a quart of water (keeping the same proportions for a greater or less quantity), and dissolve it by simmering it gently in a close tinned vessel over a moderate fire, stirring it frequently with a wooden spoon.

When the solution is completed, it must be poured into a deep glazed jar, and as it cools the subjects intended to be crystallized should be suspended in it, by a piece of thread or twine from a stick laid across the mouth of the jar, where they must be suffered to remain for twenty-four hours. When taken out of the solution, they are to be hung up in a shady, cool situation till perfectly dry. Care should be taken that the solution is neither too hot nor too cold, as in the one case the crystals will be very small, and in the other much too large.

Among the vegetable productions, the moss-rose, bunches of hops, ears of corn, the daisy, hyacinth, pink, furze blossoms, lichens, and mosses are some of the most suitable subjects.

Very similar directions were received from Harry Mason Plaisted, Dolly W. Kirk, and Gertrude Turner.

Here is the diagram of the croquet game published in the May number:



Allen Curtis' question in the April Letter-Box has been answered by a large number of boys and girls, whose names will be found below. Some of these, besides giving the special facts which Allen desired, have sent in some general information about the Bible, which may interest him and others of our readers. We therefore print the following, from F. S. D., as being the most complete:

The Bible.

The division into chapters was first made by Cardinal Hugo, about A. D. 1240. The plan of Hugo having become known to Rabbi Nathan in the fifteenth century, he made a Hebrew concordance to the Old Testament, retaining the chapters, but improving the order of the verses. The New Testament was divided into verses, and numbered, A. D. 1545, by Robert Stephens, a learned Frenchman, who was printer to the King of France.

It is said that three years were spent in the curious, but idle calculation of the following tables:

	In the Old Testament.	*In the New Testament.*	*Total.*	*Apocrypha.*
Books	39	27	66	..
Chapters	929	260	1,189	183
Verses	23,214	7,959	31,173	6,081
Words	592,493	181,253	773,746	152,185
Letters	2,728,100	838,380	3,566,480	..

In the Bible.

The middle chapter and the shortest is Psalm CXVII.
The middle verse is the 8th of Psalm CXVIII.
The word "Jehovah" occurs 6,855 times.

In the Old Testament.

The middle book is Proverbs.
The middle chapter is Job XXIX.
The middle verse is in II. Chronicles, the 20th chapter and the 17th verse.
The shortest verse is the 25th verse of I. Chronicles.
The word "and" occurs 35,543 times.

In the New Testament.

The middle book is the II. Epistle to Thessalonians.
The middle chapter is the 13th of Romans.
The middle verse is the 17th verse of the 17th chapter of Acts.
The shortest verse is the 35th verse of the 11th chapter of John.
The word "and" occurs 10,684 times.

The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra has in it all the letters of the alphabet except J.

The 19th chapter of the II. Book of Kings and the 37th of Isaiah are alike. F. S. D.

Similar communications have been received from Ruthie Bristol, Richard Aldrich, Woods P. Johnson, Mary B. Gardner, F. E. E., Frank C. Brinkerhoff, Hosmer Clark, Kitten Anderson, E. W. O., Paul De Schweinetz, Eddie Brading, Eleanor McDermott, Charles Baldwin, Luella M. Palmer, C. I. F., Alice L. Burdett, "Plymouth Rock," C. W. D., James J. Ormsbee, "Little Nell," Frank D. Emerson, Minnie Hanchette, Arthur J. Burdick, Lillie G. Lay, Nettie W. Pierce, "Ida Ho," Lewis Akin, Francis B. James, Gussie Stephner, Martin Andrews, Jr., "Emma," E. N. Fussell, Marion E. Gooding, M. Emmma T., J. G. G., "Myrion," Carrie A. Johnson, Lizzie C., L. M. Nicholson, Harry Stancombe, W. E. Craighill.

A. L.—"How the Flower came into the World" is quite a pretty idea.

May R. S.—"John and Gillian" is very ingenious.

"The Young Folks' Literary Club," of Maryville, Tennessee, sends us, through its librarian, an appeal for such books and periodicals as the young folks all over the country have read and do not want any longer. This club is not able to buy all the books they want: but if any of our readers have books or magazines that they would like to send to the librarian, Mr. John T. Anderson, Box 29, Maryville, Tenn., he will pay the cost of transportation. The club is very kindly spoken of by the clergymen and leading men of Maryville.

A Subscriber.—The poem is good for a girl of twelve, but not peculiar enough to print.

Here is a letter to the boys and girls from a very sensible Englishman. It is a good letter to read on the Fourth of July:

You often hear people talk about "the old country," and you know as well as I do what this means. On the Fourth of July, don't you let off fire-crackers to celebrate the breaking off by the Colonies from the rule of England? and that important event, you know, occurred less than one hundred years ago; so that if England is called the "old" country, it is not a mistake to speak of this as "new" or "young."

Now, I think it is very likely that, as older folks do, you think with interest of the dead men and women and boys and girls who are your relatives of hundreds of years ago, who had the same name and were of the same family; and you have already learned enough of history to think of them as having their home in England, far away on the other side of the great Atlantic Ocean.

When an English person comes to live on this side he is so very apt

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to contrast the newness of what he sees with the mellow or decaying age of much that he left behind him. Even in the earliest settled places in New England, where the houses and churches and public halls seem quite venerable to an American, they do not appear thus to an Englishman, or, at the least, not to me. This will not surprise you when I tell you that I recently worshiped in an English church built certainly not later than during the reign of Edward the Confessor, who died, as you may remember, in the year 1066 A. D. Underneath the noble cathedral at Ripon is a small chapel which it is thought was built about twelve hundred years ago; and scattered up and down in England are quaint old country towns nestling around their stately, rock-like churches, looking not much unlike what they were several centuries ago. I have seen many such in traveling about, and, besides, a good many ruinous castles frowning from the hill-tops or the banks of crystal rivers. Now, as perhaps the relatives of some of you, hundreds of years ago, bought and sold and attended church in one of these towns—or, it might be, went out in steel armor to battle from the massive gate-way of one of these castles, I think I do not mistake when I suppose it likely you will some day take an interest in these old places, because they were built by men who are as much ancestors of some of you as they are of UNCLE HARRY.

PLEASANT letters or little sketches, which we would be glad to notice separately if we could, have been received from Jessie Maxwell, Willis Hubbard, Bessie Clark, Melinda Evans, Grace Gordon, Clarence W. McElwaine, Emma G. Lund, C. N. M. Rose, Sadie W. Parsons, Julia Elliott, C. B. Dare, and Hubert Houston.

HERE is an item for the Bird-Defenders from *Harper's Bazar*:

Lady Burdett-Coutts, a very rich and generous English lady, favors a society for the prevention of cruelty to humming-birds. From personal knowledge she certifies that one Parisian milliner uses forty thousand of these birds every season, and reasonably predicts that, slaughtered at this rate, they will soon be extinct.

We do not suppose that our army has yet much influence in Europe, but this paragraph should put them on their guard, for there are a great many bonnets in this country, and a good many humming-birds too.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE GRAND MUSTER-ROLL.

THE following list comprises only a part of the additional names sent in for the Grand Muster-Roll. The remainder will be printed in our next issue:

Ernest Holmes, of West Liberty, Iowa, sends the following list: Ernest Holmes, Loring Holmes, Azona Maxson, Dora Maxson, Sadie Bowersock, Ella Hogue, Urania Ilderman, Ellen Evans, Clara Meade, Allen Walker, Emma Walton, Tommie Rhodes, Edna Weaver, Louie Blakeslee, Ada Shaw, Minnie Polder, Jessie Winslow, Hattie Shaw, Olie Nichols, J. Park Nichols, Willie Wheeler, Eddie Millard, Willie Evans, Clarence Scott, Hugh Evans, James Wheeler, Geo. D. Evans, Lizzie Harrison, Mary Harrison, Jesse Holmes, Emma Prouty, Ida King, Eva Windus, Bertha Harris, Linnie Purvis, Anna Daiber, Lizzie Bailey, Jennie Richards, Nellie Sumner, Ina Glenn, Hattie Palmer, Lilian Lewis, Ella Meade, Minnie Campbell, Lizzie Shipman, Celta McFadden, Mary Smith, Libbie Shannon, Lizzie Kale, Della Windus, Sara Dotson, Annie Keith, Callie Givans, Louie Henderson, Gertie Alger, Ida Givans, Jessie Alger, Anna Patterson, Lilian Prather, Levi Pond, Ernest Null, Geo. Fulton, James Deemer, Howard Walton, Charlie Dewey, Jos. Clapper, Harold Childs, Fred Evans, Delos Morris, Hattie Staples, Cullen Staples, and Lucy Walton.

Daisy B. Haynes, of Fulton, sends these names: Daisy B. Haynes, John Paul Haynes, Carrie Anderson, Georgie Ney, Freddie Spencer, Anna Perkins, Nellie Jennings, Ida Charton, Nellie Royce, Mollie Royce, Louisa Coseo, Chara Whitaker, Jennie Lusk, Willie Royce, Nettie Montague, Luella Wilcox, Sara Darrow, Rollo Mosher, Libbie Lee, Ully Palmer, Belle Brandor, Anna Holden, Katy Doyle. Lannie Loomis, George Perkins, Eddie McTully, Sara Perry, Leila Ruth Haynes, Carrie Seymour, Bertha Ney, Johnie McIntyer, Kittie Skinner, Emma Jennings, Willie Schenck, Gracie Hagemeister, Lottie Royce, Ida Stanton, Carrie Coseo, Hattie Whitaker, Gertie Dada, Maggie Hagemeister, Freddie Wilcox, Millie Horton, Cora Bradshaw, Frankie Bisnett, Allie Waterman, Edith McCordy, Ella Poole, Jamie Taylor, Freddie Sweet, Robbie McTully, Hattie Perry, Ettie Bisnett, and Libbie Merten.

Miss Kinnie Smith, of Parkersburg, Virginia, sends a long list: Diddie Clark, Ella Crichton, Minnie Cain, Annie Griffin, Eliza McWane, Isabel Bryan, Jennie Saunders, Rena Wallace, Nannie Parrich, Nellie Covert, Lizzie Farrow, Jessie Gilbert, America Pilcher, Levera Stuart, Ina J. Posten, Laura Englehart, Rosa Caswell, Anna B. Finnel, Rosa Prince, Eloise Sutton, Annie Layman, Nannie Gould, Ella Broadt, Tiny Posten, Matty Phelps, Albert Warner, Edward Theis, Fritz Graff, Thos. Vaughan, Lincoln Gilmer, Thos. Gallagher, Wm. Beuhler, Okey Cole, Albert Hainish, Chas. Sharp, Harry Haddox, Jno. Hughes, Allan McPhail, Ed. Johnson, Jno. Williams, Chas. Warne, Guy Gould, Sam'l Miller, Tom Cain, Robt. Kyhi, Floyd Turner, Chas. Bush, Eddie Sorrel, Chas Marlow, and Albert Woodruff.

R. Thomas Savin, of New York City, sends this list: E. Delafield Smith, Jr., George H. Moore, William M. Savin, Robt. McLaren, Theodore M. Purdy, James H. Salmon, E. A. Bibby, H. J. Davison, James W. Underhill, Charles H. Alliger, E. J. Claghory, G. L. Courtenay, G. G. Brinkerhoff, Jr., Willie Livermore, Wm. Nichols, R. H. Brinckerhoff, G. S. Bartlett, Randolph W. Townsend, Jr., H. W. Norton, M. M. Gilliss, A. D. Dederick, Andy Bibby, G. H. Nolen, Peyton A. Savin, Louise Moore, Daisy Purdy, Chas. Watts, Lizzie Brice, Harry Dodger, Mabel Salter, Anna Moore, Carrie Savin, Florence B. Day, Wm. M. Peters, Mary Peters, Jamsie Brice, Bertha Peters, Frank Tichenor, Georgie Peters, Alfie Peters, Frankie Alliger, Belle Dodge, Minnie Bush, Annie Dodger, and E. Hibbard.

Besides these lists, the following names have been received: Samuel McCormick, Charley Warren, William McAllister, Lewis Rothermell, James Beck, Florie Beck, Carl Beck, James Dubosq, William Perrine, Ed. Perrine, Harry Godshall, Clement Devine, Am. McCormick, Richard Hance, John Rutherford McAllister, Lewis Kirk, Julius McClure, Albert Thissel, Helen Beck, Alice Lincoln, May Lincoln, Eleanor Gayley, Maggie Gayley, Jennie P. Gayley, Tillie De Armond, Beckie Nagles, Agnes Long, Minnie Long, Albert Edward Sumner, Fred Burton French, Ada Mabel French, Charles Osborne Sumner, Lulie Taylor, Sadie Taylor, Bertha Taylor, Edith Taylor, Maggie Smith, Katie Smith, Jessie Smith, Helen A. Smith, Bennie F. Hussey, Mary E. Hussey, Clara G. E. Hussey, Robert Cary Hussey, Hattie Woodruff, Ella Woodruff, Edith Woodruff, Agnes Woodruff, Mary Boardman, Nellie Spencer, Arthur Eldredge, Paul Spencer, Jessie Griswold, Clara Griswold, Belle Collins, Gracie Collins, Mary Hamus, Fannie Lashbrook, Jenny Longsworth, Mary Denison, Alice P. Dennison, Adelaide Phillips, Alexis I. du P. Coleman, Chas. B. Phillips, Jr., Lizzie R. Harris, Susie T. Harris, Sallie M. Grice, T. C. Matlack, Mrs. S. A. Harris, A. W. Harris, Annie Grice, William W. Lindsay, James R. Harris, Jr., Willie Folsom, Bertie Folsom, Kitty Evans Folsom, Anna H. Scofield, Sallie C. Scofield, Lewis Neill Scofield, Ralph Rutherford, Lewis Rutherford, Bessie Rutherford, Arthur Brady, Bessie Brady, Winnie Brady, Hannah Maria Cooke, Clemence Amelia Cooke, Benjamin Stephens Cooke, Allie Hall, Willie Burnett, Helen R., Willie G. James, Robbie James, Katie Canon, George B. James, Lida B. Graves, Joseph H. Graves, Logan Hay, Kate L. Hay, Nellie A. Fitch, Lucy A. Fitch, Christie McDermott, Eleanor McDermott, Marian Colt, Bertha Colt, John Stebbins, Anna Stebbins, Florence H. Buffum, C. B. Dare, Eddie Wing, Mellie Brandon, Roy Clarkson, Helen Worrell Clarkson, Alice C. Dillingham, Willie H. Osgood, Minnie M. Case, Harry C. Powers, Julia Snell, Lizzie Hicks, Lizzie K. Shelby, Fannie T. Shelby, Thornburgh Chapman, Laura Graham Reed, Harry Sawyer, Harry M. Sperry, Mary A. Luther, Zelle Minor, Mary Anderson Lomax, Lulu Hinman, Rose Fullerton, Ward C. Elliott, F. A. Taber, Fannie Hubbard, Charles A. Miller, Willie P. McCoy, Effie Van Volkenberg, Winnie Burt, Robert Irving, Mary Belle Smith, Clara D. Henkle, Seth P. Remington, Claude L. Wheeler, M. Fitch, Harry O. Fullen, Gaylord Woodhull, Victor Grant Beebe, Arthur S. Hodges, Bessie L. Cary, Sarah Y. Raymond, Elsie Tilden, Emogene Hulburd, Willis Hulburd, F. Vieland, M. Nicolovius, Arthur P. Hodges, Willie Grover, Eddie Grover, M. Jones, E. Miller, M. Warren, M. Hon, H. Hon, E. Schofield, and Helen Cook.

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THE RIDDLE-BOX.

REBUS, No. 1.

ENIGMA.

I AM composed of forty-seven letters. My 35, 11, 34, 16, 45, 9 is the name of a flower. My 4, 10, 8, 43, 3, 25, 6, 33, 46, 41, 43 is the name of a State. My 42, 15, 44, 12, 5, 24 is a precious stone. My 29, 28, 43, 22, 27, 11, 39 is one of the operas. My 47, 31, 26 is an animal. My 47, 31, 1, 4, 25, 47, 8, 7, 38 is another of the United States. My 20, 9, 23, 33, 47, 19 is the name of a well-known novel. My 14, 19, 13, 32 are domestic animals. My 21, 11, 16, 27, 28, 37 is a poet. My 17, 36, 30, 18 are welcome to every man in a profession. My 2, 40, 12, 42, 23, 44 is something hard to bear My whole is a very familiar quotation. M. and G.

CHARADE.

MY first is made of corn that's ground;
My second in every house is found;
My whole just peeps above the ground,
And wears a little cap that's round. D. H. E.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals form the whole name of a noblewoman and distinguished singer. 1. To pitch tents for rest or siege. 2. The name of a daughter of Charles II. of Sweden. 3. A Shropshire peasant who attained remarkable age. 4. An English general in American Revolutionary times. 5. To take one's reward. 6. A noted chief of the Seminole Indians. 7. He who is thought by some to hold the keys of Heaven. 8. Two-thirds of a personal pronoun. 9. A Russian czar. 10. The Latin name of one of the grand divisions of the earth. A. O'N.

SQUARE-WORD.

MY first is oft a fop's delight,
And let us all my next the right;
My third supplied each royal steed,
In olden time, with grain for feed;
Bought at my fourth it might have been,
While still my fifth around is seen;
My sixth a dangerous foe may be
To every bark that tempts the sea. RUTH.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. I WILL go for the ——, but will drop the —— if I hear that —— that has —— from its nest sing like a ——. 2. We found the —— among the mass of ——. 3. ——, what is the difference between a —— and a ——? 4. Did our ancestors —— —— with Divine attributes? 5. I will give you a —— of almonds, if you find the word —— in the —— language. J. P. B.

BEHEADED RHYMES.

ON muster-day the boys were ——
Each nerve to show a splendid ——
When suddenly the cry, "'T is ——,"
Proclaims ill-luck begun;
From fine cockades the beauty ——,
Adown their uniform is ——
The streams that spoil their fun;
Crestfallen, homeward they are ——,
When low a bright bow over ——
Tells that the rain is done. B.

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REBUS, No. 2.

ELLIPSES.

FILL the blanks with the same words transposed. 1. This —— table is a —— purchase. 2. The captain tried to —— his company from the ——. 3. The —— was accused of ——. 4. Though with ——, he —— the conflict. 5. In —— the gossip is apt to —— the facts; 6. And —— upon the ——. A. S.

HIDDEN CAPES.

1. I CANNOT perform this example. 2. Will you come to-morrow, Sarah, or now? 3. Have you a new bonnet? 4. I never deceived any one. 5. The article Arthur intended to purchase was sold. M. G. B.

METAGRAM.

WHOLE, I am a city. Change my head, and I am a plant; again, and I am seen in some houses. Cut off my head, and I am seen in some part of the year. S. D.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. A boy's name. 3. To gain instruction. 3. To lack moisture. 5. A consonant. J. C. M.

HALF WORD-SQUARE.

1. A FLOWER. 2. A foreigner. 3. A slender cord 4. To behold. 5. An article. 6. One thousand. ITALIAN BOY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JUNE NUMBER

RIDDLE.—Bark.

TRANSMUTATIONS.—1. Excommunicated. 2. Ensign. 3. Decanter. 4. Isolate. 5. Erased. 6. Degenerated. 7. Eyeballs. 8. Ceded. 9. Exasperates. 10. Detract. 11. Absentee.

HIDDEN SQUARE.—
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G A Y
A Y E
Y E S
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ENIGMA.—Kindergarten.

CHARADE.—Mississippi.

REBUS, No. 1.—

"Three winters, that my soul might grow to thee,
I lived up there on yonder mountain-side,
My right leg chained into the crag, I lay
Pent in a roofless close of jagged stones."

HALF WORD-SQUARE.—
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F I S C A L
I D I O M
S I S T
C O T
A M
L
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DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Jean Ingelow, George Eliot.
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J   —i—   G
E —glantin— E
A   —lced—  O
N   —upha—  R
I   —ceber— G
N—ightshad—E
G   —eorg—  E
E   —o—    L
L   —ev—   I
C   —ntari— O
W   —alnu—  T
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A CHESS TRAGEDY.—Black Knight, Castle, White Queen, (K)night, Black Rooks, Upon (a pawn), Sett, Aching (a king), Problem, King, Castle, Queen, Discover, Check, Guarded, Drawn, Queen, Bored (board), Double Check, Squares, Move, Bishop, Knight, King, Pawn, Black Men, Knight, Queens, Queen, Smothered Mate.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—
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      E
    A L E
  A R E N A
E L E M E N T
  E N E M Y
    A N Y
      T
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CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—"Little Women."

REBUS, No. 2.—"A cup of gold, all rich and rough, with stories of the gods."

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—
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      C
    L E A
  L A N C E
C E N S U R E
  A C U T E
    E R E
      E
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ANAGRAMS.—1. Presbyterian. 2. Orchestra. 3. Parishioners. 4. Matrimony. 5. One word. 6. Ancestor. 7. Midshipman. 8. Lawyers. 9. Sweetheart. 10. Parliament. 11. Melodrama. 12. Prince of Wales. 13. Sir Robert Peel. 14. Revolution. 15. Masquerade. 16. Frontispiece. 17. Performance.

TRIPLE CONUNDRUM.—Fred-stole, (K)nave, Altar (alter).

SQUARE REMAINDERS.—
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C—L E A R
L—E A S E
M—A S K S
C—R E S T
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ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, previous to May 18, from Arnold Guyot Cameron, Gertrude Turner, Belle Sargent, Helen Jackson, Dugald C. Jackson, Eddie H. Eckel, Leila Burton, "Lou and Flo," George H. Fuller, Charles R. Baldwin, Julia A. Dobler, Frank H. Belknap, Fred M. Taylor, Ida E. Decker, Libbie R. Churchyard, Willie E. Frost, Willie L. Young, Randolph B. Seymour, Clara L. Northway, Arthur Clowles, Charles Balestier, Alma Sterling, Louise Ensign, George L. Benton, Johnny Flagg, Charles G. Rupert, F. W. Bowler, Fred Worthington, Frank Bowman, Richard S. Murphy, Harry D. Peet, Sarah Y. Raymond, E. Alexander Frink, Meta Gage, Lida B. Graves, Madelaine Palmer, Zelle Minor, Birdie Luce, J. B. Burwell, H. N. Adair, "Golden Eagle," Carrie E. Wickes, Heyward M. Gibbes, E. E. S., P. Dumbasten, I. Dumbasten, Clelia D Mosher, Anna L. Gibbin, Alice B. Mersereau, George M. Trowbridge, Charles H. Delanoy, William C. Delanoy, Leon Haskell, R. Van Voorhis, Jr., Edward Van Voorhis, Ida L. Rayner, Dolly A. Kirk, Fannie Smith and Ernest Winne, Nellie S. Colby, Mark W. C., Bertha E. Saltmarsh, Leila Delano, Cora M. Wesley, Bel M. Evans, A. T. Stoutenburgh, Gillie Frost, and Jennie Agnes Carr.

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THE PINE-STICK DOLL.

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ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. II. AUGUST, 1875. NO. 10.

THE PINE-STICK DOLL.

BY MARY L. B. BRANCH.

ONE morning when sister Sue and Bunny Miller and I reached the old gray school-house, and ran up on the grassy bank, where we girls always gathered to wait for the teacher, we saw a new scholar standing a little apart from the rest, with a slate and spelling-book in her hand.

Nobody knew her, and so nobody spoke to her; but one of the girls whispered to us that she *guessed* her folks lived in the little old tumble-down house over by the woods, for she heard her father say, the night before, that a man named Beck had moved in there, and that he had four or five children. Bunny and I felt very curious, so we slipped around where we could get a good look at the stranger. She was n't pretty,—so much was certain at the first glance; the freckles almost ran together on her face, they were so thick; her lips were shut tight, and there was a queer look about her light gray eyes. Her dress showed where the tucks had been let down, but still it was too short; her hands were brown as the sun could make them, and so were her bare feet. Bunny and I smoothed down our clean check aprons with our hands, and confided to each other our belief that we should not like her.

When the teacher came, she called us all in at once. We hung up our sun-bonnets and dinner-pails in the entry, and pressed into the school-room. Bunny and I sat on the little girls' bench, because we were not old enough to have desks, but Sue had a desk and was in the first class.

We were all looking to see what seat the new scholar would have. The teacher called her to her side, and asked what her name was.

"Nan Beck," said the girl, readily enough.

"I have not seen you before," remarked Miss Bowen. "Where do you live?"

"In the old house by the woods."

Miss Bowen was surprised, for she knew, as well as the rest of us, how long the old house had been tenantless and forsaken; so she made a few more inquiries, and found that the family had been emigrants to the far West, but, meeting with continued bad luck, had undertaken to retrace their course. On their way back through our country, the deserted house on the edge of the woods had caught the father's eye, and finding that there was good fishing in the river, and a quarry not far off where he could get work, he had decided at once to "locate."

Our teacher spoke kindly to Nan Beck, when she had heard her story, and, on discovering that she was eleven years old and a good speller, placed her in the first-class, and gave her a desk among the large girls. I saw Dely Moore draw her beautiful calico dress out of the way, when Nan sat down by her, and Sarah King on the other side looked very grave and sober.

At recess the girls played "catch," and Nan joined in the game. She proved to be the fleetest runner of them all, but the rest seemed to have tacitly made up their minds to dislike her, and after a little while she left them, and came to the side of the wall, where the smallest children were playing house. She offered to be "mother," but we shrank away from her, and little fat dimpled Rosie Moore whispered to Bunny:

"I 'm real 'fraid she 's a wild girl!"

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And so on every side poor Nan's first overtures were repulsed. When noon came, we took our pails and scattered in all directions to eat our luncheon. We had a fashion of going in pairs; each girl had some particular friend with whom she would wander off, their arms around each other's waist, and their voices lowered confidentially. These friendships were of uncertain duration, but full of devotion while they lasted. Bunny had been my friend all the term, and Sue went with Sarah King.

Nan looked longingly at these little groups and pleasant intimacies, but she was not invited to join any of them, so she withdrew under some bushes and ate her dinner all by herself.

So it went on from day to day, and there was not a girl to be found who took a fancy to Nan Beck. It was not because she was poor, for Dilly Brown was even poorer, but we all made a pet of merry, rosy-faced Dilly. It was not because she was ignorant, for she learned as fast as any of us. It must have been her looks and manners that repelled us. Her tangled hair and tawny face, her constrained, awkward ways, her utter lack of the pleasant traits that characterized our favorites,—all these things made us shy of the stranger.

As the days grew warmer, the girls left off running races and playing tag, and, gathering all the stones they could find by the road-side, built little enclosures on the bank beside the wall, and in these played house with their rag-babies. Not one of us owned a "store-doll," and only two or three had even seen one, but we hugged our rag-babies to our hearts, and made their dresses long to hide their lack of feet. My sister Sue had twelve, and one, the most beautiful, had an artifical pink rose sewed on the top of her head, and was always in full-dress.

One recess, Nan Beck came among our houses, holding up something in her hand for us all to see. It was a doll cut out of a pine stick, with a round head and a pretty face, not one feature omitted, and it had hands and feet. There was a general chorus of admiration, and we all crowded around the fortunate Nan.

"O, Nan, how pretty! Nan, where *did* you get it?" echoed on every side, and there were not wanting a few bold enough to beg,—"O, *do* give it to *me*, Nan!"

"My brother whittled it out for me last night," said Nan, turning her treasure so as to display it to the best advantage.

"I'll give you any two of my rag-babies you like for it," said Sarah King, very graciously.

"So will I! So will I!" cried one after another in sharp competition.

"I'll tell you what," said Nan, with a sort of awkward resoluteness, "I aint agoing to swap it; I'm agoing to give it away; I'm agoing to give it to the first girl that will agree to be my friend, and go with me all the rest of the term."

A silence fell on us, and the girls looked at each other. There was not one but wanted the wooden doll. It was so much prettier than anything we had, and could be dressed so beautifully. I could not help thinking what a nice dress I could make for it of a piece of pink delaine in my box at home. But to go with Nan all the time, and be her friend; to lock arms with her, and whisper secrets to her, and stand up for her at all times and places—who could do that? I turned around and hugged my darling Bunny. No, I could not give up Bunny to buy the doll!

The girls glanced at each other uneasily. Dely Moore stood biting the corner of her white apron, and Sarah King looked vexed and undecided. Not one could make up her mind to the conditions. Nan waited, looking homelier than ever, with a dull red flush of mortification spreading over her face. Suddenly she turned as if to go.

"Stop, Nan!" exclaimed my sister Sue, her shrewd black eyes sparkling with sudden determination; "I'll go with you, I'll be your friend!"

"Well, if I ever! Sue Butler, you need n't ever try to go with *me* again!" said Sarah King, hotly, as Nan stopped in glad surprise, and waited half timidly for Sue to join her.

"Ho, I don't believe they'll be friends more than two days," said Dely Moore, tossing her curly head.

"I don't see why not," remarked another girl, derisively. "Birds of a feather flock together—you know."

Sue laughed over her shoulder at them all. She had the wooden doll, and that was enough. Faithful to her bargain, she invited Nan into her own little enclosure, and there played house with her till recess was over.

When noon came the girls all watched to see what Sue would do. Bunny and I betook ourselves to our pet corner in a shady angle of the wall, and peeped out as we nibbled our seed-cake.

Presently along came Sue and Nan arm in arm, and Sue said:

"Where shall we go to eat our dinner, Nan?"

"I wish you would come and see my place in among the bushes," said Nan, eagerly; "it's a real nice place, and nobody ever found it but me."

"I should n't wonder if they both hid in a rat-hole nest," was Sarah King's spiteful remark, when she saw Nan lifting up the overhanging bushes, and Sue stooping carefully and following her in under them. But when, a moment after, we all heard Sue exclaiming, "Why, how nice! how beautiful! I

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never did see such soft, pretty moss, and it's just like an arbor, is n't it?"—the girls began to wonder what there was in there, and I know they all wanted to see.

"Let's go in there too," I whispered to Bunny; "we can, 'cause Sue is my sister." So we crept under the bushes after them, and found ourselves in a regular fairy bower, with moss three inches deep for a carpet, and a long, low stone for a seat. Overhead two or three young trees interwove their leaves and twigs and shaded us from the sun's heat, and in one of the trees there was a bird's nest. Bunny and I thought we had never seen anything so nice in our lives, and Nan's face beamed all over, she was so glad of company. We put all our dinners together, and had a little picnic on the moss, which was great fun. The girls tried to tease Bunny and me when we came out, but we had had such a good time we did n't care.

That evening, in the big kitchen at home, Sue dressed the doll. I gave her my pink delaine for a dress, and she made a little white ruffled apron, just as cunning as it could be, and a little bonnet too. I told mother all about the bargain, how Sue had promised to go with Nan, and mother said she was glad of it.

Next morning Sue took the doll to school, and it looked so handsome, the girls had not a word to say. When Nan came, she brought a whole pocketful of sassafras root which her brothers had dug for her, and with a very bright face gave it all to Sue, and then they strolled off together arm in arm. The sassafras root made a great impression on the rest of us, for we all loved it dearly, but it was so hard to dig, we never had much at a time.

The days slipped by, and Sue was true to her bargain. I don't suppose she would ever have thought of being friends with Nan Beck, if it had not been for the doll; but Sue was a shrewd little business woman, an honest one too, and always carried out whatever she undertook. She found it pleasanter than she expected in this case, and by degrees quite a number of the girls fell into the habit of hanging about with Bunny and me when Nan had sassafras and checker-berries to give away, or when sitting under some tree she told us stories of her wild, pioneering life in the West; or when, lithe as a panther, she climbed young saplings till she bent them to the ground, so that we could take hold in turn and swing gayly through the air.

In fact, the school soon formed itself into two parties,—one friendly to Nan and ready to follow wherever her adventurous spirit led, and the other, headed by Sarah King and Dely Moore, standing aloof, and exchanging meaning glances and sarcastic whispers whenever they happened to be near us.

"There go the *Nannies!*" said Sarah contemptuously one day, as we ran past her with Nan down to the brook. "I'd be ashamed to be a tom-boy," added Dely, holding back her little sister Rosie, who looked longingly after us.

Meanwhile Sue's friendship was taking a practical shape. She did not want her chosen companion laughed at, so she gave Nan some hints from time to time, which the latter eagerly received; the tangled hair was trimmed and neatly combed, the old dress was pieced down and made long enough, and one day after Sue had been holding a long consultation with mother, Nan appeared in a pretty plaid apron, which we thought made her look as nice as any of us.

But still Sarah King and her party were not to be won over, and one day when Nan went above them all to the head of the spelling-class, they became so teasing and irritating at recess, that they finally made her cry, in spite of her stout little heart. Sue swept an indignant glance around, and drew her away out of sight of her foes.

I shall always remember that day; we had no school in the afternoon, for it was Saturday, and Sue and I trudged home along the dusty road at noon, much roused in spirit over Sarah King's enmity to Nan. We told the whole story to mother, who, with her wise, gentle words, finally calmed us, and to divert our minds sent us out into the garden to gather the raspberries for jam. I remember just how the bushes looked, loaded down with the red and purple berries, and how warm and sultry it was, and how we scratched our hands reaching after the highest clusters. We had picked nearly four quarts, when we realized that it had suddenly become cool and dark though so early in the afternoon. Great black clouds had overcast the sky, and even while we looked large drops fell on our faces.

"Run in, girls, run in quick!" cried mother at the door; "there is going to be a hard thunder-storm!"

We had hardly time to reach the house before the rain was pouring down and beating against the windows, and the thunder came rolling up nearer and nearer. According to my usual custom in thunder-storms, I drew a little cricket up into a corner, and sat there with my face to the wall, and my fingers in my ears. But Sue played with her doll unconcernedly, and began a new suit of clothes for it. After an hour or so the storm passed off, and just as the sun was breaking out and shining in the great rain-drops that hung everywhere, there came a loud knocking at the door. Before we could open it, in rushed Tom Moore, asking wildly if we had seen Rosie. When he found we had not, he fairly cried, big boy as he was.

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"She is lost, then! little Rosie 's lost!" he said, despairingly. "I've been to all the neighbors looking for her, and nobody has seen her since dinner!"

Mother caught up her bonnet, and hurried over to Mrs. Moore's at once. Sue and I followed her, too frightened to speak. We found Dely crying and sobbing as if her heart would break, and Mrs. Moore was blowing the horn to call home her husband and the men at work in the far-off barn. The neighbors were gathering about, to sympathize and wonder. One had seen little Rosie with her sunbonnet on, wandering past her house before one o'clock, and that was the last that could be learned of her.

"I'll drive up and down the road three or four miles each way," said my father, "and make inquiries. You boys here had better go over the fields, and look in all the barns."

Just as he was ready to start, one of the women exclaimed that she saw something like a speck coming down the distant hill, and might it not be Rosie?

"No," said father, looking attentively that way for a few moments, "it is a little old woman almost bent double."

My sister Sue could see farther and quicker than any one I ever knew, and now, shading her eyes, she scanned the figure coming down the hill.

"It 's Nan Beck!" she cried excitedly. "She is bringing something in her arms, and I think it is Rosie!"

Father and Mr. Moore sprang into the wagon and drove that way with all speed. Whoever it was, we saw them carefully lift her in, and then they drove speedily back again. Sure enough, it *was* Nan, with little Rosie clasped tight in her arms. They had both been drenched with the rain, and Rosie's face was pale and tear-stained, while her little legs were covered with black mud up to her dimpled knees. Mrs. Moore caught her frantically in her arms.

"Change her clothes right off," said a practical old aunt, "or she 'll catch her death of cold. And give her some hot catnip tea."

While this was going on Nan told her story. Before the storm came on, she had gone over to the swamp to dig sweet-flag. When it began to rain, she sheltered herself in a hollow tree. In a lull of the storm, she thought she heard a child crying; and becoming sure that it was so, she left the tree and wound her way along the edge of the swamp, till at last she came in sight of Rosie, standing in a treacherous bog, holding fast to the rushes with a scared face, and crying piteously. Nan waded out to her through the mud, brought her to solid ground, and then started at once with the child in her arms to take her home.

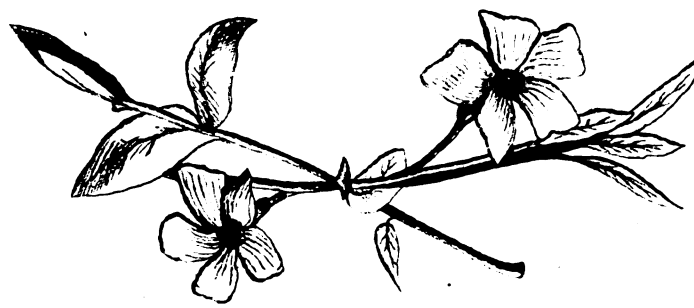
Every face was pale, and every heart was thrilled, at Nan's simple recital, for all realized what peril little Rosie had been in. It would have been impossible for such a child to make her way alone out of that dangerous swamp. When her mother asked her why she ran away, she said it was "to find sweet flag and vi'lets, and to find Nan, because Dely would not *never* let her play with her at school."

"O, Nan, Nan, how I have treated you!" said Dely, remorsefully, "but I 'll always be your friend now forever and ever!"

This was Nan's final triumph. She became the heroine of all the neighborhood, and when Dely and Rosie joined her adherents, there was not a girl in the school who would hold out against her, not even Sarah King. She became leader in all our lessons and our games, and could choose any girl she pleased to be her friend and to "go with her."

But I think she never liked any one quite so well as my sister Sue, and of all the little ones she petted Rosie and Bunny and me the most.

The child-days are all gone now, and much that happened in them has faded out of my memory, but I never forget brave little Nan who wanted to be loved, and who bought her first friend with a pine-stick doll.



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THE FAINT FLOWER.

By Mary A. Lathbury.

Up where the meadow-grass
Leans toward the river,
Stood little Bluebell
All in a shiver.

"River! oh, River!
Where are you going
Stay just a moment
In your swift flowing!"

"Oh, little Bluebell!
How can I wait?
The miller will chide me,
The boats will be late."

"Rain-clouds! oh, Rain-clouds!
Where are you flying?
I am *so* thirsty,
Fainting and dying!"

"Oh, little Bluebell!
Afar in the air
The storm-king is calling,
And we must be there."

"Robin, dear Robin!
I am so ill,
And you 're at the river-brink,
Drinking your fill."

"Oh, little Bluebell!
Do, then, look up;
Some kind cloud will give you
A drop in your cup."

Here little Bluebell
Ceased her complaint,
Drooping still lower,
Hopeless and faint.

But down fell the twilight,
And up came the Dew,
Whisp'ring, "Dear Bluebell,
We 're sorry for you.

"We are not strong,
Like the Rain or the River,
But never a flower faints
For help we can give her."

By thousands and thousands,
The Summer night through,
Silently gathered
The hosts of the Dew.

At dawn little Bluebell
Held gratefully up,
Her silent thank-offering—
The Dew in her cup.

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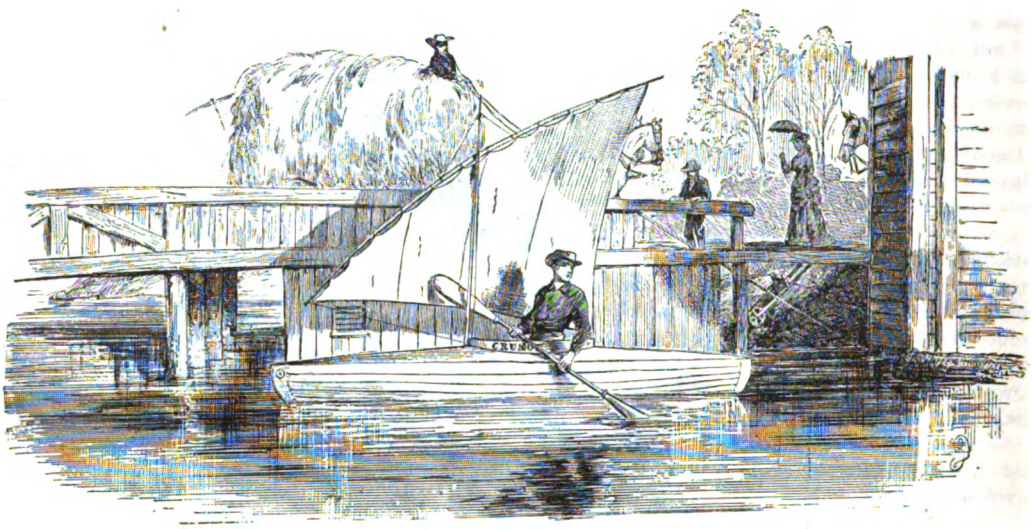
THE CRUISE OF THE "CRUSOE."

By George Valentyne.



THE "CRUSOE" AND HER CREW.

I WAS a boy, living in the West, when the cruise was taken; and the "Crusoe" was my boat, a canoe just big enough for one sailor. She was decked all over, except an oblong hole in the middle where the sailor sat. There was a piece of rubber cloth to buckle around his waist, over the hole; so that if a big wave dashed over him it could not get inside, or swamp the canoe. There was a mast also, and a sail, which was three-cornered, and about as large as a ladies' shawl folded diagonally. The mast and sail could be removed and stowed away under the deck, when not in use.

I was afraid to use the sail at first, for fear of capsizing, but after I learned how to manage it, I always preferred to sail, if the wind blew steadily.

As soon as vacation commenced, in the first summer that I owned the "Crusoe," I began to get ready to make a grand cruise. I asked father if I could go up river for a week or two, and he said it was all nonsense; but, after talking it over for a little while, my uncle, who lived with us and owned a saw-mill, said that if I would go up to his last winter's logging camp, and take notice of all logs with his marks on, that were "hung up" along the river, and bring him back a good report of the place where they were stranded, he would pay my fare as far as the steamboat went. This was just to my taste, and father said I might go, so I determined to start on the Tuesday morning after the Fourth of July.

I borrowed a pistol of a lath-sawyer in Uncle's mill. It was a big, old-fashioned thing with one barrel, nearly a foot long.

I took fishing hooks and lines, and a tin box in which my provisions were packed; also an india-rubber blanket, and a coarse woolen blanket to sleep on. I put matches in a glass bottle, and gunpowder in another, and corked both up tightly. I wore an old pair of pants, a cheviot shirt, and a knit Cardigan jacket; also an old, soft, light-colored felt hat, and a leather strap for a belt. I felt prepared for the roughest kind of life as I seated myself in the canoe that Tuesday morning, with all my baggage stowed away under the deck, and I shouted a brave good-bye to the lath-sawyer as I paddled past the saw-mill. I had before me a journey of more than a hundred miles—all through a region unknown to me, except by vague rumors, and stories of the lumbermen.

I had a little map of the river to guide myself by, but it was on too small a scale to show many details. I afterward discovered that the river made at least ten curves to every one laid down on the map. I might have gone on the steamboat for the first sixty miles, but I determined to paddle all the way, and save the passage-money. I was not pressed for time, and had no reason to think

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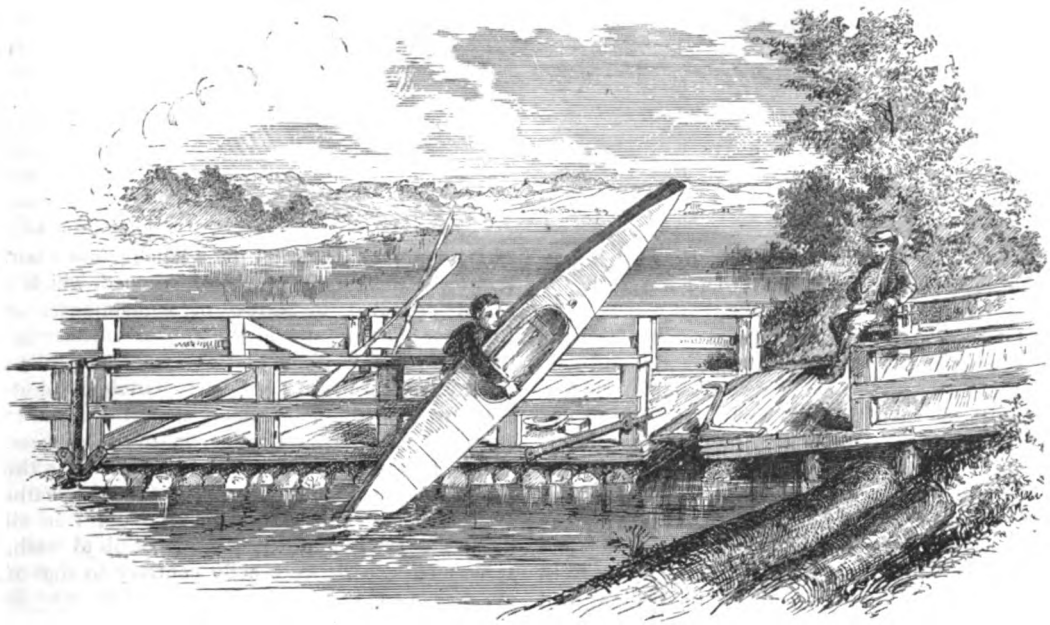
that I could not endure so long a journey if taken by easy stages, day by day. It was planned by my uncle, that I should sleep each night at some farm-house on the way, after leaving the steamer; but I intended to be more independent, and to sleep in the boat, or on the river's bank, and to visit farm-houses or villages only when I needed to replenish my supply of provisions.

Onward I went, past the lime-kilns, the foundry, the saw-mills, the flour-mills, the shingle-mills, the match factory, and lastly, the stave factory, which marked the limits of the town in that direction. Then I was surrounded by rafts, large and small; logs all awaiting their turn to be drawn up the "slide" of some mill, and torn in pieces by remorseless whirling saws. I stopped to find some of uncle's rafts and learn to recognize his log-marks. There were several, and the marks, which smattered both of algebra and arithmetic, were such as these: 44, XIX, 4VX, V+V, XV.

Then I came near to Argoma bridge. I climbed over the bridge, for I could n't pass under it, as so many logs were in the way. I found that bridge quite an obstruction, for it was not an easy thing to lift the boat over it.

I came up alongside the draw, and, seizing hold of the rail, climbed out; then, lifting the boat by one end, drew it up on the bridge and across, and pushed it into the water on the other side. The man who worked the draw-bridge sat eating his lunch, and never offered to help a bit. I thought he was dreadfully lazy, but perhaps he was only tired. If the draw, which was only a raft of logs, had been opened, I could have gone through, of course; but I could not expect the man to take the trouble to open it just for me and my canoe. It made me feel hungry to see him eat, and I determined to eat my own lunch pretty soon, as it was already past noon. It was only a little way to Lake Budamor, and I waited until I should arrive there, thinking that the lake water would be pleasanter to drink than that from the river. The day was warm, but not sultry, and there was a nice breeze, but it blew in the wrong direction. There was no relief from paddling right against the wind, and current also, all the way. I felt a trifle weary with the constant exercise, and gladly tied my boat to a "grubbing pin," on one of the interminable rafts that lined the shore where the lake and river met. I got out on the logs to stretch my legs and eat my lunch.

The lake seemed to be rolling up into larger waves on this side than elsewhere; but there was quite a bay stretching out on the north shore, and I thought to best escape the waves by keeping close to land. I paddled along near the south shore, and between it and a strip of reed grass or rushes that grew in the water a little way out. As the waves came through the reeds, the fierceness was combed out of them, and I paddled in comparatively calm water most of the afternoon. It was tedious work, for I was tired and the scenery



CROSSING THE DRAW-BRIDGE.

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was monotonous. I could look across the lake and see the church spires, and the upper parts of the larger buildings of the town of Budamor, and I knew that in that direction lay the entrance to the river to which I was bound. I was afraid to cross in a straight line for fear of the waves, which were short and sharp, and made a dangerous choppy sea for my small craft. I knew that it was not impossible to tip over. I therefore kept in close to shore, thinking to trace the coast all the way around to the river's mouth; but the further I went the thicker grew the reeds, and patches of swamp grass and wild rice filled up the water so that my progress was slower. The swamp at length became so dense that further progress was impossible, and I concluded that there was really no channel on that side of the lake.

I forced my way to the shore on the left-hand side, where I saw a forest growing, and found solid ground under the trees. I determined to eat my supper, and then to try it again. The tin box was pulled open the second time, and as I rested while eating I was quite refreshed.

Entering the canoe, and beating down the reeds to right and left with my paddle, I pressed my way toilingly onward; but daylight was fast fading, and I knew that it was not possible to reach the town before night. The last hours of twilight fled quickly by, and in the gathering darkness I found myself worse entangled than ever. After many vain attempts to discover a passage where there was none, I turned back toward the high bank behind me, and, tracing the outline of the trees against the sky as a guide, finally reached the shore. I drew my boat high up and tied it to a tree, as if it were a horse that might run away if left untied. I penetrated the woods searching for a house of some sort, for I began to feel lonesome in the darkness, and the romance of sleeping out of doors gradually oozed away out of my mind. But the underbrush was so thick, and the darkness so dense under the trees, and the thorns that scratched my hands and face so plentiful, that I soon relinquished the attempt, and remained by the shore. I wanted to make a fire for company's sake, though the night was not cold, but discovered that I could n't find suitable wood in the darkness, and I had no hatchet. I put a hatchet and a lantern on a mental list of articles needed, which I would endeavor to borrow of acquaintances at Budamor; I then spread the rubber blanket on the ground, and with it and the woolen blanket, made a bed, on which I lay down. Gradually shutting my eyes on the twinkling stars, I dropped to sleep out of doors, all alone, in the wilderness. When I awoke the ruddy streaks of dawn in the East encouraged me to get up, and take a bath. It seemed funny to sleep with my clothes on all night, and then to undress when I got up to wash. It was an experience exactly contrary to that of my previous life.

NO CHANNEL.

After my bath, and having eaten a cracker or two, to break my fast, I commenced to search for an unobstructed route across the lake. The light of day enabled me to retrace part of my course of the day before, and gave me success. When my

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friends at Budamor sat down to breakfast, I was there in their midst, and with an appetite not at all impaired by the early rising and exercise.

After getting enough breakfast, which seemed to be difficult, as I was so hungry, I replenished my tin box, and stored away under the deck a small lantern and a hatchet, and again embarked.

A turning to the right, through this broad and rapid river, soon brought me and the "Crusoe" to another floating bridge which guarded the entrance to Lake Poisson. Far away across the lake was the mouth of the Lupus River, up which I hoped to urge my way. I had to drag the "Crusoe" across the bridge, and launch out again on the upper side. I left the little town of Wynekon on the right hand, and standing well out into the lake, I spread my tiny sail to catch the breeze, then blowing gently from the south-east. I rested my weary arms from paddling, and opening my tin box, ate my lunch, and steering as convenient, enjoyed myself hugely. The lake was nearly calm. The wind was so light, and the sailing so slow, and my knowledge of the route so indefinite, that I missed the mouth of the river altogether, and went paddling down the coast on the wrong side of a long point, every stroke taking me further and further away. When the sun had rolled down the western sky, nearly to the horizon, I commenced to paddle in earnest, and shape my course directly toward a tall, black smoke-stack, across the bay. There a saw-mill was buried in the forest, whither hope led me for a sheltering roof, and a warm meal. I found the mill deserted when I reached it, for the working hours were over and the men gone home. Leaving the "Crusoe" ignominiously hidden behind a pile of slabs on the beach, I followed the well-worn trail, and soon reached a "boarding shanty," where the men lodged. After introducing myself, and making known my wants, I was hospitably entertained, and luxuriously lodged in a bunk of rough boards, on a mattress filled with pine shavings.

When morning came, and I went down to the mill-yard, to see how the "Crusoe" had slept, I found one of the mill-hands there, who inspected the boat with much interest. The man talked a good deal about a big "jam" of logs in the Lupus River, and he told me that it would be impossible to get through with a boat. He thought I had better wait at the mill until a passage had been cleared for the steamer, which would be done as soon as possible, although it would take some days, and then I could follow without any trouble. I thought best to see the obstructions with my own eyes at any rate, and so set out to reconnoiter, intending to return, if I found further progress impossible, to the hospitable saw-mill. When I reached the mouth of the river, it seemed clear enough, and I turned in, determined to go on and to try to overcome or to get around such obstacles as might be met with, in any way that seemed most practicable when I saw them. The banks of the river were low, flat, and marshy, and the scenery uninteresting. There were bends and curves innumerable; sometimes I approached and receded from clusters of trees, several times before getting beyond them.

At last I came suddenly in sight of the "jam." The logs filled the whole river from bank to bank, like an enormous and very irregular raft. There were several men at work on one side, where the bank was higher than elsewhere, pushing and pulling, and prying with "levers," "cant hooks," and "pick poles." The whole breadth of the river was filled with logs, crowded upon each other, and against the banks, by the pressure of those behind. I climbed over the mass, toward the men who were at work, and amused myself looking on, and asking questions. When I had superintended the work as long as I wished, I looked about for the best way to get around the "jam." On the opposite side, the river had risen far enough to overflow the bank, though without sufficient depth of water to float the heavy logs, except in the channel.

I thought that perhaps the "Crusoe" would float over there, and going back to her, got in and paddled across. The bank was a low, flat meadow, though not so swampy as near the mouth of the river. I found the grass on it growing thickly through the water, which was from three to six inches deep—sufficient to paddle in, if it had been free from obstructions; but the inequalities of the ground made so many shallow places, that more than once I was stuck fast in the mud, and could push neither forward nor back. At last I took off my shoes and stockings, and rolling up my pants, stepped out,—overboard. I took the paddle in one hand with which to sound the depth of the water, and to try the softness of the mud underneath, and dragged the boat after me by a rope attached to the bow. My progress was more satisfactory, as regards speed, in this manner than before; but I slumped into so many holes, that my clothes were in an awful condition with mud and water, before I had walked, or rather waded, half a mile.

At length I reached a place where the logs were all held on one side of the river by a "boom," while the rest of the channel was clear, except for an occasional log or two that floated on quietly to join the crowd below. Here was the "Boom House" boarding-shanty, where I stopped to clean up. I borrowed a blue denim shirt from the cook,

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to wear while I washed my own clothes in the river. The cook, a good-natured Irishman, was the only person about the shanty at that time. I was glad to accept his invitation to stay overnight, and offered to pay for my entertainment, but he refused my money, and at night gave me a bunk, stuffed with loose hay. The next day was one of hard work and much paddling, going up against the stream, and dodging the floating logs that were coming down in little squads—singly and in couples, and sometimes a dozen together. I made good progress that day, and at one time fell in company with a lumberman, who was journeying like myself in a canoe. He directed me to try the "big slough" on my route, as the water was high enough to make a channel through it, and the distance to the next stopping-place would be shortened several miles. He told me how to find the entrance to the slough, and said I would surely find logs "hung up" in there, and, perhaps, some such as I was looking after. When I reached the place and turned in, I found the slough much like the river, of which it was a sort of branch, only not so deep.

I ate my lunch after parting with the lumberman, for I did n't have enough to divide with him, as I would have been obliged in courtesy to do, had I opened my tin box while in his company. I had only some ginger cakes and a piece of "Bologna" sausage, which last I had procured at the "Boom House."

I soon started again, and as I progressed the channel was more and more crooked and winding, and occasionally opened out into a little pond which I frequently found it difficult to find the way out of. In one of them I discovered a very big log, which was lying in the mud. It was one of the largest that I have ever seen, though I suppose, would be but a pigmy in comparison with the gigantic "redwoods" of Oregon and California. There were frogs plunging and swimming in the water around it, as, indeed, there were in many other places; but here they suggested to my mind one of Æsop's ancient fables, and I hailed the big pine as "King Log," whose acquaintance I was pleased to renew. I paddled up and examined his proportions with much curiosity, and then pushed on.

TOWING THE CANOE AROUND THE LOG-JAM.

Each part of the big slough was so like the rest, and it was all so crooked and queer, that I did n't know whether I was going in the right direction or not. After striving for some time to find some short way out, and failing, I endeavored to retrace my route to the main river, but the sun was low, and soon went down, and I knew that the night must be passed in the swamp. The twilight was wasted quickly, and it grew dark just as I recognized the huge outlines of "King Log." There I determined to stop, and remained at his palace till morning. His subjects, the frogs, were mostly engaged in a grand musical festival, which they all seemed to enjoy hugely.

Tying the "Crusoe" by his side, and climbing up on his back, I wondered if I could n't build a fire on top of him and cook a duck I had shot. The chorus recommenced, and I got out my lantern and my little hatchet, and with hearty strokes on the shaggy bark, broke and split off

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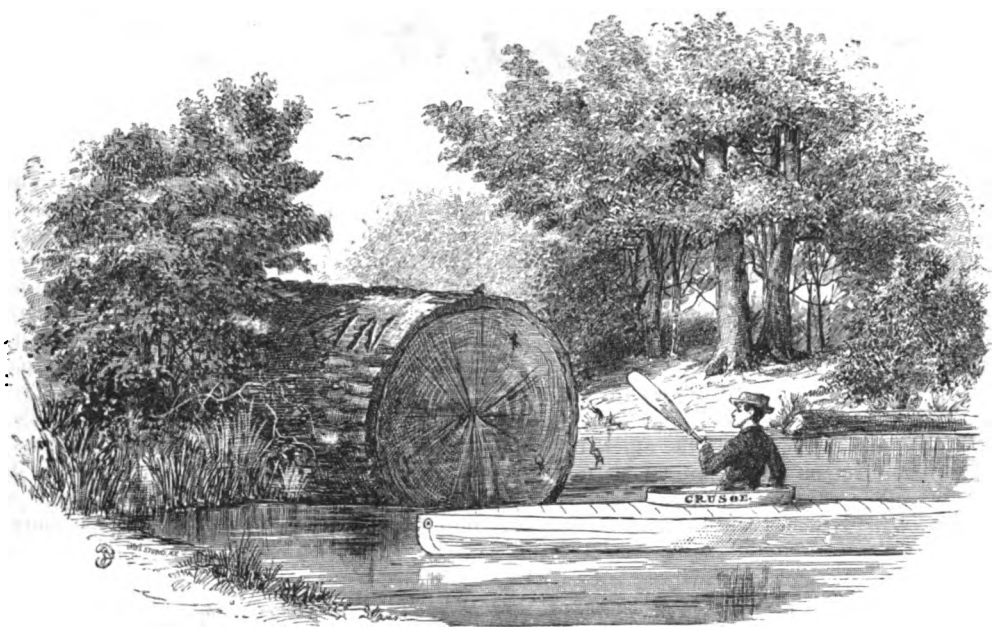
many pieces, which, piled up in one place, made excellent fuel for so damp a locality. The duck was plucked, and dressed, and washed, and spitted on a green branch split from a sapling not far away. The branch I held in my hand, and so kept the duck roasting or toasting, and occasionally burning. till my patience and a good deal of bark was exhausted. Yet, it was not done, and as the night closed in, there came many uninvited guests to the banquet, who were so ardent in their attentions to me, flying in swarms around my head, buzzing vigorously in both my ears, and caressing my nose, and cheeks, and hands, with their sharp little bills so unremittingly, that I was fain finally to forego the feast, and with continual slapping and gesticulating to beat a retreat, leaving the food and the field to the victorious hosts of impertinent mosquitoes. By the light of the fire I paddled away, and for a while escaped the mosquito persecution, but when the bark had all burned out, and I found no better place in which to spend the night, I paddled back to "King Log" again. Lying down in the canoe beside him, I covered my face and soon went to sleep.

When I awoke next morning, I started off as soon as possible, and after much searching, and trouble, I passed out of the slough into the open river, and, with the earnestness of hunger, paddled on to the first settlement. I went ashore, and finding a public-house, remained there two days, for I was quite unwell, and half inclined to turn and go straight home by the shortest practicable route. After the rest, however, I felt better, and as no steamer passed up, I knew that the jam of logs at the cut-off must be still encumbering the channel. I seated myself in the boat again, and determined to stick closely to the business part of my journey, and plied my paddle with fresh vigor and energy. I kept between the river's banks—no more turning aside to explore sloughs or search for hunting adventures. I stopped before dark, and lodged every night with some hospitable settler, for there were many more in this region than around the swampy part of the river below. In course of time I reached the logging camp to which my uncle wished me to go. It was in a little lake that emptied into the main river through a short channel. It was near an Indian reservation and settlement, and I saw many "tame Indians" about, but never a wild one. Had I returned down the river from this point, without wandering further, I should have nothing more to tell; but I had a curiosity to go a little deeper into the Indian region, and to visit the "falls," or rapids, that were but a few miles further up the stream.

When I reached the rapids I was much delighted with the romantic scenery, and had an irresistible impulse to climb with the "Crusoe" to the higher level, just for the fun of riding down again in the dashing current. There was a portage around the rapids, on the bank, but I did not relish the heavy



KING LOG.

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labor of carrying or dragging the "Crusoe" over the rocks. There were also a number of rocks, close together, at one side, in the water, as if, at some former time, they had been a portion of the rocky bank. I thought I could climb on these far enough to launch out and ride down.

It was an unlucky design. I paddled up to the lowest rock, and climbed out upon it, holding the boat by the rope, and started up the incline to the rapids. The boat towed in the water lower down. Had the rocks been less damp and slimy, the careless undertaking might have been accomplished; but, before I was half way up, as I turned to steer the boat away from the rocks, I fell on a slippery place, and slid down against a lower rock, and from that into the river. All in a heap, and sadly out of order, I plunged into the deep water at the foot of the rapids, and clinging to the paddle, which I had in one hand, and to the rope which held the "Crusoe," in the other, I floated on a hundred feet or more, not trying to swim, but only to get right side up, and to keep my head out of the water. Soon I felt solid ground beneath my feet, and, wading to a shallower place, stopped to re-arrange the wreck. The boat was uninjured, and I drew her near, and got in, dripping wet. I took off my wet clothes, and wrapped the blankets around me instead. It was late before my clothes were dry enough to put on, but soon afterward I drew near a settlement, where I found rest and food, and clothing that was really dry.

The next day I went on down the stream, until I reached a steamboat landing. The "Crusoe" was stowed upon the freight, and I was ticketed with the other passengers. As I sat down among them to eat my first meal on board, I wished for some of my good clothes at home, but tried to behave superior to the feeling. We passed by the log-jam at night, so that I did n't know how it had been disposed of. In the morning we passed through the familiar bridge at "Sauger's Creek," and soon after the log "jacker" at uncle's mill waved his hat, and shouted a welcome across the raft, as the boat passed by to the warehouse dock, a little way below. Then the "Crusoe" went into the boat-house, and rested from her journey.

GOING UP THE RAPIDS.

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DICK'S SPIRITUAL HELP.

By Kate W. Hamilton.

A very select school, consisting of two teachers and one pupil—Pansy's only wax daughter, the Lady Melinda Muggins—had just come to grief. The Lady Melinda had for some days been suffering for—not *from*—a stitch in her side, and Miss Midge, in a vigorous effort to shake her into a knowledge of her geography lesson, had produced a violent hemorrhage of sawdust that made it necessary for the poor lady to be put to bed at once. So two worthy teachers were out of a situation. They were more fortunate than many people who are out of employment, however, for just as they began to consider what they had better do next, a hand beckoned at the window—a hand rather the worse for late contact with green paint, a hand with a piece of gingerbread in it, but still it beckoned.

"Come out here," said Dick's voice, repeating the invitation his hand had given. And Midge and Pansy accepted at once.

They found Max and Teddy sitting on the grass, and sat down beside them to learn the object for which a council had been called.

"See here, all of you; I know something," said Dick, by way of opening the subject. Dick generally knew something, or thought he did, which is not always exactly the same thing. "I want a se-ance."

"What aunts? what do you want to see 'em for!" questioned Midge with wide-open eyes; for Dick did not understand French and pronounced the word as he had seen it spelled.

"Pshaw! I don't mean that; I mean a spiritual se-ance; don't you know?"

But Midge did not understand, and the others looked considerably bewildered.

"I know that 's the name of it, 'cause I saw it in a paper," pursued Dick positively. "I could n't tell much about it there, though, it was all mixed up with so many big words and stuff; but I 'd found out all about it before, and what they do and everything. I heard Miss Roxbury telling Aunt Prue about it last night. You see, the folks sit round the table and put their hands on it, and keep real still, and by and by the spirits come and knock, and move the table around like—like smash! I expect we could do it too."

"I s'pose—may be—I 'd be afraid," said Midge, hesitatingly.

"Afraid? Ho! that 's just like a girl! I would n't be a bit afraid," exclaimed Dick scornfully, and Max and Teddy echoed the sentiment so valorously that Midge was quite abashed, and remarked apologetically:

"Well, I did n't say I *should* be, I only said may be I *might* be—p'r'aps."

"But what do you want to have a see-see-your-uncle, or whatever you call it, for?" asked Max.

"Why, to find out if we can do it, and—well, you see," said Dick, hesitating, and then growing confidential, "if we could get 'em to move a table, they might do lots of things for us—pile up all that wood that 's out in the shed, may be, if we just laid our fingers on it, and draw our sleds up hill for us in the Winter. It would n't be a bit harder than some things Miss Roxbury told about, and I should n't wonder if we could get so they 'd do nearly all our work for us, and we need n't do anything ourselves but just have good times."

It was an inviting prospect, and the brilliant plan was adopted at once. They decided to try the experiment that very evening.

"Because evenings seems more—more—somehow, you know," explained Teddy, not very lucidly.

Pansy suggested the attic as a good place to meet.

"We all can be by ourselves there, and nobody will come, or hear us, or anything," she said.

So the whole party went up to the attic to view the place and make their preparations. There was a large finished chamber that had often served them for a play-room, and among its odd furnishing of dilapidated sofas, old chairs, boxes and barrels, they found a shabby little table, and the boys lifted it out into the middle of the room. It was a cripple, having lost one leg in some former service, and inclined to tip over at the lightest touch.

Dick volunteered to make it all right, however, and running down-stairs he returned with a stick, hammer and nails. It required a deal of holding and hammering before the new leg would be fastened on, and even then it was rather loose and unsteady, after the manner of artificial limbs. But Pansy hid its awkwardness under an old sheet ferreted out of a box of cast-off articles, and Midge was so delighted with its appearance in white that she hinted a strong desire to change the proposed circle into a tea-party.

The others were not inclined to give up their

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grand scheme for anything so commonplace, and poor little Midge yielded to the majority, though with some lingering misgivings.

"I hope the spirits wont ever try to help me any when I 'm all alone," she said uneasily. "'Cause may be I would n't be afraid—'cause I would n't! but I guess I 'm a pretty good deal bashful when I aint 'quainted."

The next thing was to provide seats. The attic furnished but two, so there were three chairs to be smuggled upstairs without attracting observation from Aunt Prue or Hester, and Dick secured an old lamp with which to illuminate the scene.

It was the most fortunate thing in the world, the children thought, that Miss Roxbury dropped in directly after tea to spend the evening with Aunt Prue, because that left them at liberty to carry out their plan with little danger of interruption.

"Of course it is n't wrong or anything if anybody did see us, but then they might think it queer, and laugh, and all that," explained Dick, by way of satisfying the general conscience.

They waited until the two ladies were comfortably busy with chatting and crocheting, and then they stole softly past the sitting-room door, and began to mount the stairs. Did anybody ever tip-toe carefully upstairs without having every step crack and creak in a most marvelous way? These stairs behaved after the usual fashion, and the children grew so excited and mirthful over their efforts that their progress was a constant succession of tittering and hushing, and they arrived in the attic in a condition so nearly uproarious that it was a long time before they could settle into anything like gravity again.

They seated themselves around the table, and placed their hands upon it; but Max looked at Midge and Midge giggled instantly. Then Pansy shook her head reprovingly at the boys, and Teddy immediately drew his face into such an expression of woful solemnity that Pansy laughed outright.

"We do look so funny with our hands all stretched out, as if we were trying to play a tune and did n't know how," she said apologetically.

"Sh! we can't do anything at all, if we don't keep still," remonstrated Dick.

They tried hard to be quiet, and by and by Dick's earnestness began to affect the others, and the feeling of merriment died away. The room grew very still, and what a long, lonely room it was at night! not a bit like the sunny spot they knew by daylight.

The table trembled a little.

"You did that," said Dick, glancing suspiciously at Max.

"No, I did n't," answered Max positively.

After all, that new leg was very insecure, and the table shook so easily that some one might have done it unconsciously. In a moment it moved again, and the children looked questioningly at each other. That certainly was a dreary, depressing sort of room, and how mournfully the wind blew! Midge glanced apprehensively toward the door leading to unfinished parts of the attic, and began to wish Aunt Prue would call them downstairs.

Suddenly, in the pauses of the wind, came a sound as of heavy breathing.

"If any of you are trying to frighten us I wish you 'd just stop," said Pansy, in a tone half startled, half petulant.

But the boys shook their heads. The sound grew more and more distinct, and evidently came from somewhere in the room. The circle of hands dropped from the table, and the party stared at each other with wide-open eyes.

"I think I 'd like to go down-stairs for a drink of water," faltered Midge.

"'Pshaw!" exclaimed Dick, turning round so hastily that he struck his foot against the table, and in an instant the weak leg gave way. A mingled growl and groan sounded from beneath it as it tipped forward, and, as the children sprang up in alarm, Teddy's arm struck the lamp, upset and extinguished it. They were not left in utter darkness, for a pale moon shone dimly through the skylight, and by its faint gleam they saw a strange white figure moving slowly to and fro.

"Oh! what is that?" whispered Pansy, with a shiver.

No one answered. Dick had a fearful suspicion that his experiment had been entirely too successful. They huddled closely together, not daring to move or attempt an escape with that dreadful something between them and the door. The minutes seemed like ages. At last the awful figure moved toward them. Midge screamed and attempted to spring into a chair, but in her haste and fright she missed it, and fell heavily to the floor. Then the others joined in a wild shriek that rang through every part of the house.

Doors opened and voices called below, and it was but a moment or two before Hester appeared, bearing a lamp, and followed by Aunt Prue and Miss Roxbury. The clear light revealed the trembling, frightened group in one corner, the broken table, and old Rover stalking solemnly through the room with a sheet upon his back. The children understood it all the instant their eyes rested upon the dog. He had followed them upstairs late in the afternoon, and had lain down under the table to sleep. Its sudden overturning had disturbed his long nap, and he had crept out with the table-cover

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clinging to his back. The boys looked exceedingly foolish when they saw him, and Pansy's crying changed to a burst of hysterical laughter.

Aunt Prue could not comprehend so readily.

"Is it fire? are you all murdered? What in the world has happened?" she asked anxiously.

It was an absurd story to tell, but it came out in four parts—Midge being too much overcome to contribute anything to the general explanation; a terrible mixed up story, but it was all told at last.

Hester leaned against the wall and sniffled contemptuously, Miss Roxbury laughed, while Aunt Prue soothed Midge and scolded by turns, and Aunt Prue talked fast when she was a little indignant.

"You were at the bottom of it, Richard, I know you were!" she said severely. "It' another of your wild schemes for getting things done without doing them. It 's time you learned that every one is placed on the earth to do his own work, and that no spirit from any world, good or bad, will ever do yours for you. A spirit of industry is the spirit you need most, and if you would call that up, we should have an end of such nonsense as this."

Dick listened with remarkable meekness, for he had been not a little frightened; the others looked pale yet, and Midge was still sobbing over her bumped head. It is probable, after sleeping over the matter, he came to the conclusion that Aunt Prue was right, for he went valiantly to work the next morning at the wood-pile, with Max and Teddy to help him. After all, they seemed to succeed about as well as they had hoped to do the day before, for when they laid their hands on a stick of wood, it flew on to the pile in an instant.

MR. BULL-FROG'S PARTY.

By M. W. S.

MR. BULL-FROG gave a supper,
And bade his friends to the feast,
From the lower world and the upper—
Fish, insect, bird, and beast.

The table was spread by the river,
On a gently sloping ground;
To the water guests ran if ever
They heard an alarming sound.

The minnows came by the dozens,
The turtles came one by one,
The frogs brought their aunts and cousins,
But the water-rat came alone.

Each guest had his seat allotted—
Birds, butterflies, one, two and three;
And a little field-mouse trotted
To her place by the side of a bee.

They ate every cress and berry,
And they drank their dew-drop tea
To the health of their host, with merry
And rousing three times three.

Soon after this demonstration,
The Bull-frog rose for a speech:
"We will hold a consultation;
I should like to hear from each.

"By enemies we 're surrounded
(My friends, you feel this is true);
We are caught, crushed, lamed, and pounded;
To stop this, what can we do?

"Life would be perfect without them;
These creatures are all called—boys;
There 's but one good thing about them—
Their coming is known by the noise.

"My friends, we 'll all sign a paper,
With fin, antenna, or wing,
To get us out of the scrape, or
These boys to sorrow we 'll bring.

"We 'll bite, scratch, worry and sting them,
When we 've a chance so to do,
And thus to sorrow we 'll bring them;
Now, friends, I 'll listen to you."

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Mistress Mousie spoke: "Remember
That *all* boys are not so bad;
One whom I knew last September,
To hurt would make me quite sad.

"One of my distant relations,
He did, I confess, just seize,
While he made some observations;
But he gave him lots of cheese.

"In twenty-four hours he hurried
To open the cage door wide,
And Mousie home to his worried
Mamma and family hied."

"Through all the bright Summer weather,
Through all the sunny days long,
We played in the grass together,
And he never stopped my song."

When Dorr-Bug knocked on the table,
"Father Long-legs" left his seat;
To speak he was quite unable,
But showed all his legs complete.

So the Bull-frog told the story
For his venerable guest,
Adding his mite to the glory
Of this boy of boys the best.

"BUT THE WATER-RAT CAME ALONE."

Miss Mousie ceased, and Bumble Bee
Rose, with a hum and buzz:
"I speak for self and friend," said he,
"Friend caterpillar—Miss Fuzz.

"With eagerness he has sought us,
But never has hurt at all;
I've only said 'Hum!' when he's caught us,
While Fuzz rolled up in a ball."

Then up rose a gay Grasshopper,
So fine in his green dress-coat:
"For others I care not a copper;
On *this* boy I really dote.

A gray Moth rose: "My friends," said he,
"Pray list to this plan of mine.
On the right day, next Februar-ee,
We'll send him a valentine.

"And it shall say—if he takes care
To injure no living thing,
All beasts and birds of earth and air
Will join in the offering."

'T was settled. The supper was ended;
The creatures went homeward with glee.
The way that I heard it was splendid—
A little bird told it to me.

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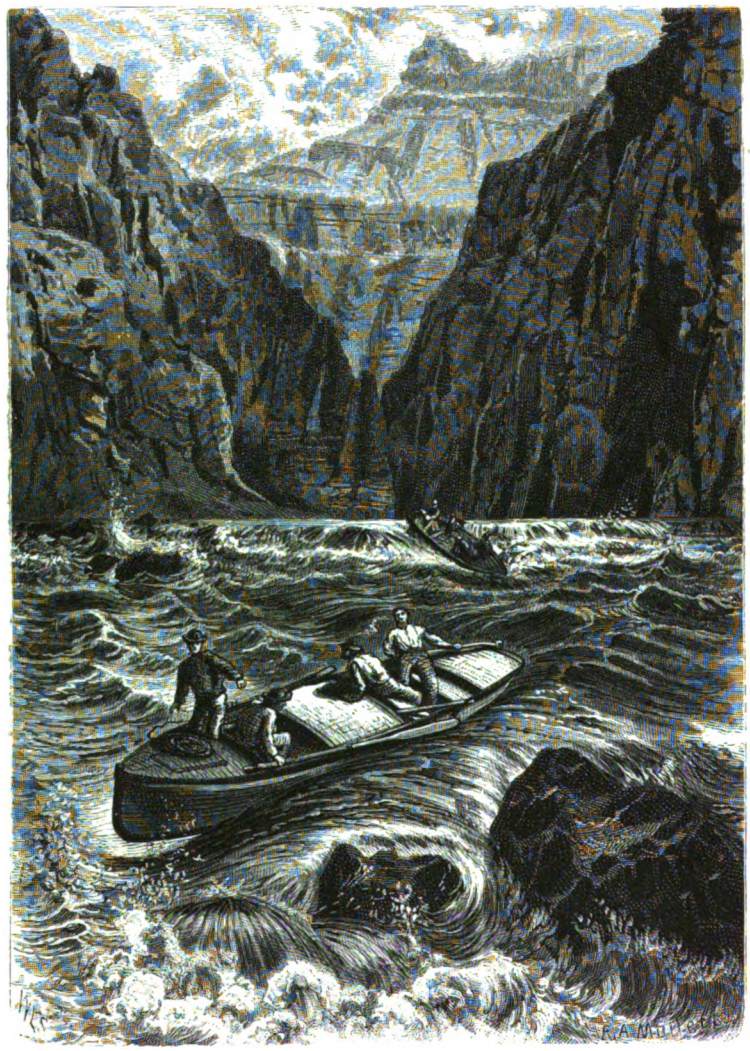
ONE OF THE WONDERS OF COLORADO.

By Cyrus Martin, Jr.

Colorado has been called the Wonderland of America, and it well deserves that title. Readers of the St. Nicholas will remember some sketches of the "Garden of the Gods," printed in our number for last December, which showed some of the wonders of that region. But the Colorado River, though it traverses a much larger territory than that of Colorado, is not only grand enough to deserve the name of a wonderful river, but very admirably maintains the reputation of the Territory for being a place of natural wonders.



A PERILOUS PASSAGE.

This river has lately been explored by Major J. W. Powell, who has written a series of papers describing what he saw. These descriptions were published in *Scribner's Monthly*, and the pictures are almost amazing for their grandeur and beauty. Nothing

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like it has ever before been seen in this country. To explore such a wild and tumultuous stream is a severe task. Many are the thrilling incidents related by Major Powell and his comrades, and many were their mishaps. A deep river, confined in a narrow gorge or channel of steep rock, is full of danger; it has no shores on which wrecked navigators can be cast, and it is frequently broken by abrupt cascades, falls and foaming rapids. To pass between the great rocks that grimly lift their heads just above water requires a steady eye at the bow and a steady arm at the tiller. Such a scene as that given on the previous page is enough to make one's heart jump to see even in a picture. To have taken part in the expedition, and to have come back alive, one would suppose would furnish adventure for a lifetime. And this little bit only gives us an idea of the boldness of part of this water-course.

The Colorado River reaches far up into the heart of the continent for its sources. Away up in Nebraska, there is a vast cluster of peaks covered with snow, and forming an off-shoot or spur of the Rocky Mountains. These are the Wind River Mountains, and among them are thousands of bright little rivulets and brooks, fed by the melting snows. Many of these little streams run together after awhile, and so form the Green River, a river which is cold, swift and deep. It crosses the roads that lead across the continent to California; and, in old times, when the emigrants used to go to the gold country with horses or ox-teams, they very much dreaded the dangerous fords of Green River. It flows on for more than one thousand miles, often winding about, but always moving southward, through monstrous masses of rock and amidst arid plains, until it empties itself into the Gulf of California, and so reaches the Pacific Ocean.

Further south than the head-waters of the Green River is the Grand River, which rises near Long's Peak, in the Rocky Mountains. It is born in the solitary lakes which lie among the rocky crags high up amidst the cold mountain peaks. Few white men have ever looked upon these lakes; but we know that out of their mysterious depths, hidden amid the pines and fir-trees, come the waters of the Grand River. This stream unites with the Green, and so forms the great Colorado, which, as we have said, flows into the Gulf of California. Besides these two main branches of the Colorado, there are hundreds of others; some of them have no names; but many are named on the maps, where you may find them duly set down.

After these streams leave the immediate neighborhood of the Rocky Mountains,—say about two-thirds of the way down to the mouth of the Colorado,—they pass through a very dry and rocky country. Ages on ages ago, it is supposed the surface of this region was comparatively level, though broken here and there by rocky peaks. Through it the streams rushed with great speed, year after year and century after century. If there had been frequent and heavy falls of rain, the surface of the country would have been washed into the rivers, and the *debris*, or loose stuff, swept in, would be carried off by the rivers. But the rain seldom falls there, and so the rivers, left to themselves, have kept on wearing down the rocky bed through which they foam, until they have plowed deep channels far down into the rocky heart of the land. Nobody can tell how long the rivers have been at work carving out these channels; but there they are, with tremendous cliffs towering far above them; and so smooth are the walls of these gorges or cañons (pronounced canyons) that the traveler must pass down the river by water; there is no shore along which he may walk; but, in general, the rock rises straight up from the river on either side.

These cañons which we have mentioned often run into each other just as the branches of the stream run into the main channel. There is a maze of them all over the country, so that one cannot traverse the face of the land, these deep gorges so cut it up with channels and abysses. The walls of the cañons rise to a great height,—some of them more than two thousand feet. The scenery cannot be called beautiful; it is terrible and sublime. But one must suppose that a few weeks spent in such an awful place would make one long for the sunny lawns and smooth streams of a less wonderful country. Nevertheless, the great river will always be a favorite resort for those who love to look upon the mightiest works of God in nature.

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EIGHT COUSINS.

By Louisa M. Alcott.

Chapter XVI.

BREAD AND BUTTON-HOLES.

"WHAT in the world is my girl thinking about, all alone here, with such a solemn face?" asked Dr. Alec, coming into the study, one November day, to find Rose sitting there with folded hands and a very thoughtful aspect.

"Uncle, I want to have some serious conversation with you, if you have time," she said, coming out of a brown study, as if she had not heard his question.

"I 'm entirely at your service, and most happy to listen," he answered, in his politest manner, for when Rose put on her womanly little airs he always treated her with a playful sort of respect that pleased her very much.

Now, as he sat down beside her, she said, very soberly:

"I 've been trying to decide what trade I would learn, and I want you to advise me."

"Trade, my dear?" and Dr. Alec looked so astonished that she hastened to explain.

"I forgot that you did n't hear the talk about it up at Cosey Corner. You see we used to sit under the pines and sew, and talk a great deal, all the ladies I mean, and I liked it very much. Mother Atherton thought that every one should have a trade, or something to make a living out of, for rich people may grow poor, you know, and poor people have to work. Her girls were very clever, and could do ever so many things, and Aunt Jessie thought the old lady was right; so when I saw how happy and independent those young ladies were, I wanted to have a trade, and then it would n't matter about money, though I like to have it well enough."

Dr. Alec listened to this explanation with a curious mixture of surprise, pleasure, and amusement in his face, and looked at his little niece as if she had suddenly changed into a young woman. She had grown a good deal in the last six months, and an amount of thinking had gone on in that curly head which would have astonished him greatly could he have known it all, for Rose was one of the children who observe and meditate much, and now and then nonplus their friends by a wise or curious remark.

"I quite agree with the ladies, and shall be glad to help you decide on something if I can," said the Doctor seriously. "What do you incline to? A natural taste or talent is a great help in choosing, you know."

"I have n't any talent, or any especial taste that I can see, and that is why I can't decide, uncle. So, I think, it would be a good plan to pick out some very *useful* business and learn it, because I don't do it for pleasure, you see, but as a part of my education, and to be ready in case I 'm ever poor," answered Rose, looking as if she rather longed for a little poverty so that her useful gift might be exercised.

"Well, now, there is one very excellent, necessary, and womanly accomplishment that no girl should be without, for it is a help to rich and poor, and the comfort of families depends upon it. This fine talent is neglected nowadays, and considered old-fashioned, which is a sad mistake, and one that I don't mean to make in bringing up my girl. It should be a part of every girl's education, and I know of a most accomplished lady who will teach you in the best and pleasantest manner."

"Oh, what is it?" cried Rose eagerly, charmed to be met in this helpful and cordial way.

"Housekeeping!" answered Dr. Alec.

"Is that an accomplishment?" asked Rose, while her face fell, for she had indulged in all sorts of vague, delightful dreams.

"Yes; it is one of the most beautiful as well as useful of all the arts a woman can learn. Not so romantic, perhaps, as singing, painting, writing, or teaching, even; but one that makes many happy and comfortable, and home the sweetest place in the world. Yes, you may open your big eyes; but it is a fact that I had rather see you a good housekeeper than the greatest belle in the city. It need not interfere with any talent you may possess, but it *is* a necessary part of your training, and I hope that you will set about it at once, now that you are well and strong."

"Who is the lady?" asked Rose, rather impressed by her uncle's earnest speech.

"Aunt Plenty."

"Is *she* accomplished?" began Rose in a wondering tone, for this great aunt of hers had seemed the least cultivated of them all.

"In the good old-fashioned way she is very accomplished, and has made this house a happy home to us all, ever since we can remember. She

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is not elegant, but genuinely good, and so beloved and respected that there will be universal mourning for her when her place is empty. No one can fill it, for the solid, homely virtues of the dear soul have gone out of fashion, as I say, and nothing new can be half so satisfactory, to me at least."

"I should like to have people feel so about me. Can she teach me to do what she does, and to grow as good?" asked Rose, with a little prick of remorse for even thinking that Aunt Plenty was a commonplace old lady.

"Yes, if you don't despise such simple lessons as she can give. I know it would fill her dear old heart with pride and pleasure to feel that any one cared to learn of her, for she fancies her day gone by. Let her teach you how to be what she has been—a skillful, frugal, cheerful housewife; the maker and the keeper of a happy home, and by and by you will see what a valuable lesson it is."

"I will, uncle. But how shall I begin?"

"I'll speak to her about it, and she will make it all right with Dolly, for cooking is one of the main things, you know."

"So it is! I don't mind that a bit, for I like to mess, and used to try at home; but I had no one to tell me, so I never did much but spoil my aprons. Pies are great fun, only Dolly is *so* cross, I don't believe she will ever let me do a thing in the kitchen."

"Then we 'll cook in the parlor. I fancy Aunt Plenty will manage her, so don't be troubled. Only mind this, I 'd rather you learned how to make good bread than the best pies ever baked. When you bring me a handsome, wholesome loaf, entirely made by yourself, I shall be more pleased than if you offered me a pair of slippers embroidered in the very latest style. I don't wish to bribe you, but I 'll give you my heartiest kiss, and promise to eat every crumb of the loaf myself.

"It 's a bargain! it 's a bargain! Come and tell aunty all about it, for I 'm in a hurry to begin," cried Rose, dancing before him toward the parlor, where Miss Plenty sat alone knitting contentedly, yet ready to run at the first call for help of any sort, from any quarter.

No need to tell how surprised and gratified she was at the invitation she received to teach the child the domestic arts which were her only accomplishments, nor to relate how energetically she set about her pleasant task. Dolly dared not grumble, for Miss Plenty was the one person whom she obeyed, and Phebe openly rejoiced, for these new lessons brought Rose nearer to her, and glorified the kitchen in the good girl's eyes.

To tell the truth, the elder aunts had sometimes felt that they did not have quite their share of the little niece who had won their hearts long ago, and was the sunshine of the house. They talked it over together sometimes, but always ended by saying that as Alec had all the responsibility, he should have the larger share of the dear girl's love and time, and they would be contented with such crumbs of comfort as they could get.

Dr. Alec had found out this little secret, and, after reproaching himself for being blind and selfish, was trying to devise some way of mending matters without troubling any one, when Rose's new whim suggested an excellent method of weaning her a little from himself. He did not know how fond he was of her till he gave her up to the new teacher, and often could not resist peeping in at the door, to see how she got on, or stealing sly looks through the slide when she was deep in dough, or listening intently to some impressive lecture from Aunt Plenty. They caught him at it now and then, and ordered him off the premises at the point of the rolling-pin; or, if unusually successful, and, therefore, in a milder mood, they lured him away with bribes of gingerbread, a stray pickle, or a tart that was not quite symmetrical enough to suit their critical eyes.

Of course he made a point of partaking copiously of all the delectable messes that now appeared at table, for both the cooks were on their mettle, and he fared sumptuously every day. But an especial relish was given to any dish when, in reply to his honest praise of it, Rose colored up with innocent pride, and said modestly:

"I made that, uncle, and I 'm glad you like it."

It was some time before the perfect loaf appeared, for bread-making is an art not easily learned, and Aunt Plenty was very thorough in her teaching; so Rose studied yeast first, and through various stages of cake and biscuit came at last to the crowning glory of the "handsome, wholesome, loaf." It appeared at tea-time, on a silver salver, proudly borne in by Phebe, who could not refrain from whispering, with a beaming face, as she set it down, before Dr. Alec:

"Aint it just lovely, sir?"

"It is a regularly splendid loaf! Did my girl make it all herself?" he asked, surveying the shapely, sweet-smelling object with real interest and pleasure.

"Every particle herself, and never asked a bit of help or advice from any one," answered Aunt Plenty, folding her hands with an air of unmitigated satisfaction, for her pupil certainly did her great credit.

"I 've had so many failures and troubles that I really thought I never should be able to do it alone. Dolly let one splendid batch burn up because I forgot it. She was there and smelt it, but never did a thing, for she said, when I undertook to bake

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bread I must give my whole mind to it. Was n't it hard? She might have called me at least," said Rose, recollecting, with a sigh, the anguish of that moment.

"She meant you should learn by experience, as Rosamond did in that little affair of the purple jar, you remember."

"I always thought it very unfair in her mother not to warn the poor thing a little bit; and she was regularly mean when Rosamond asked for a bowl to put the purple stuff in, and she said in such a provoking way, 'I did not agree to lend you a bowl, but I will, my dear.' Ugh! I always want to shake that hateful woman, though she *was* a moral mamma."

"Never mind her now, but tell me all about my loaf," said Dr. Alec, much amused at Rose's burst of indignation.

"There is nothing to tell, uncle, except that I did my best, gave my mind to it, and sat watching over it all the while it was in the oven till I was quite baked myself. Everything went right this time, and it came out a nice, round, crusty loaf, as you see. Now taste it, and tell me if it is good as well as handsome."

ROSE LEARNS TO MAKE BREAD.

"Must I cut it? Can't I put it under a glass cover and keep it in the parlor as they do wax flowers and fine works of that sort?"

"What an idea, uncle! It would mold and be spoilt. Besides, people would laugh at us, and make fun of my old-fashioned accomplishment. You promised to eat it, and you must; not all at once, but as soon as you can, so I can make you some more."

Dr. Alec solemnly cut off his favorite crusty slice, and solemnly ate it; then wiped his lips, and brushing back Rose's hair, solemnly kissed her on the forehead, saying heartily:

"My dear, it is perfect bread, and you are an honor to your teacher. When we have our model school I shall offer a prize for the best bread, and *you* will get it."

"I 've got it already, and I 'm quite satisfied," said Rose, slipping into her seat, and trying to hide her right hand which had a burn on it.

But Dr. Alec saw it, guessed how it came there, and after tea insisted on easing the pain which she would hardly confess.

"Aunt Clara says I am spoiling my hands, but I don't care, for I 've had *such* good times with Aunt Plenty, and I think she has enjoyed it as much as I have. Only one thing troubles me, uncle, and I want to ask you about it," said Rose, as they paced up and down the hall in the twilight, the bandaged hand very carefully laid on Dr. Alec's arm.

"More little confidences? I like them immensely, so tell away, my dear."

"Well, you see I feel as if Aunt Peace would like to do something for me, and I 've found out what it can be. You know she can't go about like Aunty Plen, and we are so busy nowadays that she is rather lonely, I 'm afraid. So I want to take lessons in sewing of her. She works so beautifully, and it is a useful thing you know, and I ought to be a good needlewoman as well as housekeeper, ought n't I?"

"Bless your kind, little heart, that is what I was

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thinking of the other day when Aunt Peace said she saw you very seldom now, you were so busy. I wanted to speak of it, but fancied you had as much on your hands as you could manage. It would delight the dear woman to teach you all her delicate handicraft, especially button-holes, for I believe that is where young ladies fail; at least I've heard them say so. So do you devote your mind to button-holes; make 'em all over my clothes if you want something to practice on. I'll wear any quantity."

Rose laughed at this reckless offer, but promised to attend to that important branch, though she confessed that darning was her weak point. Whereupon Uncle Alec engaged to supply her with socks in all stages of dilapidation, and to have a new set at once, so that she could run the heels for him as a pleasant beginning.

Then they went up to make their request in due form, to the great delight of gentle Aunt Peace, who got quite excited with the fun that went on while they wound yarn, looked up darning-needles, and fitted out a nice little mending basket for her pupil.

Very busy and very happy were Rose's days now, for in the morning she went about the house with Aunt Plenty attending to linen-closets and store-rooms, pickling and preserving, exploring garret and cellar to see that all was right, and learning, in the good old-fashioned manner, to look well after tne ways of the household.

In the afternoon, after her walk or drive, she sat with Aunt Peace plying her needle, while Aunt Plenty, whose eyes were failing, knit and chatted briskly, telling many a pleasant story of old times, till the three were moved to laugh and cry together, for the busy needles were embroidering all sorts of bright patterns on the lives of the workers, though they only seemed to be stitching cotton and darning hose.

It was a pretty sight to see the rosy-faced little maid sitting between the two old ladies, listening dutifully to their instructions, and cheering the lessons with her lively chatter and blithe laugh. If the kitchen had proved attractive to Dr. Alec when Rose was there at work, the sewing-room was quite irresistible, and he made himself so agreeable that no one had the heart to drive him away, especially when he read aloud or spun yarns.

"There! I've made you a new set of warm night-gowns, with four button-holes in each. See if they are not neatly done," said Rose, one day, some weeks after the new lessons began.

"Even to a thread, and nice little bars across the end so I can't tear them when I twitch the buttons out. Most superior work, ma'am, and I'm deeply grateful; so much so, that I'll sew on these buttons myself, and save those tired fingers from another prick."

"You sew them on?" cried Rose, with her eyes wide open in amazement.

"Wait a bit till I get my sewing tackle and then you shall see what *I* can do."

"Can he, really?" asked Rose of Aunt Peace, as Uncle Alec marched off with a comical air of importance.

"Oh, yes, I taught him years ago, before he went to sea; and I suppose he has had to do things for himself, more or less, ever since; so he has kept his hand in."

He evidently had, for he was soon back with a funny little work-bag, out of which he produced a thimble without a top, and, having threaded his needle, he proceeded to sew on the buttons so handily that Rose was much impressed and amused.

"I wonder if there is anything in the world that *you* cannot do," she said in a tone of respectful admiration.

"There are one or two things that I am not up to yet," he answered, with a laugh in the corner of his eye, as he waxed his thread with a flourish.

"I should like to know what?"

"Bread and button-holes, ma'am."

CHAPTER XVII.

GOOD BARGAINS.

IT was a rainy Sunday afternoon, and four boys were trying to spend it quietly in the "liberry," as Jamie called the room devoted to books and boys, at Aunt Jessie's. Will and Geordie were sprawling on the sofa, deep in the adventures of the scapegraces and ragamuffins whose histories are now the fashion. Archie lounged in the easy chair surrounded by newspapers; Charlie stood upon the rug, in an Englishman's favorite attitude, and, I regret to say, both were smoking cigars.

"It is my opinion that this day will *never* come to an end," said Prince, with a yawn that nearly rent him asunder.

"Read and improve your mind, my son," answered Archie, peering solemnly over the paper behind which he had been dozing.

"Don't you preach, parson; but put on your boots and come out for a tramp, instead of mulling over the fire like a granny."

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"No, thank you, tramps in an easterly storm don't strike me as amusing."

There Archie stopped and held up his hand, for a pleasant voice was heard saying outside:

"Are the boys in the library, auntie?"

THE BOYS ENJOY THEMSELVES.

"Yes, dear, and longing for sunshine, so run in and make it for them," answered Mrs. Jessie.

"It's Rose," and Archie threw his cigar into the fire.

"What's that for?" asked Charlie.

"Gentlemen don't smoke before ladies."

"True; but I'm not going to waste *my* weed," and Prince poked his into the empty inkstand that served them for an ash tray.

A gentle tap at the door was answered by a chorus of "Come in," and Rose appeared, looking blooming and breezy with the chilly air.

"If I disturb you say so, and I'll go away," she began, pausing on the threshold with modest hesitation, for something in the elder boys' faces excited her curiosity.

"You never disturb us, cousin," said the smokers, while the readers tore themselves from the heroes of the bar-room and gutter long enough to nod affably to their guest.

As Rose bent to warm her hands, one end of Archie's cigar stuck out of the ashes, smoking furiously and smelling strongly.

"Oh, you bad boys, how could you do it, to-day of all days?" she said, reproachfully.

"Where's the harm?" asked Archie.

"You know as well as I do; your mother does n't like it, and it's a bad habit, for it wastes money and does you no good."

"Fiddle-sticks! every man smokes, even Uncle Alec, whom you think so perfect," began Charlie, in his teasing way.

"No, he does n't! He has given it up, and I know why," cried Rose, eagerly.

"Now I think of it, I have n't seen the old meerschaum since he came home. Did he stop it on our account?" asked Archie.

"Yes," and Rose told the little scene on the seashore in the camping-out time.

Archie seemed much impressed, and said manfully: "He won't have done that in vain so far as I'm concerned. I don't care a pin about smoking, so can give it up as easy as not, and I promise you I will. I only do it now and then for fun."

"You too?" and Rose looked up at the bonny Prince, who never looked less bonny than at that moment, for he had resumed his cigar, just to torment her.

Now Charlie cared as little as Archie about smoking, but it would not do to yield too soon; so he shook his head, gave a great puff, and said loftily:

"You women are always asking us to give up harmless little things, just because *you* don't approve of them. How would you like it if we did the same by you, Miss?"

"If I did harmful or silly things I'd thank you for telling me of them, and I'd try to mend my ways," answered Rose heartily.

"Well, now, we'll see if you mean what you say. I'll give up smoking to please you, if you will give up something to please me," said Prince, seeing a good chance to lord it over the weaker vessel at small cost to himself.

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"I 'll agree if it is as foolish as cigars."

"Oh, it 's ever so much sillier."

"Then I promise; what is it?" and Rose quite trembled with anxiety to know which of her pet habits or possessions she must lose.

"Give up your ear-rings," and Charlie laughed wickedly, sure that she would never hold to that bargain.

Rose uttered a cry and clapped both hands to her ears where the gold rings hung.

"Oh, Charlie, would n't anything else do as well? I've been through so much teasing and trouble, I do want to enjoy my pretty ear-rings, for I can wear them now."

"Wear as many as you like, and I 'll smoke in peace," returned this bad boy.

"Will *nothing* else satisfy you?" imploringly.

"Nothing," sternly.

Rose stood silent for a minute, thinking of something Aunt Jessie once said—"You have more influence over the boys than you know; use it for their good and I shall thank you all my life." Here was a chance to do some good by sacrificing a little vanity of her own. She felt it was right to do it, yet found it very hard, and asked wistfully:

"Do you mean *never* wear them, Charlie?"

"*Never*, unless you want me to smoke."

"I never do."

"Then clinch the bargain."

He had no idea she would do it, and was much surprised when she took the dear rings from her ears, with a quick gesture, and held them out to him, saying in a tone that made the color come up to his brown cheek, it was so full of sweet good-will:

"I care more for my cousins than for my ear-rings, so I promise, and I 'll keep my word."

"For shame, Prince! let her wear her little danglers if she likes, and don't bargain about doing what you know is right," cried Archie, coming out of his grove of newspapers with an indignant bounce.

But Rose was bent on showing her aunt that she *could* use her influence for the boys' good, and said steadily:

"It is fair, and I want it to be so, then you will believe I 'm in earnest. Here, each of you wear one of these on your watch-guard to remind you. *I* shall not forget, because very soon I cannot wear ear-rings if I want to."

As she spoke Rose offered a little ring to each cousin, and the boys, seeing how sincere she was, obeyed her. When the pledges were safe, Rose stretched a hand to each, and the lads gave hers a hearty grip, half pleased and half ashamed of their part in the compact.

Just at that moment Dr. Alec and Mrs. Jessie came in.

"What 's this? Dancing Ladies Triumph on Sunday?" exclaimed Uncle Alec, surveying the trio with surprise.

"No, sir! it is the Anti-Tobacco League. Will you join?" said Charlie, while Rose slipped away to her aunt, and Archie buried both cigars behind the back log.

When the mystery was explained, the elders were well pleased, and Rose received a vote of thanks, which made her feel as if she had done a service to her country, as she had, for every boy who grows up free from bad habits bids fair to make a good citizen.

"I wish Rose would drive a bargain with Will and Geordie also, for I think these books are as bad for the small boys as cigars for the large ones," said Mrs. Jessie, sitting down on the sofa between the readers, who politely curled up their legs to make room for her.

"I thought they were all the fashion," answered Dr. Alec, settling in the big chair with Rose.

"So is smoking, but it is harmful. The writers of these popular stories intend to do good I have no doubt, but it seems to me they fail because their motto is, 'Be smart and you will be rich,' instead of 'Be honest and you will be happy.' I do not judge hastily, Alec, for I have read a dozen, at least, of these stories, and, with much that is attractive to boys, I find a great deal to condemn in them, and other parents say the same when I ask them."

"Now, Mum, that 's too bad! I like 'em tip-top. This one is a regular screamer," cried Will.

"They 're bully books, and I 'd like to know where 's the harm," added Geordie.

"You have just shown us one of the chief evils, and that is slang," answered their mother quickly.

"Must have it, ma'am. If these chaps talked all right, there 'd be no fun in 'em," protested Will.

"A boot-black *must n't* use good grammar, and a newsboy *must* swear a little, or he would n't be natural," explained Geordie, both boys ready to fight gallantly for their favorites.

"But my sons are neither boot-blacks nor newsboys, and I object to hearing them use such words as 'screamer,' 'bully,' and 'buster.' In fact I fail to see the advantage of writing books about such people unless it is done in a very different way. I cannot think they will help to refine the ragamuffins, if they read them, and I 'm sure they can do no good to the better class of boys, who through these books are introduced to police courts, counterfeiters' dens, gambling houses, drinking saloons, and all sorts of low life."

"Some of them are about first-rate boys, mother; and they go to sea and study, and sail round the world, having great larks all the way."

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"I have read about them, Geordie, and though they *are* better than the others, I am not satisfied with these optical delusions, as I call them. Now, I put it to you, boys, is it natural for lads from fifteen to eighteen to command ships, defeat pirates, outwit smugglers, and so cover themselves with glory, that Admiral Farragut invites them to dinner, saying: 'Noble boy, you are an honor to your country?' Or, if the hero is in the army, he has hair-breadth escapes and adventures enough in one small volume to turn his hair white, and in the end he goes to Washington at the express desire of the President or Commander-in-Chief to be promoted to no end of stars and bars. Even if the hero is merely an honest boy trying to get his living, he is not permitted to do so in a natural way, by hard work and years of patient effort, but is suddenly adopted by a millionaire whose pocket-book he has returned; or a rich uncle appears from sea, just in the nick of time; or the remarkable boy earns a few dollars, speculates in pea-nuts or neck-ties, and grows rich so rapidly that Sinbad in the diamond valley is a pauper compared to him. Is n't it so, boys?"

"Well, the fellows in these books *are* mighty lucky, and very smart, I must say," answered Will, surveying an illustration on the open page before him, where a small but virtuous youth is upsetting a tipsy giant in a bar-room, and under it the elegant inscription: "Dick Dauntless punches the head of Sam Soaker."

"It gives boys such wrong ideas of life and business; shows them so much evil and vulgarity that they need not know about, and makes the one success worth having a fortune, a lord's daughter, or some worldly honor, often not worth the time it takes to win. It does seem to me that some one might write stories that should be lively, natural, and helpful. Tales in which the English should be good, the morals pure, and the characters such as we can love in spite of the faults that all may have. I can't bear to see such crowds of eager little fellows at the libraries reading such trash; weak, when it is not wicked, and totally unfit to feed the hungry minds that feast on it for want of something better. There! my lecture is done; now I should like to hear what you, gentlemen, have to say," and Aunt Jessie subsided with a pretty flush on the face that was full of motherly anxiety for her boys.

"Tom Brown just suits mother, and me too, so I wish Mr. Hughes would write another story as good," said Archie.

"You don't find things of this sort in Tom Brown; yet these books are all in the Sunday-school libraries"—and Mrs. Jessie read the following paragraph from the book she had taken from Will's hand:

"'In this place we saw a tooth of John the Baptist. Ben said he could see locust and wild honey sticking to it. I could n't. Perhaps John used a piece of the true cross for a tooth-pick.'"

"A larky sort of a boy says that, Mum, and we skip the parts where they describe what they saw in the different countries," cried Will.

"And those descriptions, taken mostly from guide-books, I fancy, are the only parts of any real worth. The scrapes of the bad boys make up the rest of the story, and it is for those you read these books, I think?" answered his mother, stroking back the hair off the honest little face that looked rather abashed at this true statement of the case.

"Any way, mother, the ship part is useful, for we learn how to sail her, and by and by, that will all come handy when we go to sea," put in Geordie.

"Indeed; then you can explain this maneuver to me, of course—" and Mrs. Jessie read from another page the following nautical paragraph:

"The wind is south-south-west, and we can have her up four points closer to the wind, and still be six points off the wind. As she luffs up we shall man the fore and main sheets, slack on the weather, and haul on the lee braces."

"I guess I could, if I was n't afraid of uncle. He knows so much more than I do, he 'd laugh," began Geordie, evidently puzzled by the question.

"Ho, you know you can't, so why make believe? We don't understand half of the sea lingo, Mum, and I daresay it 's all wrong," cried Will, suddenly going over to the enemy, to Geordie's great disgust.

"I do wish the boys would n't talk to me as if *I* was a ship," said Rose, bringing forward a private grievance. "Coming home from church, this morning, the wind blew me about, and Will called out, right in the street, 'Brail up the foresail, and take in the flying-jib, that will ease her.'"

The boys shouted at the plaintive tone in which Rose repeated the words that offended her, and Will vainly endeavored to explain that he only meant to tell her to wrap her cloak closer, and tie a veil over the tempest-tossed feathers in her hat.

"To tell the truth, if the boys *must* have slang, I can bear the 'sea lingo' as Will calls it, better than the other. It afflicts me less to hear my sons talk about 'brailing up the foresail,' than doing as they 'darn please,' and 'cut your cable' is decidedly preferable to 'let her rip.' I once made a rule that I would have no slang in the house. I give it up now, for I cannot keep it; but I will *not* have rubbishy books; so, Archie, please send these two after your cigars."

Mrs. Jessie held both the small boys fast with an arm round each neck, and when she took this base

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advantage of them they could only squirm with dismay. "Yes, right behind the back log," she continued energetically. "There, my hearties—(you like sea slang, so I'll give you a bit)—now, I want you to promise not to read any more stuff for a month, and I'll agree to supply you with wholesome fare."

"Oh, mother! not a single one?" cried Will.

"Could n't we just finish those?" pleaded Geordie.

"The boys threw away half-smoked cigars; and your books must go after them. Surely you would not be outdone by the 'old fellows,' as you call them, or be less obedient to little Mum than they were to Rose."

"Course not! Come on, Geordie," and Will took the vow like a hero. His brother sighed, and obeyed, but privately resolved to finish his story the minute the month was over.

"You have laid out a hard task for yourself, Jessie, in trying to provide good reading for boys who have been living on sensation stories. It will be like going from raspberry tarts to plain bread and butter; but you will probably save them from a bilious fever," said Dr. Alec, much amused at the proceedings.

"I remember hearing grandpa say that a love for good books was one of the best safeguards a man could have," began Archie, staring thoughtfully at the fine library before him.

"Yes, but there's no time to read nowadays; a fellow has to keep scratching round to make money or he's nobody," cut in Charlie, trying to look worldly-wise.

"This love of money is the curse of America, and for the sake of it men will sell honor and honesty, till we don't know whom to trust, and it is only a genius like Agassiz who dares to say 'I cannot waste my time in getting rich,'" said Mrs. Jessie, sadly.

"Do you want us to be poor, mother?" asked Archie, wondering.

"No, dear, and you never need be, while you can use your hands; but I *am* afraid of this thirst for wealth, and the temptations it brings. Oh, my boys! I tremble for the time when I must let you go, because I think it would break my heart to have you fail as so many fail. It would be far easier to see you dead if it could be said of you as of Sumner —'No man dared offer him a bribe.'"

Mrs. Jessie was so earnest in her motherly anxiety that her voice faltered over the last words, and she hugged the yellow heads closer in her arms, as if she feared to let them leave that safe harbor for the great sea where so many little boats go down. The younger lads nestled closer to her, and Archie said, in his quiet, resolute way:

"I cannot promise to be an Agassiz or a Sumner, mother; but I do promise to be an honest man, please God."

"Then I'm satisfied!" and holding fast the hand he gave her, she sealed his promise with a kiss that had all a mother's hope and faith in it.

"I don't see how they ever *can* be bad, she is so fond and proud of them," whispered Rose, quite touched by the little scene.

"You must help her make them what they should be. You have begun already, and when I see those rings where they are, my girl is prettier in my sight, than if the biggest diamonds that ever twinkled shone in her ears," answered Dr. Alec, looking at her with approving eyes.

"I'm so glad you think I can do anything, for I perfectly *ache* to be useful, every one is *so* good to me, especially Aunt Jessie."

"I think you are in a fair way to pay your debts, Rosy, for when girls give up their little vanities, and boys their small vices, and try to strengthen each other in well-doing, matters are going as they ought. Work away, my dear, and help their mother keep these sons fit friends for an innocent creature like yourself; they will be the manlier men for it I can assure you."

CHAPTER XVIII.

FASHION AND PHYSIOLOGY.

PLEASE, sir, I guess you'd better step up right away, or it will be too late, for I heard Miss Rose say she knew you would n't like it, and she'd never dare to let you see her."

Phebe said this as she popped her head into the study, where Dr. Alec sat reading a new book.

"They are at it, are they?" he said, looking up quickly, and giving himself a shake, as if ready for a battle of some sort.

"Yes, sir, as hard as they can talk, and Miss Rose don't seem to know what to do, for the things are ever so stylish, and she looks elegant in 'em; though I like her best in the old ones," answered Phebe.

"You are a girl of sense. I'll settle matters for Rosy, and you'll lend a hand. Is everything ready in her room, and are you sure you understand how they go?"

"Oh, yes, sir; but they are so funny! I know

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Miss Rose will think it 's a joke," and Phebe laughed as if something tickled her immensely.

"Never mind what she thinks so long as she obeys. Tell her to do it for my sake, and she will find it the best joke she ever saw. I expect to have a tough time of it, but we 'll win yet," said the Doctor, as he marched upstairs with the book in his hand, and an odd smile on his face.

There was such a clatter of tongues in the sewing-room that no one heard his tap at the door, so he pushed it open and took an observation. Aunt Plenty, Aunt Clara, and Aunt Jessie were all absorbed in gazing at Rose, who slowly revolved between them and the great mirror, in a full winter costume of the latest fashion.

"Bless my heart! worse even than I expected," thought the Doctor, with an inward groan, for, to his benighted eyes, the girl looked like a trussed fowl, and the fine new dress had neither grace, beauty, nor fitness to recommend it.

The suit was of two peculiar shades of blue, so arranged that patches of light and dark distracted the eye. The upper skirt was tied so tightly back that it was impossible to take a long step, and the under one was so loaded with plaited frills that it "wobbled"—no other word will express it—ungracefully, both fore and aft. A bunch of folds was gathered up just below the waist behind, and a great bow rode a-top. A small jacket of the same material was adorned with a high ruff at the back, and laid well open over the breast, to display some lace and a locket. Heavy fringes, bows, puffs, ruffles and *revers* finished off the dress, making one's head ache to think of the amount of work wasted, for not a single graceful line struck the eye, and the beauty of the material was quite lost in the profusion of ornament.

A high velvet hat, audaciously turned up in front, with a bunch of pink roses and a sweeping plume, was cocked over one ear, and with her curls braided into a club at the back of her neck, Rose's head looked more like that of a dashing young cavalier than a modest little girl's. High-heeled boots tilted her well forward, a tiny muff pinioned her arms, and a spotted veil tied so closely over her face that her eyelashes were rumpled by it, gave the last touch of absurdity to her appearance.

"Now she looks like other girls, and as *I* like to see her," Mrs. Clara was saying, with an air of great satisfaction.

"She does look like a fashionable young lady, but somehow I miss my little Rose, for children dressed like children in my day," answered Aunt Plenty, peering through her glasses with a troubled look, for she could not imagine the creature before her ever sitting in her lap, running to wait upon her, or making the house gay with a child's blithe presence.

"Things have changed since your day, Aunt, and it takes time to get used to new ways. But you, Jessie, surely like this costume better than the dowdy things Rose has been wearing all summer. Now, be honest, and own you do," said Mrs. Clara, bent on being praised for her work.

"Well, dear, to be *quite* honest then, I think it is frightful," answered Mrs. Jessie with a candor that caused revolving Rose to stop in dismay.

"Hear, hear," cried a deep voice, and with a general start the ladies became aware that the enemy was among them.

Rose blushed up to her hat brim, and stood, looking, as she felt, like a fool, while Mrs. Clara hastened to explain.

"Of course I don't expect *you* to like it, Alec, but I don't consider you a judge of what is proper and becoming for a young lady. Therefore I have taken the liberty of providing a pretty street suit for Rose. She need not wear it if you object, for I know we promised to let you do what you liked with the poor dear for a year."

"It is a street costume, is it?" asked the Doctor, mildly. "Do you know, I never should have guessed that it was meant for winter weather and brisk locomotion. Take a turn, Rosy, and let me see all its beauties and advantages."

Rose tried to walk off with her usual free tread, but the under-skirt got in her way, the over-skirt was so tight she could not take a long step, and her boots made it impossible to carry herself perfectly erect.

"I have n't got used to it yet," she said, petulantly, kicking at her train, as she turned to toddle back again.

"Suppose a mad dog or a runaway horse was after you, could you get out of the way without upsetting, Colonel?" asked the Doctor, with a twinkle in the eyes that were fixed on the rakish hat.

"Don't think I could, but I 'll try," and Rose made a rush across the room. Her boot-heels caught on a rug, several strings broke, her hat tipped over her eyes, and she plunged promiscuously into a chair, where she sat laughing so infectiously that all but Mrs. Clara joined in her mirth.

"I should say that a walking suit in which one could not walk, and a winter suit which exposes the throat, head and feet to cold and damp, rather a failure, Clara; especially as it has no beauty to reconcile one to its utter unfitness," said Dr. Alec, as he helped Rose undo her veil, adding, in a low tone: "Nice thing for the eyes; you 'll soon see spots when it is off as well as when it is on, and, by and by, be a case for an oculist."

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"No beauty!" cried Mrs. Clara, warmly. "Now that is just a man's blindness. This is the best of silk and camel's hair, real ostrich feathers, and an expensive ermine muff. What *could* be in better taste, or more proper for a young girl?"

"I 'll show you, if Rose will go to her room and oblige me by putting on what she finds there," answered the Doctor, with unexpected readiness.

"Alec, if it is a Bloomer, I shall protest. I 've been expecting it, but I know I *cannot* bear to see that pretty child sacrificed to your wild ideas of health. Tell me it *is n't* a Bloomer!" and Mrs. Clara clasped her hands imploringly.

"It is not."

"Thank Heaven!" and she resigned herself with a sigh of relief, adding plaintively, "I did hope you 'd accept my suit, for poor Rose has been afflicted with frightful clothes long enough to spoil the taste of any girl."

"You talk of *my* afflicting the child, and then make a helpless guy like that of her!" answered the Doctor, pointing to the little fashion plate that was scuttling out of sight as fast as it could go.

He closed the door with a shrug, but before any one could speak, his quick eye fell upon an object which caused him to frown, and demand in an indignant tone:

"After all I have said, were you really going to tempt my girl with those abominable things?"

"I thought we put them away when she would n't wear them," murmured Mrs. Clara, whisking a little pair of corsets out of sight, with guilty haste. "I only brought them to try, for Rose is growing stout, and will have no figure if it is not attended to soon," she added, with an air of calm conviction that roused the Doctor still more, for this was one of his especial abominations.

"Growing stout! Yes, thank Heaven, she is, and shall continue to do it, for Nature knows how to mold a woman better than any corset-maker, and I wont have her interfered with. My dear Clara, *have* you lost your senses that you can for a moment dream of putting a growing girl into an instrument of torture like this?"—and with a sudden gesture he plucked forth the offending corsets from under the sofa cushion, and held them out with the expression one would wear on beholding the thumbscrews or the rack of ancient times.

"Don't be absurd, Alec. There is no torture about it, for tight lacing is out of fashion, and we have nice, sensible things nowadays. Every one wears them; even babies have stiffened waists to support their weak little backs," began Mrs. Clara, rushing to the defense of the pet delusion of most women.

"I know it, and so the poor little souls have weak backs all their days, as their mothers had before them. It is vain to argue the matter, and I wont try, but I wish to state, once for all, that if I ever see a pair of corsets near Rose, I 'll put them in the fire, and you may send the bill to me."

As he spoke, the corsets were on their way to destruction, but Mrs. Jessie caught his arm, exclaiming merrily, "Don't burn them, for mercy's sake, Alec; they are full of whalebones, and will make a dreadful odor. Give them to me. I 'll see that they do no harm."

"Whalebones indeed! A regular fence of them, and metal gate-posts in front. As if our own bones were not enough, if we 'd give them a chance to do their duty," growled the Doctor, yielding up the bone of contention with a last shake of contempt. Then his face cleared suddenly, and he held up his finger, saying, with a smile, "Hear those girls laugh; cramped lungs could not make hearty music like that."

Peals of laughter issued from Rose's room, and smiles involuntarily touched the lips of those who listened to the happy sound.

"Some new prank of yours, Alec?" asked Aunt Plenty, indulgently, for she had come to believe in most of her nephew's odd notions, because they seemed to work so well.

"Yes, ma 'am, my last, and I hope you will like it. I discovered what Clara was at, and got my rival suit ready for to-day. I 'm not going to 'afflict' Rose, but let her choose, and if I 'm not entirely mistaken, she will like my rig best. While we wait I 'll explain, and then you will appreciate the general effect better. I got hold of this little book, and was struck with its good sense and good taste, for it suggests a way to clothe women both healthfully and handsomely, and that is a great point. It begins at the foundations, as you will see if you will look at these pictures, and I should think women would rejoice at this lightening of their burdens."

As he spoke, the Doctor laid the book before Aunt Plenty, who obediently brought her spectacles to bear upon the illustrations, and after a long look exclaimed with a scandalized face:

"Mercy on us, these things are like the night-drawers Jamie wears! You don't mean to say you want Rose to come out in this costume? It 's not proper, and I wont consent to it!"

"I do mean it, and I 'm sure my sensible Aunt *will* consent when she understands that these—well—I 'll call them by an Indian name, and say—pajamas—are for underwear, and Rose can have as pretty frocks as she likes, outside. These two suits of flannel, each in one piece from head to foot, with a skirt or so hung on this easily fitting waist, will keep the child warm without burdening

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her with belts, and gathers, and buckles, and bunches round the waist, and leave free the muscles that need plenty of room to work in. She shall never have the back-ache if *I* can help it, nor the long list of ills you dear women think you cannot escape."

"*I* don't consider it modest, and I 'm sure Rose will be shocked at it," began Mrs. Clara, but stopped suddenly as Rose appeared in the doorway, not looking shocked a bit.

"Come on, my hygienic model, and let us see you," said her uncle, with an approving glance, as she walked in looking so mischievously merry, that it was evident she enjoyed the joke.

"Well, I don't see anything remarkable. That is a neat, plain, suit; the materials are good, and it 's not unbecoming, if you want her to look like a little school-girl; but it has not a particle of style, and no one would ever give it a second glance," said Mrs. Clara, feeling that her last remark condemned the whole thing.

"Exactly what I want," answered the provoking Doctor, rubbing his hands with a satisfied air. "Rosy looks now like what she is, a modest little girl, who does not want to be stared at. I think she would get a glance of approval, though, from people who like sense and simplicity, rather than fuss and feathers. Revolve, my Hebe, and let me refresh my eyes by the sight of you."

There was very little to see, however, only a pretty Gabrielle dress, of a soft, warm shade of brown, coming to the tops of a trim pair of boots with low heels. A seal-skin sack, cap, and mittens, with a glimpse of scarlet at the throat, and the pretty curls tied up with a bright velvet of the same color, completed the external adornment, making her look like a robin red-breast—wintery, yet warm.

"How do you like it, Rosy?" asked the Doctor, feeling that *her* opinion was more important to the success of his new idea than that of all the aunts on the hill.

"I feel very odd and light, but I 'm warm as a toast, and nothing seems to be in my way," answered Rose, with a skip which displayed shapely gaiters on legs that now might be as free and active as a boy's, under the modest skirts of the girl.

"You can run away from the mad dogs, and walk off at a smart pace without tumbling on your nose, now, I fancy?"

"Yes, uncle! suppose the dog coming, I just hop over a wall so—— and when I walk of a cold day, I go like this——."

Entering fully into the spirit of the thing, Rose swung herself over the high back of the sofa as easily as one of her cousins, and then went down the long hall as if her stout boots were related to the famous seven leaguers.

"There! you see how it will be; dress her in that boyish way and she will act like a boy. I do hate all these inventions of strong-minded women!" exclaimed Mrs. Clara, as Rose came back at a run.

"Ah, but you see some of these sensible inventions come from the brain of a fashionable *modiste*, who will make you lovely, or what you value more —'stylish' outside and comfortable within. Mrs. Van Tassel has been to Madame Stone, and is wearing a full suit of this sort. Van himself told me, when I asked how she was, that she had given up lying on the sofa, and was going about in a most astonishing way, considering her feeble health."

"You don't say so! Let me see that book a moment," and Aunt Clara examined the new patterns with a more respectful air, for if the elegant Mrs. Van Tassel wore these "dreadful things" it would never do to be left behind, in spite of her prejudices.

Dr. Alec looked at Mrs. Jessie, and both smiled, for "little Mum" had been in the secret, and enjoyed it mightily.

"I thought that would settle it," he said with a nod.

"I did n't wait for Mrs. Van to lead the way, and for once in my life I have adopted a new fashion before Clara. My freedom suit is ordered, and you *may* see me playing tag with Rose and the boys before long," answered Mrs. Jessie, nodding back at him.

Meantime Aunt Plenty was examining Rose's costume, for the hat and sack were off, and the girl was eagerly explaining the new undergarments.

"See, Auntie, all nice scarlet flannel, and a gay little petticoat, and long stockings, oh, so warm! Phebe and I nearly died laughing when I put this rig on, but I like it ever so much. The dress is so comfortable, and does n't need any belt or sash, and I can sit without rumpling any trimming, that 's *such* a comfort! I like to be tidy, and so, when I wear fussed up things, I 'm thinking of my clothes all the time, and that 's so tiresome. Do say you like it. I resolved *I* would, just to please uncle, for he does know more about health than any one else, I 'm sure, and I 'd wear a bag if he asked me to do it."

"I don't ask that, Rose, but I wish you 'd weigh and compare the two suits, and then choose which seems best. I leave it to your own common-sense," answered Dr. Alec, feeling pretty sure he had won.

"Why, I take this one, of course, uncle. The other is fashionable, and—yes—I must say I think it 's pretty—but it 's very heavy, and I should have to go round like a walking doll if I wore it. I 'm much obliged to auntie, but I 'll keep this, please."

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Rose spoke gently but decidedly, though there was a look of regret, when her eye fell on the other suit which Phebe had brought in; and it was very natural to like to look as other girls did. Aunt Clara sighed, Uncle Alec smiled, and said heartily:

"Thank you, dear; now read this book and you will understand why I ask it of you. Then, if you like, I'll give you a new lesson; you asked for one yesterday, and this is more necessary than French or housekeeping."

"Oh, what?" and Rose caught up the book which Mrs. Clara had thrown down with a disgusted look.

Though Dr. Alec was forty, the boyish love of teasing was not yet dead in him, and, being much elated at his victory, he could not resist the temptation of shocking Mrs. Clara by suggesting dreadful possibilities, so he answered, half in earnest half in jest:

"Physiology, Rose. Would n't you like to be a little medical student with Uncle Doctor for teacher, and be ready to take up his practice when he has to stop? If you agree, I'll hunt up my old skeleton to-morrow."

That was *too* much for Aunt Clara, and she hastily departed with her mind in a sad state of perturbation about Mrs. Van Tassel's new costume, and Rose's new study.

(To be continued.)

HANS, the small Esquimaux, sat out on the snow,
Sucking some bits of dried seals,
When a white Polar bear
Came and asked for his share,
And Hans quickly took to his heels.

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UMBRELLAS.

By Fannie Roper Feudge.

Umbrellas, such a necessary convenience in our day, were, even in the beginning of the present century, but little used in England, or indeed in any part of Europe, unless by invalids or very fine ladies. And they did not carry an umbrella in the street as we do; but one was kept hanging in the hall of stylish mansions, and held by a servant over visitors as they passed to and from their carriages. It was deemed very effeminate in a man or boy to shirk a wetting; and so it was no wonder that an old soldier like Lord Cornwallis should have had his ire aroused by the offer of an umbrella. He had been dining with a friend, and when about to enter his carriage to return home, stopped a few moments to converse with his host. As it was raining in torrents, a servant in attendance attempted to hold the house umbrella over his Lordship's head; but the old soldier exclaimed, wrathfully:

"Take that thing away! Do you suppose I am a sugar doll, to melt in a shower? or do you take me for a woman, who is afraid of her fine head-gear? I have not been all these years fighting my country's battles, to be frightened now at cold water. A shower of rain is no worse than powder and ball, and I never shirked them."

Then, baring his head to the pelting rain, the nobleman walked deliberately to his carriage.

The gallant old Duke of Wellington, the hero of Waterloo and so many other battles, had the same opinion of umbrellas. During the Spanish war, in an action near Bayonne, in 1813, the Grenadiers, under Colonel Tyngling, occupied an unfinished redoubt near the high road. Lord Wellington, mounted on his veteran charger, rode past the redoubt, scanning with critical eye the disposition of the troops, and evidently as unmindful of the heavy rain that was pelting him over the head and shoulders as he was of powder and ball when facing an enemy whom he always meant, and rarely failed, to subdue. You may imagine, then, the indignation of the sturdy old chieftain at seeing the officers of a certain regiment protecting themselves, even under fire, from the torrents of rain, by huddling together under umbrellas. This was more than the equanimity of the "Iron Duke" could endure, and he instantly, after reaching his quarters, dispatched Lord Hill with the message: "Lord Wellington does not approve of the use of umbrellas by *soldiers*, and especially *under fire*, nor can he permit gentlemen's sons to make themselves ridiculous in the eyes of the army."

An old English record states that as early as the middle of the eighteenth century some enterprising genius introduced umbrellas at Oxford and Cambridge, letting them out, like sedan-chairs, to the students at so much per hour, thus enabling poor young men to pass from building to building to their lectures without being drenched by rain. But people no more thought of taking an umbrella about the streets of a town or city, than of taking a bed to sleep in, or a stove to warm themselves by, as they went about their regular business.

The first person who ventured on such an innovation was Jonas Hanway—the same benevolent old gentleman to whose exertions England owes the foundation of its "Marine Society," and to whose memory there is a monument in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Hanway had traveled in China and other parts of the East, where umbrellas were in general use, and having brought one over with him, as a sort of curiosity, he at length determined to avail himself of its protective benefits, and so one day ventured on the streets of London, holding "the queer-looking apparatus" over his head, during a heavy rain. Perhaps, if he had known what a shower of ridicule, and even abuse, he was provoking, he would rather have faced the rain. For groups of men hustled him on the side-walks, and called him mad; women, from windows and doors, clapped their hands and laughed; and boys in crowds ran after him, hissing, hooting, and even pelting him with stones. But they soon grew tired of such shameful sport, and took it quite as a matter of course, as Mr. Hanway, day after day, walked the streets, umbrella in hand, whether in rain or sunshine. Occasionally he invited a friend to share his comfortable shelter, and all agreed in pronouncing it very pleasant; but so afraid were they of ridicule, that it was more than three years after Mr. Hanway's first experiment before another man in London found courage to own or carry an umbrella. Jonas Hanway died in 1776, and for the last thirty years of his life he carried an umbrella whenever either sun or rain rendered one desirable; yet the present century had passed more than its first decade before the use of umbrellas became general.

All over the East the umbrella has been used from remote ages, though at first mainly as an

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emblem of royalty. But for centuries past these useful appendages have afforded shelter to all classes from the fierce storms and burning sunshine of those fervid climes. In form and size the ordinary umbrella is nearly like our own, but the material is silk, or paper beautifully painted or glazed, and thus rendered perfectly water-proof. Though not very durable, these umbrellas are light and pretty, and so very cheap—about twenty cents each—that one does not mind their wearing out occasionally. They have been made and used in China, in just the same style, for fifteen centuries, and in the neighboring countries for perhaps nearly as long a time.

THE FIRST UMBRELLA IN THE STREETS OF LONDON.

The *state* umbrella is quite a different affair—much larger and of the richest materials. It is

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placed over the royal couches, thrones, and chairs quite as generally as carried in the open air. They are borne by high officers over the king and other members of the royal family wherever they go, and "umbrella holders" are recognized members of the royal household both in Burmah and Siam. One of the numerous titles of His Majesty of Siam is "Lord of the White Elephant and Supreme Owner of the Umbrella"—that is, of the umbrella of state, which it would be high treason to raise over any head but that of the king. It is of crimson or purple silk, very richly embroidered in precious stones, lined usually with white satin, inwrought with silver flowers and seed pearls in exquisite clusters, and trimmed with heavy gold fringe and costly lace. Sometimes, on great occasions, umbrellas are carried in tiers of two, three, and five, one above the other, diminishing in size toward the top, and forming a perfect pyramid; while from the rim of each umbrella depend scores of tiny gold or silver bells, which, moved by the passing breeze, make sweet music, that floats upon the air like the sounds of an Æolian harp. In Burmah the king's umbrella is white, and that of the court red while in the royal city, but elsewhere they carry gold or gilded ones; and always over the dead bodies of the nobility are placed gold umbrellas, usually the gift of the sovereign. Both in Burmah and Siam there are many state umbrellas, all of precisely the same pattern, and one or more is carried over the king's head on all occasions, whether sitting or reclining, riding or walking, at home or abroad.

The Emperor of China, who never does anything in moderation, has *twenty-four* umbrellas carried before him whenever he goes out hunting—perhaps as a protective against wild beasts. But then, as he has an equal or larger number to herald his coming on other occasions, we may conclude it is only a love of displaying his wealth or grandeur—rather an absurd display it would seem to us. The heir to the crown has ten umbrellas, and other princes and nobles five, three, two, and one respectively, according to their rank. So one may usually read the rank of a noble he sees approaching by the number and style of his umbrellas, as he discovers the rank of a mandarin, or civil officer, by the color of his buttons.

THE WISHING-STONE, AND HOW IT WAS LOST.

By Emily Huntington Miller.

It was so long ago that nobody is alive who remembers anything about it. There was an old woman, a hundred years old. Her grandmother told her the story, and she wrote it down with a heron's feather—a great white heron that flew over between dawn and daylight, and was only a gray speck against the gray sky. The grandmother was a witch, and understood what the birds said, and that is how she came to hear the sparrows at Lilbury Abbey say to each other it was a good thing the wishing-stone was lost, since so much trouble came of it. This is the true story of how it happened: the brown sparrow told it to the stone man on the monument, while his mate brooded her eggs. The stone man held the nest in the hollow of his hand, and stood quite still, night and day, not to disturb it.

"They are sweeter than the sweetest, the roses that grow in the garden, and all the blossoms have tongues of gold. When the wind blows over them they ring together, and the music is rare as the Christmas chimes up in the steeple."

"I have heard it," said the mate, ruffling her throat.

"There is a fountain. The water goes up, up, high as the lark goes, and when it comes down it is all pearls, and rubies, and bits of rainbows. It sings, too, and no one can guess what the music is like."

"I have heard it," said the mate, her wings trembling with ecstasy.

"The road to the mountain passes through the garden, and the gates are always open, because the Princess will have it so. One is called Morning Gate, and that is where the people enter. They go on by the rose-walk until they come to the

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fountain. When one looks through the spray, the mountain is very beautiful; all its roads lie in sunshine, and the city seems near by. So the people hasten on, and presently they cannot see the rose-garden, and they never come back. I should come back, Petra."

"And I," said the little mate, but the stone man listened, and did not say a word.

"Long ago the wishing-stone lay by the fountain; a broad, white stone, like those in the Abbey here. The stone was enchanted. A Troll put it there, and whoever sat upon it had whatever he first wished; but if he wished anything selfishly, he was turned into a hard, smooth, stone, and the Troll carried him away to build his palace underground. A great many people came into the garden, then, who never went out, but the Princess could not undo the spell or take away the stone. The last person who sat upon it was a beggar-girl. She was poor, she was lame, she was hunch-backed, and she was always hungry. She sat down upon the stone, and laid her crutches on the grass beside her. Two little birds sang in her ear, one on the right and one on the left. They were enchanted too. One sang 'Wishiwas! wishiwas!' and the other sang 'Wishihad! wishihad!' So the beggar-girl looked up at the blue sky and the bright drops falling from the fountain, and began to wish.

"'I wish all the sick folks, and the tired folks, and the lonesome folks could come and hear what the water sings about, and what nice talk the trees make to the wind.'

"'Wishiwas! wishihad!' sang the little birds, and she wished again.

"'I wish all the poor children who work in the mills, and pick up rags, and never have good times, could come here and smell the roses and feel the sunshine.'

"'Wishihad! wish, wishihad!' sang the birds, so soft she might have thought the song was in her heart.

"'I wish all the poor babies, and the very littlest children, and the old, old people, could come here and look at the fountain, and may be have a flower to keep for their very own.'

"Just as she said this she sprang up, for the wishing-stone began to sink into the ground, and when she turned about there was nothing but a smooth little hollow like a nest, brimful of daisies and buttercups. For you see she had broken the spell by wishing three wishes for others, and never once thinking of herself. They say she had all her wishes, but that was the end of the stone, and for my part I think it is well it was lost. When one has many wishes, some of them are sure to be foolish."

"That is very true," said the mate; but no one knew what the stone man thought about it.

BIRDIE'S SECRET.

BY E. M. TAPPAN.

I KNOW something, but I sha' n't tell,
'Cause the mother-bird whispered it just to me,
What she 'd hidden away in the top of the tree.

I know something, but I sha' n't tell,—
Of something nice and soft and warm,
To shelter the darlings from cold and storm.

I know something, but I sha' n't tell;
And by and by, when the birdies are old,—
O dear me! I 've gone and told!

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THE SEA-WEED ALBUM.

By Delta.

A SEA-WEED ALBUM

"Well, children," said Mrs. Bright one evening at dinner, "to-morrow, if all is well, we shall take our long-talked-of holiday. Would you like to go inland, up the Hudson, or to the seaside?"

"Do go to the seaside, mamma," said Arthur, an impulsive fellow of eleven; "what I want is a bath in the sea."

"And so do I," said Clara, a bright girl of ten.

"Yes, do go to the seaside, mamma," said Alice, the eldest daughter; "I 'd like to collect sea-weeds. Don't you remember, you promised a good while ago to show me how to prepare them."

"Sea-weeds!" sneered Arthur; "how absurd to gather those ugly, dry-smelling things! What fun can there be in that?"

"Wait till you see," answered Alice quietly.

"As all seem agreed on the seaside, where shall we go?" asked Mrs. Bright. "Long Branch is rather far off for our limited time, and even Rockaway; what do you say to Coney Island?"

"Coney Island by all means," echoed Clara and Arthur.

"That will do nicely, mamma," said Alice.

"Settled," said Mrs. Bright; "I can only spare the afternoon. So that after bathing and lunch you can only have an hour for beach work. But, as you know, Alice, a great deal may be done even in less time, if you work with a will."

"Who taught you to prepare sea-weeds, mamma?" asked Clara.

"Your grandma. When you know something of it, there is no study so interesting as natural history. But most people, and especially children, require to have the book of nature opened before they can see its beauties, and have to be shown where to look, what to look at, and how to look. And so with the study of sea-weeds."

"Will you teach us?" said Clara and Arthur together.

"Certainly," answered Mrs. Bright, who was always anxious to impart information, but wished first to create an interest, and thus make the desire come from the children themselves.

"What will you do with the sea-weeds when you get them?" asked Arthur.

"Make a scrap-book, like your stamp album. Mamma says you can have no idea how pretty a carefully made sea-weed album is."

Next day was one of glee. It was the first, and perhaps the only excursion of the year. The steamer, lunch and bath were thoroughly enjoyed.

"Now, children," said Mrs. Bright, "the boat starts homeward in an hour; go and gather your sea-weeds and put them into the empty basket."

Off they ran. But they seemed to have scarcely begun when the steamer whistled, and they had just time to get on board. After dinner the basket was produced. Arthur and Clara had gathered quite a heap, but most of it was old, dried, and had to be thrown away. Alice had listened better to her mother's advice, and had selected only what was moist and fresh.

"Now," said Mrs. Bright, "put the pieces you have kept into a basin of fresh water, to clean them

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from salt and sand, and leave them there while you get some white paper, an old linen rag, and some blotting-paper. Also, a soup-plate filled with fresh water, and a small camel-hair brush."

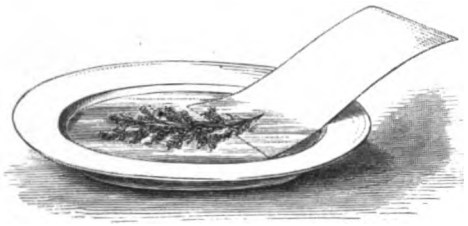

FIG. 1.—PUTTING THE SEA-WEED ON THE PAPER.

"All ready, mamma," said Alice, who had prepared them the night before.

"Now, watch me closely," said Mrs. Bright. "You see I first select a nice piece of weed. Then put it into the soup-plate, where it floats. Then I slightly damp a sheet of white paper, and slip it under the weed (Fig. 1), and raise it till the latter is half dry. Then, with the brush, I spread it out nicely (Fig. 2). My aim is to make a pretty picture. Now, I gently raise the paper with the weed on it out of the water, and let it drip for a second or two. The more taste you have and the more care you take, the greater will be your success."

"Oh, mamma, how pretty!" said Arthur.

"But I have n't finished," said Mrs. Bright. "I now put the paper and weed *on* a piece of blotting-paper, and *over* it a piece of linen rag. Then over that again another sheet of blotting-paper" (Fig. 3).

"Why, mamma?" asked Clara.

"The blotting-paper dries the weed, but would stick to it but for the rag. Now, Alice, do the rest yourself; never mind a few failures. Practice is the best teacher."

"That is fairly done," said Mrs. Bright when

FIG. 2.—ARRANGING THE SEA-WEED.

Alice brought her first attempt. "Now, put yours on top of mine, and so on, till you have finished the whole."

"Shall I make more than one specimen of each kind?" asked Alice.

"Yes, you should keep several duplicates for exchange with other collectors."

"Now, mamma," said Alice, after a time, "I have finished. See what a pile. What shall I do next?"

"Put the heap between two boards (Fig. 4), and place any weight, say a few books, over them; three or four days will fully dry them."

"We must not forget the sea-weeds," said Arthur a few days after. "Mamma, shall I undo them?"

"Yes; but first turn up the edge of one, to see if they are quite dry. Then remove the blotting-paper and rag from each very gently, so as not to pull the weed off. Most sea-weeds are of a gummy nature, and stick to the paper. But the harder ones sometimes require a little mucilage or paste to keep them in place."

"How lovely," cried Arthur, as each was uncovered, "and what a number of them. Alice, can you spare specimens of each for Clara and me?"

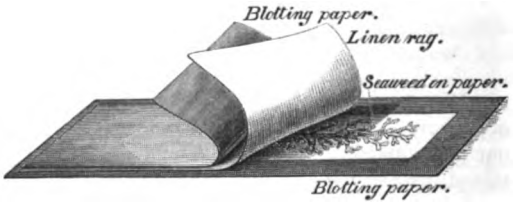

FIG. 3.—DRYING THE SEA-WEED.

"Of course, I can," said Alice. "But, mamma, please show me now how to put them into my album. Here it is."

"When your specimens are large, you can only put one on a page. All you have to do is to touch each corner on the back lightly with mucilage; and put it neatly into your book. If they are small, you can put several, and sometimes a good many, on one page. With a little taste and care you may arrange them very prettily. You have already nine different kinds of sea-weeds from one place, gathered in half an hour, and including specimens of each of the three great classes into which they are divided, viz.: the red sea-weeds (*rhodospermeæ*); the olive-colored (*melanospermeæ*), and the green (*chlorospermeæ*), and at every new place you visit you may get new ones."

"I wonder, mamma," said Alice, "if Cousin Frank in Havana could get me some?"

"Why not write and ask him? Some tropical sea-weeds are exceedingly delicate and pretty, especially those found on coral islands and reefs. And you might also enlist friends in many other parts of the world. Then you have friends near the Lakes, and also the Mississippi; for, you must know, there are fresh as well as salt-water weeds.

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And thus, in time, you may have a valuable collection, both of native and foreign sea-weeds."

"What shall I do with my duplicates, mamma?" asked Alice.

"Keep them at the end of your album; you

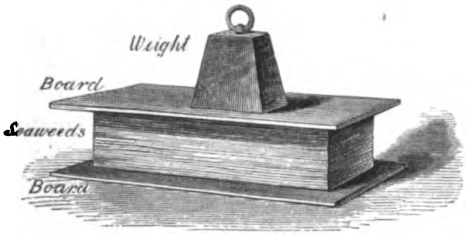

FIG. 4.—THE PRESS.

may soon meet with or hear of other collectors glad to exchange specimens."

"But what *are* sea-weeds?" asked Arthur.

"They are plants, which grow in water, just as grass does on land, and are usually fixed to the rocks by roots. Those you found on the sands had been broken off by the waves. A few, however, float about; for example, the celebrated gulf-weed, which has a place in American history. You remember that Columbus' small ships, just before he discovered this continent, got entangled in the 'Sargasso Sea' of gulf-weed, and the men were frightened lest they should not get out of it."

"Are sea-weeds only found at the edge of the sea, mamma?" asked Alice.

"They are most abundant near the sea-shore; but I have no doubt that they exist all over the sea-bottom, wherever they can get root-hold and a suitable place to live. Like land plants, they cannot live everywhere. Deep-sea weeds are generally very delicate, rare, and valuable, because difficult to get."

"Are sea-weeds of any use?" asked Arthur.

"Certainly. There are various uses for them. Many kinds of fish live on them, just as cows and sheep feed on grass. In Gothland the great bladder-weed is used to feed pigs, and hence called 'swine-tang.' In times of scarcity, even horses and cattle thrive on it. Several kinds of sea-weed are eaten as a delicacy in North-western Europe. In Ireland a sweetmeat is made of dulse. In Kamschatka they make a fermented drink of sea-weed. In China and Japan they make soup of a swallow's nest which is constructed of a peculiar variety of sea-weed.

"Again, laver is used as a medicine. Iodine and other valuable chemicals are got from sea-weeds. Others make glue and varnish. When dried they are used for fuel, and also manure. And, no doubt, some kinds of sea-weed found along our coasts might be often used as an edible vegetable."

Acting on her mother's advice, Alice wrote to her uncles and cousins, and, before long, fine specimens came from most of them; so that, in time,

GULF-WEED.

she had a truly beautiful sea-weed album, which any of our readers may also have if they live near the sea and choose to take a little trouble.

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A BOARDING-SCHOOL IN 1570.

BY S. S. COLT.

I INVITE you, boys and girls, to cross the wide Atlantic, and find amusement in visiting a boarding-school, or academy, of the olden time.

In the days of good Queen Bess, schools were few and far between, as angels' visits are said to be, but in the town of Norwich, England, there existed a celebrated "training-school" for the youth of both sexes.

An old abbey furnished the requisite room, and high-born maidens slept in the cells where nuns had once repeated their *ave Marias*, and were gathered by day in a school-room which had formerly been used as a refectory or dining-hall. Separated from this building by a crumbling stone wall of great height was the ancient monastery, which was now transformed into an academy for the boys of Albion. Both buildings were well-nigh covered with beautiful clambering ivy.

The children of that day, in dress and appearance, were exact miniature copies of grown-up people.

Queen Elizabeth numbered three thousand robes in her wardrobe, and the daughters of noblemen carried with them to school from thirty to three hundred dresses, according to the wealth and station of their parents.

Young misses of six and ten years of age wore trains on important occasions, and, at all times, appeared in long, pointed waists, with deep ruffles around the neck. Silk robes were embroidered with serpents, and birds, and ostriches, in bright colors. Handkerchiefs were trimmed with gold lace and sometimes ornamented with a dozen solid gold or silver buttons, which must have been particularly nice for young noses. Sleeves were worn separate from the dresses, and often of different material. Ladies' and children's boots were made with heels two inches high, which were called pantofles, and both boots and slippers were frequently trimmed with artificial flowers.

Young lads, also, wore sleeves of large size and gay colors. Wigs had not, in 1570, become fashionable *for children*, but their hair was often dyed. Garters were worn conspicuously by men and boys, and were a test of rank and fashion. It is on record that these articles, for state occasions, sometimes cost "four score pound a pair," equal to some three hundred and fifty dollars of our money.

The tops of boots were of embroidered linen, and shirts were often embroidered in gold thread. In such apparel as this, the school-boys of that day played leap-frog and hunt the slipper, and other ancient games.

The beds were the only comfortable articles of furniture then known, and were frequently of such size as to accommodate from twelve to twenty persons. Thus, a teacher could sleep with all his pupils around him. How would you like that, boys? One specimen of these bedsteads, the great bed of Ware—of which Shakespeare makes mention—is still preserved in England as a curiosity, and was, at one time, the property of the late Charles Dickens.

Hashes and stews formed the principal food set before the school-children whose mode of life we are depicting, and, as forks were not brought from Italy till 1580, and did not come into general use for fifty years, they ate their stews and hashes with the aid of pewter spoons and—their fingers.

Table linen was unknown, but on feast days a narrow strip of Turkey carpeting extended the length of the dining-table, this being the only purpose for which carpeting was used when first brought to England. Rushes were scattered upon the floor, and the remnants of each meal were thrown down to the dogs upon these rushes, which were renewed, as history tells us, *three or four times a year!*

And now, perhaps, you will inquire what were the studies pursued by the pupils of Norwich Academy in the year 1570?

Education was esteemed of much less importance than dress and amusements, and, therefore, we mention this topic last of all, in our account of the "good old times."

The boys were taught "Latin, Greek, and figures," but we are told that the young ladies could scarcely read. Embroidery and working tapestry was the principal occupation of the fair sex, and the school-girls were taught "to prepare physic and make pastry; to dry herbs and bind up wounds; to make banners and scarfs, and to be obedient to their fathers, brothers, and lords."

Early marriages were frequent, and many of these Norwich school-girls were wedded wives, whose education musf be completed before they were taken home to keep the keys and cut the bread, and rule a retinue of servants — duties which would be required of them in the castles of their husbands.

Knitting became customary about this time, and

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on the occasion of the visit of Queen Elizabeth to Norwich, in 1570, eight young girls walked in the procession that welcomed her, knitting yarn hose, which were then a great curiosity.

Having thus ransacked the annals of the past to bring before you this picture of the school-children of the olden times, we humbly submit to your consideration, young readers of the ST. NICHOLAS, the question, whether our republican boys and girls are not more highly favored, more sensibly dressed, and better educated in every respect in our schools to-day, than were the children of English nobles, with all their wealth, power, and prestige, three hundred years ago?

THE YOUNG SURVEYOR.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XXX.

JACK'S PRISONER.

FOR a second time Jack now traveled that woodland road under odd circumstances; the first occasion being that on which he himself had pulled in the shafts, while Link pushed behind.

He laughed as he thought of that adventure, of which the present seemed a curious and fitting sequel. Before, he had been obliged to go home without his horse; what a triumph it would now be to carry home the thief!

But to do this, great care and vigilance would be necessary; and he calculated all the chances, and resolved just what he would do, should his captive attempt to escape.

The rogue, on the contrary, appeared contented with his lot.

"Young man," said he, "I can't call your name, but let me say you improve upon acquaintance. This is galorious! better by a long chalk than a horseback gallop without a saddle. I suppose you will call for me with a barouche next time!"

"At all events, I may help you to free lodgings,—not up in a tree, either!" Jack said, as he touched up Snowfoot.

He had, of course, abandoned the idea of giving Mrs. Wiggett her noon-mark that day. But he could not think of passing the "Castle" without stopping at the door.

"What will Vinnie say?" thought he, with a thrill of anticipation. And it must be confessed that he felt no little pride at the prospect of showing his prisoner to Lord Betterson and the boys.

Descending the long declivity, the fellow was strangely silent, for one so rattle-brained, until the "Castle" appeared in sight through an opening of the woods.

"He's plotting mischief," Jack thought And when suddenly the rogue made a movement with his arms, Jack started, ready for a grapple.

"Don't be excited; I'm only going to put on my coat."

"All right," said Jack; and the garment was put on. "Anything else I can do for you?"

"I'm dying with thirst; they had nothing to drink at that tavern where you found me."

"May be we can get some water at this house," Jack said.

"Are you acquainted here?" the prisoner inquired, with a curious, sober face.

"Yes, well enough to ask for a glass of water." And Jack drove into the yard.

The rogue kept on his sober face, but seemed to be laughing prodigiously inside.

As Jack reined up to the door, Lill came out, clapped her hands with sudden surprise, and screamed, "O mother!" Then Vinnie appeared, her face radiant on seeing Jack, but changing suddenly at sight of his companion. Mrs. Betterson followed, and, perceiving the faces in the buggy, uttered a cry, tottered, and clung to Vinnie's shoulder.

Link at the same time ran out from behind the house, dropped a dirty stick, wiped his hands on his trousers, and shouted, "Hullo! by sixty! ye don't say so!" while Rufe and Wad came rushing up from the barn.

Jack had rather expected to produce a sensation, —not, however, until he should fairly have shown his prisoner; and this premature commotion puzzled him.

The rogue's suppressed laughter was now bubbling freely; a frothy and reckless sort of mirth, without much body of joy to it.

"How are ye all?" he cried. "Don't faint at sight of me, Aunt Carrie. This is an unexpected pleasure!" and he bowed gayly to Vinnie.

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"O Radcliff! you again? and in *this* style!" said poor Caroline. "Where *did* you come from?"

"From up a tree, at last accounts. Hullo, boys! I'd come down on my trotters, and hug you all round, but my friend here would be jealous."

Jack was confounded.

"Is *this* your Cousin Rad?" he cried, as the boys crowded near. "I'm sorry to know it, for he's the fellow who ran off with my horse. Where did *you* ever see him before, Vinnie?"

"He is the one I told you about—in Chicago," said Vinnie, overwhelmed with astonishment at finding her waggish acquaintance, the elegant Radcliff Betterson, and this captive vagabond, the same person.

JACK AND HIS PRISONER.

CHAPTER XXXI.

RADCLIFF.

LORD BETTERSON now came out of the house, calm and stately, but with something of the look in his eye, as he turned it upon his nephew, which Jack had observed when it menaced Peakslow at the gap of the fence.

"Ah, Radcliff! you have returned? Why don't you alight?" and he touched his hat to Jack.

"Your nephew may tell you the reason, if he will," Jack replied.

"The long and the short of it is this," said Radcliff, betraying a good deal of trouble, under all his assumed carelessness: "When I was on my way home, a few weeks ago, this young man asked me to drive in some deer for him. He gave me his horse to ride. I made a mistake, and rode him too far."

"You, Radcliff!" said Lord Betterson, sternly; while Mrs. Betterson went into hysterics on Vinnie's shoulder, and was taken into the house.

"We thought of Rad when you described him," Rufe said to Jack. "But we could n't believe he would do such a thing."

"'T was the most natural thing in the world," Rad explained. "I was coming home because I was hard up. I did n't steal the horse—he was put into my hands; it was a breach of trust, that's all you can make of it. Necessity compelled me to dispose of him. With money in my pocket, what was the use of my coming home? I took my clothes out of pawn, and was once more a gentle-

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man. Money all gone, I spouted my clothes again, —fell back upon this inexpensive rig,—took to the country, remembered I had a home, and was making for it, when this young man overtook me just now, and gave me a seat in his buggy."

"The matter appears serious," said Lord Betterson. "Am I to understand that you have taken my nephew prisoner?"

"He can answer that question," said Jack.

"Well, I suppose that is the plain English of it," replied Radcliff. "Come, now, Uncle Lord! this aint the first scrape you 've got me out of; fix it up with him, can't you?"

"It is my duty to save the honor of the name; but you are bent on destroying it. Will you please to come into the house with my nephew, and oblige me?" Betterson said to Jack.

"Certainly, if you wish it," Jack replied. "Get down, Radcliff. Be quiet, Lion! I was never in so hard a place in my life," he said to the boys, as they followed Rad and his uncle into the house. "I never dreamed of his being your cousin!"

"He 's a wild fellow,—nothing very bad about him, only he 's just full of the Old Harry," said Rufe. "I guess father 'll settle it, somehow."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Betterson had retired to her room, where Vinnie was engaged, with fan and hartshorn, in restoring—not her consciousness, for that she had not lost, but her equanimity.

"Lavinia!" she said brokenly, at intervals, "Lavinia dear! don't think I intended to deceive you. It was, perhaps, too much the ideal Radcliff I described to you,—the Betterson Radcliff, the better Betterson Radcliff, if I may so speak; for he is, after all, you know, a —— but that is the agony of it! The name is disgraced forever! Fan me, Lavinia dear!"

"I don't see how the act of one person should disgrace anybody else, even of the same name," Vinnie replied.

"But—a Betterson!" groaned Caroline. "My husband's nephew! Brought back here like a reprobate! The hartshorn, Lavinia dear!"

Hard as it was freely to forgive her sister for holding up to her so exclusively the "ideal Radcliff" in her conversations, Vinnie continued to apply the fan and hartshorn, with comforting words, until Link came in and said that Jack wished her to be present in the other room.

"Don't leave me, Lavinia dear!" said Caroline, feeling herself utterly helpless without Vinnie's support.

"If we open this door between the rooms, and you sit near it, while I remain by you,—perhaps that will be the best way," said Vinnie.

The door was opened, showing Jack and Rad and Mr. Betterson seated, and the boys standing by the outer door. Rad was trying hard to keep up his appearance of gay spirits, chucking Chokie under the chin, and winking playfully at Rufe and Wad. But Jack and Lord were serious.

"I have reasons for wanting you to hear this talk, Vinnie," said Jack. "I was just telling Mr. Betterson that you had met his nephew before, and he was quite surprised. It seems to me singular that you never told your friends here of that adventure."

"I suppose I know what you mean," spoke up Caroline. "And I confess that *I* am at fault. Lavinia dear did tell me and the girls of a young man beguiling her to a public-house in Chicago, and offering her wine; and Cecie whispered to me that she was sure it must have been Radcliff; but I could n't, I would n't believe a Betterson could be guilty of —— Fan me, Lavinia dear!"

Vinnie fanned, and Caroline went on:

"'T was I who cautioned the children against saying anything disparaging of Radcliff's character in Lavinia dear's presence. I had such faith in the stock! and now to think how I have been deluded! The hartshorn, Lavinia dear!"

"Seems to me you make a pile of talk about trifles!" Radcliff said with a sneer. "I owe an apology to this young lady. But she knows I meant no harm—only my foolish fun. As for the horse, the owner has got him again; and so I don't see but it 's all right."

"It 's all right enough, as far as I am concerned," said Jack. "I wont say a word about the trouble and expense you put me to. But, whether taking my horse as you did was stealing or not, you sold him, you obtained money under false pretences, you swindled an honest man."

"Well, that can't be helped now," said Radcliff, with a scoffing laugh. "A feller is obliged sometimes to do things that may not be exactly on the square."

"I don't know about anybody's being obliged to go off and play the gentleman (if that 's what you call it), and have a good time (if there 's any good in such a time), at somebody else's expense. I call such conduct simply scoundrelism," said Jack, his strong feeling on the subject breaking forth in plain speech and ringing tones. "And I determined, if I ever caught you, to have you punished."

"O, well! go ahead! put it through! indulge!" said Radcliff, folding his arms, and stretching out his legs with an air of easy and reckless insolence, but suddenly drawing up one of them, as he noticed the tear Lion's teeth had made. "Guess I can stand it, if the others can. What do you say, Uncle Lord? Give me up as a bad job, eh?"

"Hem!" Lord coughed, and rubbed his chin

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with his palm. "If this sort of conduct is to continue, the crisis may as well come now, I suppose, as later; and, unless you give a solemn pledge to alter your course, I shall let it come."

"O, I 'll give the solem'est sort of a pledge," Radcliff replied.

"You will notice—ahem!—a change in our family," Lord went on. "The boys have applied themselves to business—in plain terms, gone to work. Although I have said little on the subject, I have silently observed, and I am free to confess that I have been gratified. Since our circumstances are what they are, they have done well,—I may add, they have done nobly."

"Fan me, Lavinia dear!" whispered Caroline.

"Hey, boys? what 's got into you?" said Radcliff, really astonished.

Lord put up his hand, to prevent the boys from answering, and continued:

"Your unusually long absence, I am persuaded, has had a wholesome effect. But to the presence of new elements in the family I attribute the better state of things, in a large measure." Lord indicated Lavinia, by a gracious wave of the hand, adding: "Though a man of few words, I am not blind, and I am not ungrateful."

This recognition of her influence, before Jack and the whole family, brought the quick color to Vinnie's cheeks, and tears to her eyes. She was surprised by what Lord said, and still more surprised that any words of his could touch her so. He had hitherto treated her with civil, quiet reserve, and she had never been able to divine his secret thought of her. Nor had she cared much, at first, what that might be; but day by day she had learned to know that under all his weaknesses there was something in his character worthy of her esteem.

"If you choose to fall into the new course of things, Radcliff, you will be welcome here, as you always have been. Not otherwise."

And again Jack was reminded of the look and tone with which he had seen Lord Betterson confront Peakslow at the gap of the fence.

"Of course I 'll fall in, head over heels," said Radcliff, with a laugh, and a look at Vinnie, which Jack did not like. "I think I shall fancy the new elements, as you call 'em."

Jack started up, with sparkling eyes; but, on an instant's reflection, bridled his tongue, and settled down again, merely giving Vinnie a swift glance, which seemed to say, "If he has any more of his *fun* with you, I 'll ——!"

"No more trifling," said Betterson. "If you stay, you will come under the new *regime*. That means, in plain speech—work; we all work."

"Oh!" gasped poor Caroline, and reached out helplessly to her sister. "The hartshorn, Lavinia dear!"

"I 'll stay, and I 'll work—I 'll do as the rest do," said Radcliff. "But when the Philadelphia partners poney up, of course I have my dividend."

"A word here," said Lord, "is due to our friends. By the Philadelphia partners, my nephew means the relatives who occasionally send us money. Now, as to his dividend: when he came into our family, it was with the understanding that he would be clothed and educated at the expense of those connections. Accordingly, when money has been sent to me, a portion has always gone to him. As soon as he gets money, it burns him till he goes off and squanders it. When it is gone, he comes home here, and waits for another supply."

Then Jack spoke up.

"I say, when the next supply comes, eighty dollars of it—if there 's as much—should be paid over to that truckman he swindled. I insist upon that."

Radcliff snapped his fingers. "That 's a foolish way of doing business!"

"Foolish or not," cried Jack, "you shall agree to it."

"You have anticipated me," remarked Betterson, with a high courtesy contrasting with Jack's haste and heat. "I was about to propose a similar arrangement. Radcliff's money passes through my hands. I will see to it,—the truckman shall be paid. Do you agree, Radcliff? If not, I have nothing more to urge."

"Of course I agree, since I can't help myself. But next time I have a horse to dispose of," Radcliff added with a derisive smile at Jack, "I shall go further. So take care!"

"No need of giving me that warning," Jack made answer, rising to his feet. He went over and stood by Vinnie, and looked back with strong distrust upon the jeering Radcliff. "I don't know that I do right, Mr. Betterson; but I 'll leave him here, if you say so."

"I think it best, on the whole," Mr. Betterson replied.

"O, bosh!" cried Radcliff, giving Jack a sinister look. "You and I 'll be better acquainted, some day! Come, boys, show me what you 've been about lately. And, see here, Rufe,—have n't I got a pair of pants about the house somewhere? See how that dog tore my trousers-leg! I 'll pay *him* my compliments, too, some time!"

As he was walking out of the house, Lion at the door gave a growl. Jack silenced the dog, and then took leave. Vinnie urged him to stay to supper.

"It will be ready in five minutes," she said; "I was just going to set the table when you came."

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But Jack replied, with a bitter smile, that he believed his appetite would be better after a ride of a few miles in the open air.

"Look out for the scamp!" he whispered in her ear; and then, with brief good-byes to the rest, he sprang into the buggy, called Lion to a seat by his side, and drove away.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AN IMPORTANT EVENT.

RADCLIFF resumed his place in the family. But he soon found that his relations to it were no longer what they had been before the days of Vinnie and Jack.

The "new elements" had produced a greater change than he supposed. He no longer possessed the boundless influence over the boys which his wild spirits formerly gave him. They saw him in the light of this last revelation of his character, and contrasted his coarse foolery, once so attractive, with the gentle manners and cheerful earnestness of Vinnie and Jack; in which comparison this flower of the Betterson stock suffered blight.

The boys did not take a holiday in honor of Rad's return, but went steadily on with their tasks. Lord Betterson himself seemed suddenly to have changed his views of things, for he now offered to assist the boys in repairing the fences, for which they had been cutting poles in the woods.

Rad worked a little, but, seeing how things were going, sulked a good deal more. He tried to be very gallant toward Vinnie, but her quiet dignity of manner was proof against all his pleasantries. Even Cecie and Lill could not somehow enjoy his jests as they used to; and Caroline—there was no disguising the fact—had ceased to view his faults through the golden haze of a sentimental fancy.

So Radcliff found himself out of place, unappreciated; and discontent filled his soul. At length an event occurred which blew his smoldering restlessness into a flame.

The "Philadelphia partners" were heard from.

Rufe and Wad, who had been over to the Mills one day, completing their arrangements with the pump-maker for boring the logs of their aqueduct, brought home from the mail one of those envelopes whose post-mark and superscription always gladdened the eyes of the Bettersons.

It was from Philadelphia, and it contained a draft for two hundred and fifty dollars.

One-third of this sum was for Radcliff's "benefit."

It would have been wise, perhaps, to keep from him the knowledge of this fact; but it would have been impossible.

"A pittance, a mere pittance," said Lord, holding the precious bit of paper up to the light. "Uncle George could just as well have made it a thousand, without feeling it. However, small favors gratefully received." And he placed the draft in his pocket-book with calm satisfaction.

Joy overflowed the family; Caroline began to build fresh castles in the air; and Vinnie heard Radcliff say to the boys:

"You can afford to lay by now, and have a good time, with that money."

"Radcliff Betterson!" cried Vinnie, "you provoke me!"

"How so, my charmer?" said Rad, bowing and smiling saucily.

"With your foolish talk. But I hope—yes, I know—the boys will pay no attention to it. To stop work now, and go and play, just because a little money has come into the house,—I should lose all my respect for them, if they were to do so silly a thing."

"Well, I was only joking," said Rad.

"We could very well spare some of your jokes," Vinnie replied.

"And me too, I suppose you think?"

"You might be more useful to yourself and others than you are; it is easy to see that."

"Well, give me a smile now and then; don't be so cross with a feller," said Rad. "You don't show me very much respect."

"It is n't my fault; I should be glad to show you more."

Such was about the usual amount of satisfaction Radcliff got from his talk with Vinnie. She was always "up to him," as the boys said.

When he walked off, and found them laughing at his discomfiture, he laughed too, with a fresh quid in his cheek, and his head on one side, but with something not altogether happy in his mirth.

"Uncle Lord," said he in the evening, "if you 'll put your name to that draft, I 'll go over to the Mills in the morning and cash it for you."

"Thank you, Radcliff," said his uncle. "I 've some bills to pay, and I may as well go myself."

"Let the bills slide, why don't you? and get some good out of the money," said Radcliff. "And see here, uncle,—what 's the use of paying off that truckman in such a hurry? I want some of that money; it was intended for me, and I aint going to be cheated out of it."

"As to that," replied Lord, "you entered into a certain agreement, which seemed to me just; and I do not like now to hear you speak of being cheated—you, of all persons, Radcliff."

"O, well, I suppose you 'll do as you like, since you 've got the thing into your hands." And Radcliff walked sulkily out of the house.

The next day, Mr. Betterson drove over to the

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Mills, cashed the draft, made some necessary purchases, paid some bills which had been long outstanding, and called to hand Jack eighty dollars, on Radcliff's account, for the swindled truckman.

Jack was off surveying with Forrest Felton, and was not expected home for a day or two. Mr. Betterson hardly knew what to do in that case, but finally concluded to keep the money, and leave Jack word that he had it for him.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MRS. WIGGETT'S "NOON-MARK."

JACK returned home, unexpectedly, that night. He jumped for joy when told of Mr. Betterson's call and the message he had left. The promise of money due himself could not have pleased him so much as the prospect now presented of justice being done to the truckman.

He felt some concern, it must be owned, lest the money should, after all, be diverted from its course; he determined, therefore, to act promptly in the matter, and go to Long Woods the next day.

He and Forrest were laying out town lots somewhere up the river; and he was closely occupied all the next forenoon, and a part of the afternoon, with his calculations and drawings.

At last he leaped up gayly, with that sense of satisfaction and relief which comes from the consciousness of work well done.

He harnessed Snowfoot, put his compass into the buggy, thinking he would give Mrs. Wiggett her noon-mark this time without fail, winked assent at Lion, eager to accompany him, and drove off with a feeling of enjoyment, to which the thought of some one he was going to meet gave a wonderful zest.

As it was getting late in the day when he reached the settlement, he stopped only a moment at the "Castle," to speak with Vinnie, and leave word that he would call and see Mr. Betterson on his way back; then drove on to Mr. Wiggett's log cabin.

His reception there was most cordial, especially when it was found that he had come with his compass, prepared to make the noon-mark.

"House don't front no sort of a way," said the old man; "and I reckon you 'll have to give us a kin' of a slantin'dic'lar line from 'bout this yer direction," indicating a wood-pile by the road.

The little Wiggetts meanwhile thronged the door-way, staring at Jack and his strange machine, and their old acquaintance, the dog.

"Cl'ar the kitchen, you young uns!" the mother stormed after them, cuffing right and left. "Noon-mark 'll cut ye plumb in tew, 'f ye don't scatter! It 's comin' into this yer door, like it was a bullet from pap's rifle!"

The grimy faces and bare legs "scattered;" while Mrs. Wiggett called to Jack:

"How long 'fore ye gwine to shute that ar thing off? 'Low I oughter scoop up a little fust."

"Scoop up?" Jack repeated, not quite taking her meaning.

"Right smart o' dirt on the floor yer; it 'll be in your way, I reckon."

"Not at all," said Jack. "My line will cut through; and you can *scoop* down to it, at your leisure. I must get you to remove these iron wedges, Mr. Wiggett, the needle wont work with so much iron near."

The wedges removed, the needle settled; and Jack, adjusting the sights of his compass to a north-and-south line, got Mr. Wiggett to mark its bearings for him, with a chalk pencil, on the floor of the open door-way.

"All creation!" shrieked the woman, suddenly making a pounce at the kneeling old man; "we don't want a noon-mark thar, cl'ar away from the jamb, ye fool! We want it whar the shadder o' the jamb 'll hit it plumb at noon."

The old man looked up from his position on "all-fours," and parried her attack with his lifted hand.

"Ye mout wait a minute!" he said; "then you 'll see if me an' this yer youngster 's both fools. I had a lesson that larnt me onct that he knows better 'n I dew what he 's about; an' I 'lowed, this time, I 'd go by faith, an' make the marks 'thout no remarks o' my own."

"The line will come just where you want it, Mrs. Wiggett," Jack assured her, hiding a laugh behind his compass.

Having got the old man to mark two points on his north-and-south line, one at the threshold and the other a little beyond, Jack put his rule to them and drew a pencil-line; Mrs. Wiggett watching with a jealous scowl, not seeing that her mark was coming where she wanted it,—"right ag'in' the jamb,"—after all.

Then, by a simple operation, which even she understood, Jack surprised her.

He first measured the distance of his line from the jamb. Then he set off two points, on the same side, at the same distance from the line, farther along on the floor. Then through these points he drew a second line, parallel to the first, and touching the corner of the jamb, by which the noon shadow was to be cast. Into this new line Jack sank his noon-mark with a knife.

"There," said he, "is a true noon-mark, which will last as long as your house does,"—a prediction which, by a very astonishing occurrence, was to be proved false that very afternoon.

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"I reckon the woman is satisfied," said the old man; "anyhow, I be; an' now what 's the tax for this yer little scratch on the floor?"

"Not anything, Mr. Wiggett."

"Hey? ye make noon-marks for folks 'thout pay?"

"That depends. Sometimes, when off surveying, I 'm hailed at the door of a house, and asked for a noon-mark. I never refuse it. Then, if convenient, I take my pay by stopping to dinner or supper. But I never accept money."

"Sartin!" cried the old man. "Yer, ol' woman!" (it must be remembered that Mrs. Wiggett was forty years younger than her husband), "fly round, —make things hum,—git up a supper as suddent as ye kin, an' ax our friend yer. Whar's that Sal?"

Mrs. Wiggett, who had appeared all pride and sunny smiles regarding her noon-mark (particularly after hearing it was not to be paid for), fell suddenly into a stormy mood, and once more began to cuff the children right and left.

Jack hastened to relieve her mind by saying that Mr. Wiggett had quite mistaken his meaning; that he had an engagement which must deprive him of the pleasure of taking supper with her and her interesting family.

Thereupon she brightened again. The old man shook him warmly by the hand; and Jack, putting his compass into the buggy, drove back up the valley road.

Vinnie had told him that the Betterson boys were cutting logs for their aqueduct; and hearing the sound of an axe on his way back, Jack tied Snowfoot to a sapling by the road, and went up into the woods to find them.

"What! you coming too, Lion?" he said, after he had gone several rods. "Did n't I tell you to watch? Well, I believe I did n't. Never mind; Snowfoot is hitched."

He found Rufe and Wad cutting trees with great industry, having determined to have the logs laid from the spring to the house without delay.

"We 've taken the farm of father, as you suggested," said Wad. "He is helping us do the fall plowing while we get out our logs. He and Link are at it with the oxen, over beyond the house, now."

"And where 's that precious cousin of yours?"

"I believe he has gone to the house to see if supper is about ready," said Rufe. "He 's smart to work, when he does take hold, but his interest does n't hold out, and the first we know, he is off."

Jack stopped and talked with the boys about their water works for about half-an-hour. Then Rad came up through the woods, by way of the spring, and announced that supper was ready, greeting Jack with a jeering laugh.

"You 'll take tea with us, of course," Rufe said to Jack.

"I suppose your father will be at the house by this time; I 'll stop and see him, at any rate," was Jack's reply.

Rufe went with him down through the woods to where he had left Snowfoot hitched. As they were getting into the buggy, Rufe noticed Zeph Peakslow coming out of some bushes farther down the road, and going toward home.

"See him slink off?" said Rufe. "He 's afraid of me yet; but he need n't be—I 've promised Vinnie not to meddle with him."

Then, on the way home, Rufe surprised Jack by telling him how Vinnie had made acquaintance with the Peakslow family, and how Mrs. Peakslow, taking advantage of her husband's absence from home, had called on the Bettersons, under pretence of returning Vinnie's box of salve.

Mr. Betterson had not yet come to the house; and Jack, having hitched Snowfoot to an oak-tree, and told of his business with the Wiggetts, asked Vinnie and her sister if they would not like a noon-mark on their floor.

"It will be a good thing to set your clock by when it goes wrong," he explained.

Vinnie gladly accepted the offer.

"And, O Jack!" she said, "I wish you would give Mrs. Peakslow one, too."

"I would, certainly," said Jack; "but" (his pride coming up) "would n't it look as if I was anxious to make my peace with Peakslow?"

"Never mind that; I think even he will appreciate the kindness," said Vinnie. "I wish you would!"

"I will—to please you," said Jack. "This afternoon, if I have time." And he went to the buggy for his compass.

He fumbled in the blanket under the seat, looked before and behind, and uttered an exclamation.

"What 's the trouble, Jack?" Rufe asked.

"It is gone! my compass is gone!" said Jack. "Somebody has taken it."

"That Zeph—we saw him, you know!" said Rufe. "It 's one of his tricks."

"I 'll overhaul that Zeph!" said Jack; "I 'll teach him to play his tricks on me!"

Vinnie ran after him as he was starting off.

"Jack! don't be hasty or unkind!"

"O no! I wont be unkind," said Jack, with something bitter in his laugh. "I just want my compass, that 's all."

And he hurried down the road.

(To be continued.)

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HOW THE NOËS DID IT.

By Charles L. Norton.

"In this Arca Noë are two hundred and fifty creatures, viz., the family of Noë, consisting in eight persons; furthermore: 2 spuirrels, 2 fleat-dogs, 2 glamas, ox and caw, 2 sheeps, 2 cybrian cats, 2 roystan-crows, 2 mouses, 2 mole-warps, 2 negro-fishs, 2 hors-kites, 2 mouse-hunts, 2 stares, 2 sick-birds, 2 mistle-birds, Turka-cock and hen, 2 gras-hoppers, 2 hyens, 2 rhinocers, 2 pantheons, 2 lambs-vultures, 2 spordings-dogs, 2 hummings-birds, 2 nigthingales, 2 reds-backeds-shrikes."

THESE funnily spelled names are copied from a paper which was folded up inside the Noah's Ark that Grandma Electa sent to Bessy on her birthday. Bessy could not make it out very well until her mamma told her that it was written by the Frenchmen who made the ark, and then she understood, for she had heard old François talk English, and knew that he did not do it just as we do.

Well, she took a special fancy to these "creatures" that had their names spelled wrong, and to the Noë family for the same reason. She could even find the little "negro-fishs" and "mouse-hunts" among the two hundred and fifty other creatures without the least trouble in the world. At first, she could not tell the Noës apart very well, they were so much alike; so she printed their names on little bits of paper, and pasted them on, to save mistakes.

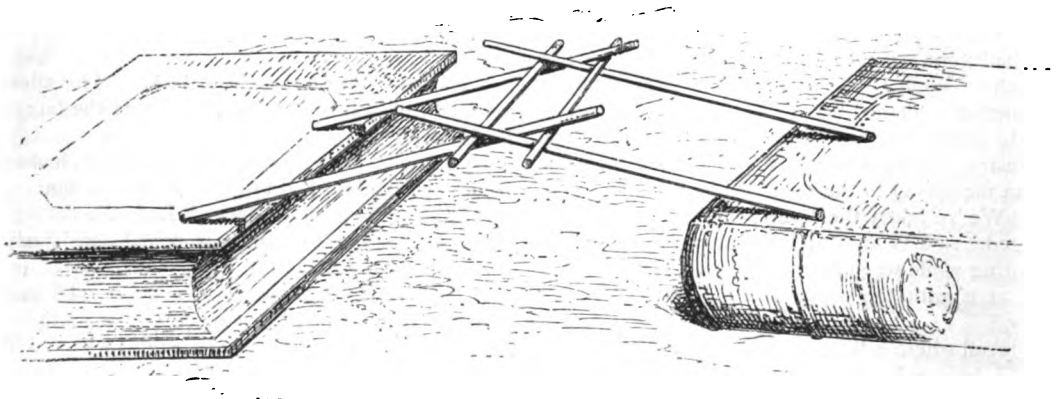
One day she had been playing with the ark until she was tired, and reading "Through the Looking-Glass" till she was beginning to tire of that too, when she found that her mamma had gone out and left her all alone in the parlor (Bessy's mamma used the parlor for every day).

Bessy had always wanted to see if the things in the looking-glass room were as queer as the book said they were, but never liked to try when any one could see her. Now was a good chance, so she pushed the big chair in front of the long pier-glass, where she could be perfectly still and watch while she went on reading.

She was so interested in the chapter about Tweedle-Dum and Tweedle-Dee, that she did not look up for a long time; but when she did, what should she see but the Noë family trying to drive the animals ashore. It was easy enough to get them on to the end of the wharf that she had made with books before she began to read, but the books had been moved a little, so that only the "roystan-crows" and the "sick-birds," and other winged creatures, could cross from one to the other. However, the young men had evidently read the January ST. NICHOLAS, for they went to work and built a bridge with dominoes, and all the animals safely reached book number two.

The next book was too far off for a domino bridge, and for awhile the Noës leaned against one another sorrowfully, and the ladies were beginning to cry, when Shem spied Bessy's wooden jack-straws on the floor, and shouted, in a funny little voice: "I have found out how to do it!"

In a minute they were all engaged in passing up the straight straws to the top of the books; but Bessy could not see what good it was going to do, for the straws were not long enough to reach from one book to the other.



NO. I.—THE FRAME-WORK OF THE FIRST BRIDGE.

Shem had evidently studied engineering, for he showed the rest of the family how to go to work; and, presently, they had the frame-work of a bridge

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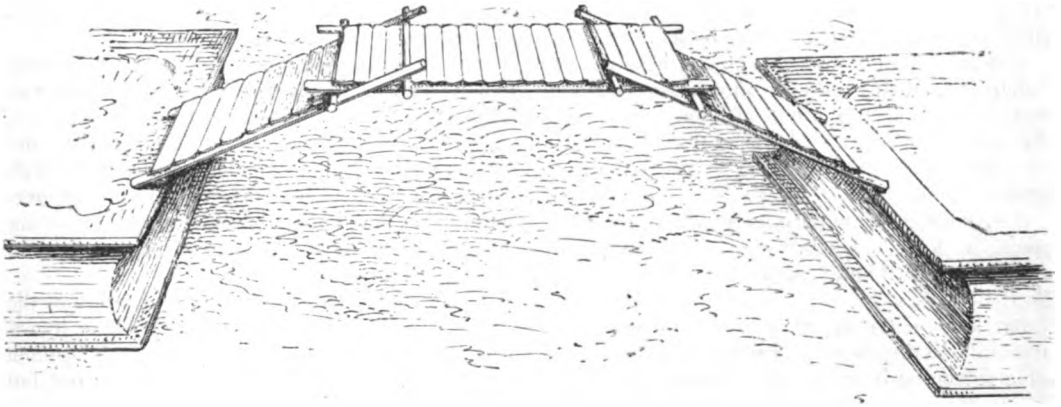
laid across from one book to the other, as you see in picture No. 1.

After this, it was easy to make a road-way, or floor, and so the whole party reached book number three. Here another difficulty arose. Number four was still farther off from number three than number three was from number two; but Shem was not to be beaten.

He just took the old bridge to pieces, added another section to it, and when it was ready for crossing it looked like picture No. 2.

Then they went on, and each pair of books seemed to get farther and farther apart, and Shem kept adding sections to the bridges till Bessy began wondering where all the jack-straws came from, and at last fell asleep in the chair before the glass, where her mamma found her an hour later.

The ark and books were just as she had left them on the carpet, and when she told what she had seen before going to sleep, her mamma laughed and kissed her, and Ted came in and said he did n't believe a word of it. Bessy was a little vexed at that, and told him she would prove it in the evening. And so she did, for she built just such bridges with jack-straws, and made the floors with little strips of card; and do you think she could have known how if she had n't seen the Noës do it in the looking-glass room?



NO. 2.—THE SECOND BRIDGE.

A GUNPOWDER PLOT.

By Wm. L. Sheppard.

How many of my young friends who are going to read this have ever heard of or seen the Bald-faced Hornet? Not many, I will venture to say, unless they have been in the country a good deal. But everybody knows, whether he has seen him or not, that the hornet is a fierce little fellow; brave, though small, and always ready to defend himself. The naturalists call him *vespa chartaria*, and he is classed among the "paper makers," as those insects are called that make their nests of paper itself, or of material which looks like it, fabricated by themselves.

I will give a short description of him, and then tell you something that happened to a colony of hornets and some young friends of mine.

The bald-faced hornet is about the size of an humble-bee; his color is black, with white bands around his body. His eyes are black and glassy, and his face looks as if it had been dipped in meal which would not stick to his eyes; and this is the reason that he is called "bald-faced." His nest is a wonderful structure. It is made of scraps of paper, the "fuzz" on fences or wooden buildings which have been long exposed to the weather, and the smaller lichens which grow on the trunks of trees. This nest, which is somewhat in the shape of the flasks in which olive oil comes, though much larger, is built, stem downward, to the limb of a tree or the rail of a fence, and generally not high from the ground.

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Now, in my part of the country boys are very fond of attacking and destroying these nests, and they almost always get stung in doing so.

Why boys like to do this, when the hornets have done them no harm, I do not know. I was a boy once, and knew then, but that has been so long ago that I have forgotten; so I will give the adventure already promised, instead of the reason.

Teddie and Lud, two city boys (these are the "shorts" for their names of course), were spending their vacation with a friend of their mother's in the country. You may be sure that they had a nice time, for there were a great many things to interest them.

But, among the most interesting things on the place, at least to them, was a delightful little darkey called "Bat," probably a nickname for Bartholomew.

Bat knew not only every hole and corner, tree and bush, on the place, but had extended his knowledge to the surrounding plantations. He would constantly have some such joyful news to give the boys, as the discovery of a guinea-hen's nest on the farm, the finding of a brood of young partridges, or a splendid hole in the creek full of minnows and catfish. He took advantage of his frequent errands to the neighboring farms to acquire information of this sort.

Bat came to the boys, who lay on their faces under the great oaks in the yard, and read for the fiftieth time their favorite stories.

"Marse Lud, I done found sumthin!" The boys instantly changed to upright positions, and said together "What?" whilst their eyes glistened at the prospect of something new; times having been a little dull with them of late.

"In de woods over yonder, tudder side de broom-straw field," answered Bat, "bustin big hornicks' ness, big as half-peck measure."

"Well," said Lud, "did any one of them sting you?"

"Law! no; I didn't *tetch* de thing; but I thought I'd come and tell ye all, so you kin go over and blow it up."

"Do you mean to blow it to pieces with the gun?" inquired Lud.

"No, no!" said Bat, quickly; "blow it up like you gwine blasst rock. Put de powder unner it, and den light it wid de slow-match."

Bat was rummaging in his very deep and uncertain pocket whilst saying this, and, at last, succeeded in extracting from a tangle of string, marbles, flint stones, and a rabbit's paw, a piece of the match used in the mines, and which looked like a small rope about four inches long.

"I picked dis up over at de coal-pit, whar somebody done dropped it. You jess makes a little pile of powder unner de ness, den you puts one end of de slow match in it and lights de udder, den de fire ketches de powder, an' who-ee! up goes de ness in de a'r; all bus' to pieces an' de hornicks all kilt." Bat delivered this description with great vivacity and added, "Make haste and git de powder, so as we kin git over dar fore de hornicks all goes out to git der dinner."

Lud was quickly off to the house, and soon back with a powder flask; so, away the boys trudged as fast as they could. Bat took the lead, and they made their way as directly as they could to the spot, sometimes in the shade, but mostly through the scorched fields where myriads of grasshoppers bounced up under their noses, and the blistering sun seemed to waken all manner of tittering and buzzing insects.

At last the boys arrived hot and panting at the further side of the broom-straw field, where it was skirted by a line of low scrub oaks and chinquepin bushes. Bat took a little time to find the spot, but at length, pointing toward it, he called out under his breath, "Dar 't is!"

"Where?" cried the others.

"Dar, dar! don't talk loud; skeer 'em," replied Bat in a loud whisper, and making violent gestures for them to keep silence. The others joined Bat, and soon discovered the object of their search. It was attached to a tree somewhat larger than the others, and which stood in a little glade in the wood, and the limb from which it hung jutted out close to the ground. It looked like a ball of dirty paper which diminished gradually into a sort of neck; the whole about a foot long, and nearly as much through in the widest part. Not a hornet was to be seen.

Lud whispered, "Oh! Bat, they are not there after all!"

"Dunno 'bout dat," answered Bat; "ye all lay down and I'll try 'em." The two lay down among the hot weeds. Bat broke off the longest switch that he could find, and tickled the nest from as safe a distance as the length of the switch would allow; standing behind a sapling which protected about three inches in width of his person. He paused, and with a grin, made an encouraging sign to the boys, who were now raised on their elbows watching the operation. Then, crouching low, he cautiously backed from his position.

"All right," he whispered, when he had backed to where the others were, "all right;" dey sent out one to see what was de matter; let's go to work."

Bat proceeded immediately to explain that the powder must be poured in a pile just under the nest —which was about two feet from the ground,—and the match laid with one end in the powder; and

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that unless Lud touched the nest there was no danger whatever. Under these instructions, Lud carefully approached the nest on all fours. The others watched with intense interest while Lud poured out the powder directly under the nest, as he thought, and then laid the slow match. Bat and Teddie held their breaths. The former, by a crab-like movement, had gradually increased his distance from the scene of operations, and was a yard or two behind Teddie. They saw Lud fumbling in his pockets, and he began to work his way backward. When he had reached them he panted out, "Got no matches!" They all looked blank at this dilemma. Teddie searched all four of his pockets, and shook his head. Bat had none. The prospect of failure was overwhelming.

"Oh, look!" said Teddie, who had never ceased to explore every possible place on his person where a match might lodge; and he exhibited a round object which gave a sudden flash in the sunlight.

"The sun-glass!" exclaimed Lud. "Do you think that it will do?"

"Of course," replied Teddie, holding it to him. But Lud did not extend his hand. "It's yours; you take it," he said. Teddie turned to Bat.

Bat said: "*I* can't do nothin' wid dat thing; I seed *you* make fire wid it, Mah'sr Teddie."

"And *I* have done my part," added Lud.

"I found de ness fust," Bat said, as if *his* duty was entirely discharged. Teddie saw that his turn had rightfully come, and made no further appeals.

"But suppose there is n't any sun there?" he said, after a moment's hesitation.

"Hi!" cried Bat; "I see de sun shinin' on de very ness." There was no excuse for delay, so Teddie crawled to Lud's former position, and held the glass to the hot rays which poured down between the thin leaves. His hand trembled a little, but he soon got the proper focus, and the slow-match taking fire began to splutter little sparks.

BLOWING UP THE HORNETS' NEST.

Teddie scurried back to the other boys.

"Wait til' de match mos' burnt," whispered Bat, clutching Lud by the arm. The words were scarcely out of his mouth when there was a muffled explosion. The nest was thrown up against the limb without coming loose, and immediately took fire and blazed up. The boys had not time to turn before the air was filled with hornets, which hummed like so many minnie-balls, and came almost as fast. The buzzing throng was upon them before the unlucky lads had time to realize their danger.

Teddie, running backward, fell over a bush, and two hornets flew up his pantaloons. Bat turned to fly, when a hornet, coming as straight as a bullet,

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struck him in the back of his head, and lodged there, and the young darkey went to the ground as if he were shot dead.

Lud, being somewhat behind the others, gained a little distance, and had the presence of mind to throw his jacket over his head; but he got a sting on his hand as he did so, and one just above the waist-band of his pantaloons.

By the time that he touched the ground, Teddie was up again with a yell, and flew across the field as fast as he could. Bat made a somersault which crushed the hornet in his hair, and then he fled with both hands to his head, and slid between two rails of the fence. Lud threw himself flat on his face and lay still until he perceived that the hornets had all disappeared, which they soon did, either passing on or returning to hover about their ruined home.

The boys met where a pathway crossed a little stream. Teddie, still crying, was bathing his leg. Bat, who had heard of such a remedy, was seated on the bank, with a mass of wet mud from the stream in a pile on his head, whilst the trickling mud ran down his neck, and the tears streamed down his face.

"I aint gwine fool wid dem things no mo',—here!" he snuffled.

"What did you have the match so short for?" cried Lud, rubbing first his hand and then his back.

The forlorn boys staid some time at the stream trying to make the best of their stings, and then started home, resolving to put the best face on the matter for fear of a scolding. They met the Major (Bat's old master) in the road, on his way to dinner, and telling their adventure gained his sympathy.

The boys were really quite badly hurt, and it was some days before the swelling completely subsided.

When Bat made his appearance in the kitchen, the cook gave him a glance of unutterable contempt.

"What you bin doin' wid your head all full o' mud?"

"Hornicks," replied the crest-fallen Bat.

CHICKENS.

By Rose Terry Cooke.

"I did n't!" says Chip. "You did!" says Peep.
"How do you know?—you were fast asleep."
"I was under Mammy's wing,
Stretching my legs like anything,
When all of a sudden I turned around,
For close beside me I heard a sound—
A little tip, and a little tap."
"Fiddle-de-dee! You'd had a nap,
And, when you were only half-awake,
Heard an icicle somewhere break."
"What 's an icicle?" "I don't know;
Rooster tells about ice and snow,
Something that is n't as good as meal,
That drops down on you and makes you squeal."
"Well! swallow Rooster's tales, I beg!
And think you did n't come out of an egg!
I tell you I heard the old shell break,
And the first small noise you ever could make;
And Mammy croodled, and puffed her breast,
And pushed us further out of the nest,
Just to make room enough for you;
And there 's your shell,—I say it 's true!"
Chip looked over his shoulder then,
And there it lay by the old gray hen—
Half an egg-shell, chipped and brown,
And he was a ball of yellow down,
Clean and chipper, and smart and spry,
With the pertest bill and the blackest eye.
"H'm!" said he, with a little perk,
"That is a wonderful piece of work!
Peep, you silly! don't you see
That shell is n't nearly as big as me?
Whatever you say, Miss, I declare
I never, never, could get in there!"
"You did!" says Peep. "I did n't!" says Chip;
With that he gave her a horrid nip.
And Peep began to dance and peck,
And Chip stuck out his wings and neck.
They pranced, and struck, and capered about,
Their toes turned in and their wings spread out,
As angry as two small chicks could be,
Till Mother Dorking turned to see.
She cackled and clucked, and called in vain,—

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At it they went with might and main,—
Till, at last, the old hen used her beak,
And Peep and Chip, with many a squeak,
Staggered off on either side,
With a very funny skip and stride.
"What dreadful nonsense!" said Mother Hen,
When she heard the story told again;
"You 're bad as the two-legs that don't have wings,
Nor feathers nor combs—the wretched things!
That 's the way they fight and talk
For what is n't worth a mullein-stalk.
What does it matter, I 'd like to know,
Where you came from, or where you go?
Keep your temper and earn your food;
I can't scratch worms for a fighting brood.
I wont have quarrels—I will have peace;
I hatched out chickens, so don't be geese!"
Chip scratched his ear with his yellow claw,
The meekest chicken that ever you saw;
And Peep in her feathers curled one leg,
And said to herself: "But he *was* an egg!"

A CURIOUS BOUQUET.

You may think that you see swans, butterflies, snails, caterpillars and other living things in this bouquet, but you are mistaken. There is nothing there but the leaves and flowers and stems of real plants. Can you find out the names of some of them?

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JONAH.

BY HELEN C. WEEKS.

"POLLY! Polly Ben!" sounded from the bluff, and Polly looked up a moment and then answered: "Come down here, Lotty. I 'm feeding Jonah."

Two or three stones and a great deal of sand skipped and slid down toward the rock-house, followed in the same fashion by Lotty, who sat down quite out of breath and looked at Polly, who, from a saucer of soaked cracker in her lap, was putting desirable bits down before Jonah, which he turned over with his bill and then let alone.

"Oh, you bad loon!" Polly said presently, getting tired of this. "He's acted real queer for two or three days, and Jack says he 's homesick and mad because he can't fly. There he was on the bluff standing on one leg and looking off to Sandy Hook just as wild, and whenever he hears another loon scream anywhere, he screams too—oh, awful!"

"He 's thinking about when he was swallowed," said Lotty, "and I should think he would. I don't suppose there 's another loon in the whole world that 's been swallowed by a devil-fish, and come to life again. He wont ever be tame enough for Paul to take to New York, though. Poor Jonah!"

Jonah walked away from Lotty's hand, and out toward the beach.

"Well, let him go," said Polly. "I 've coaxed him long enough. Jack says he 's getting back all his wildness, and that he does n't believe he 'll ever be any tamer. I guess he lost some of his mind when he was swallowed. Don't you know they all thought he was dead, for a good while after they 'd cut the devil-fish open and got him out, and I guess it 's just beginning to come back. Jack is going to clip his wings again this afternoon."

"He looks as if he were going to fly right away," said Lotty. "See how wild his eyes are. Look here, Polly; let 's us cut his wings. I 've seen Jack do it. Its only to cut the feather part."

"We should hurt him," Polly said, "and then the boys would scold."

"Oh, no, we would n't! See, I 've got my little sharp scissors. Here, Jonah. Come, Jonah."

"No, you must n't, truly," Polly said, jumping up. "It 's Jack's loon and we must n't touch it."

"Its Paul's just as much, so now. You know well enough, Polly Ben, that Jack said Paul should have him when he was tamed."

"But he is n't tamed, and I don't believe he ever will be, and he 's Jack's, any way."

"I don't care," Lotty said, catching up Jonah; and, sitting down on a rock, she stretched out the left wing and clipped off one feather. Jonah did not struggle, and Polly, in spite of herself, watched to see the next fall.

"I thought he 'd scream," she said, "but he does n't. Let me cut one, Lotty. My! what dull scissors! Mine are ever so much sharper."

Polly ran back for her own, which lay in the patch-work basket, while Jonah turned one eye toward her, as if trying to decide what he had better do. Polly cut one feather, which was carried off by a puff of wind. Jonah raised his head and looked after it; then, with one long, wild scream, rose slowly, flapping his wings heavily, and flew out toward the red buoy. Polly screamed too, the cry had been so loud and sudden, and then ran to the very edge of the shore.

"What shall we do? O dear! What shall we do?" she said, beginning to cry. "He 's gone, and we can't ever get another like him. What will Jack say? Jonah! Do come back, Jonah!"

Jonah had settled down on the buoy, and sat looking off to sea, spreading his wings now and then as if to try them. Then, appearing to think he was safe from all enemies, put his head under his wing and began to nap. Polly stood thinking a minute, and walked along the shore.

"What are you going to do?" Lotty asked.

"I 'm going to see if old Hendrick's punt is on the shore, and if it is, I 'm going for Jonah. If it is n't, I shall swim out."

"Oh, Polly! You 'll be drowned. Don't!" Lotty said, taking hold of her.

"Why, I 've swum to the buoy and back many a time. You have too. I aint afraid, and how Jack would feel if he came home and found Jonah gone! Oh, I must go after him!"

"Where is Jack to-day?"

"Off fishing somewhere," Polly said, "and you know he 'll never get over it, to think we let Jonah get away. I do wish you had n't touched him, Lotty."

"So do I," Lotty said, "but I don't see how he could fly off that way. I 'm going with you."

"Your mother 'll scold."

"No, she wont. She lets me row to the buoy any time. Grandfather wants me to know all about managing a boat. I want to, too. I 'm as old as you are."

"Well," Polly said, running along the shore.

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"Oh, I 'm so sorry! The punt is gone. What shall I do? I know!"

Polly turned, and ran back to the cove, where a small shed had been built from the drift-wood, in which Jack's precious cedar skiff was drawn up.

"You 're not going to take that?" screamed Lotty. "They wont let you!"

"I shall," said Polly, decidedly. "I 'd take a gold boat if there was one, or anything, before I 'd let Jonah go. Now you help so it need n't get scratched. Take off your shoes, too. You know Jack wont wear his shoes in it, for fear it 'll hurt it."

Lotty unlaced her boots, and laid them in the rock-house. Polly had already done the same; and now the two half lifted, half pushed the light boat to the shore, took down the oars and got in.

"You need n't row," Polly said, "I shall just paddle to the buoy. He 's asleep and wont stir. Lay your oar right in the bottom of the boat."

Lotty obeyed, and Polly paddled softly toward the buoy. Jonah still sat with his head under his wing, and her hand was almost upon him, when, with another of those startling cries, he rose again, flew a short distance, then fell and disappeared.

"He 's drowned! Oh, he 's drowned!" cried Lotty.

"He is n't either. He 's just dived," Polly returned, standing up and watching. "I know their tricks. There he is, Lotty, 'way off there. He can't fly anyway. I 'm thankful his wings are short as they are. I 'm going to wait awhile. His leg 's so stiff, you know, where the fish bit him, he can't swim well. I believe we can get him. Now you row too, and we 'll see. The water is n't very rough this afternoon, and it 's easy."

Polly took her place, and Lotty picked up the other oar. She could pull quite an even stroke now, for Jack had given her a good many lessons, and her mother allowed her to row near shore, or in the cove, all she pleased.

"I never thought I should go in the cedar boat," she said. "Would n't the boys scold if they saw us? I think we ought to have it just once, though. Boys ought n't to have everything, ought they? Do you believe we 'll get Jonah."

"I 'm going to," was all Polly said, and Lotty stopped talking and pulled steadily, delighted to see how swiftly even their little strength sent the boat forward. Jack had oiled it only the the day before, and the wood seemed almost as fine and delicate as birch-bark. The oars were light—much more so than those she used in the punt.

POLLY ALMOST CATCHES JONAH.

Jonah led them on and on, diving whenever they came too near, but evidently growing tired. For certainly an hour the children pursued him, lying still often and waiting till he came up from his dive. At last he sat still on the water, looking sick and melancholy, and Polly, reaching over, cautiously drew him in with a triumphant squeal, and took out her scissors.

"He sha' n't serve us such a trick again," she said, clipping away at the long feathers till every one had fallen. "Any way, we 've had some fun. What time do you suppose it is, Lotty?"

"I don't know," Lotty said, laying down her oar

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and wiping her face. "It was almost four when mother said I could go down to see you, and she told me to come home to tea. We must hurry. The sun 's very low."

It 's long after tea-time," Polly said. "We must go back. It makes me think of last Summer, and how I got carried off. I did n't have any oars, you know. Oh, how frightened I was, for I was sure the boat would upset. This one can't, because it 's built different."

Lotty looked around uneasily.

"I wish you would n't talk about it," she said. "Let 's pull hard. I want to get back."

Polly turned the boat, and both children pulled steadily for a while. Then Polly looked around.

"It does n't seem as if we got a speck nearer," she said, "and I 'm so tired, it seems as if my arms would drop right off. Oh, you horrid Jonah!"

"So am I," said Lotty, with a little quiver in her voice. "One of my hands is blistered too. I do wish somebody 'd come out and tow us in."

"The tide has turned," said Polly. "Don't you see, when we stop we go right out, instead of in? We 've *got* to pull, Lotty."

They pulled a little longer. Then Lotty threw down her oar.

"I can 't row another stroke," she said. "It makes me feel sick, and as if I should fall over. Let 's scream—hard as we can."

"Well," Polly said, standing up, "together then," and the two called over and over again:

"Mother! Jack! Nathan! Jimmy! Mother!"

No answer nor sign of life along the shore, and Lotty sat down and began to cry.

"Don't you do that," said Polly, fiercely, almost ready for it herself, but keeping a bold face. "Just get up again, and holler loud as you can, and long as you can. I would n't be a baby."

"I can't," said Lotty, "my throat 's all dry and sore."

Once more Polly shouted loud and long, and as much like a fisherman as she could, but no answer, and she sat down discouraged, took up the oars and tried to pull again. The wind began to blow softly, and little white caps rose on the waves on which the cedar-boat rode gayly. Wind and tide were busy, and the children knew that both were taking them out to sea. Presently Polly sat up.

"I wont cry," she said; "what 's the use? Jack and I were once picked up by a schooner. He 'll come after me again. I know he will. And if he does n't, there are always lots of boats around. I aint afraid—at least not much."

Lotty looked up.

"I am," she sobbed, "I aint used to it, Polly, like you. I think it 's dreadful. Suppose we should upset."

"But we can't, I tell you," Polly repeated. "Don't you know how Jack goes right through the breakers with this boat? It 's as good as a life-boat. Now, Lotty, I 'm going to sit up and act as if I did n't care, and may be we shall see a boat."

Polly strained her eyes. Far off, a ship was going up the Narrows, but no boat of any sort could be seen. The great red sun sank down into the sea, and the skiff seemed sailing through waves of red and gold. Twilight came quickly, for it was the middle of August, and soon the moon came up, making a paler way on which they were borne. The two children sat down and laid their heads on the seats.

"Let 's say our prayers," said Polly. "I had to stay out all night, last Summer, and I expect we 've got to now."

"I 've been saying them for ever so long," said Lotty, with another burst. "Oh, what will mamma say? She 'll think I 'm dead."

"My mother wont," said Polly. "Soon as anybody comes home, she 'll send them after us, I know. We sha 'n't die. You need n't be so frightened. God 'll take care of us out here or anywhere."

Polly's brave little voice quivered as the two said their prayers. Then they sat silent till tired eyes shut, and sleep ended for a time all their troubles.

Tea went on as usual at Lotty's home. Mrs. Lane wondered why Lotty had not come back, but supposed Mrs. Ben had kept her, and until seven was not anxious. Then Paul went after her, and ran into Captain Ben's.

"Come right along, Lotty!" he called. "You ought to be ashamed not to come home sooner."

"Lotty?" said Mrs. Ben. "Why, I thought she had Polly up to your house. Polly is n't here."

At this moment Jack came in, fuming, but stopped short.

"Well, I declare!" he said, "I was first going to make a fuss, because the boys went off in the cedar-boat, and here they are. It 's gone! Who 's got it, do you suppose?"

Mrs. Ben looked at the Captain.

"It can't be those children have taken it," she said. "They 're crazy. They 'll be drowned sure as the world."

Jack ran back to the boat-house, and returned in a few minutes.

"Their shoes are in the rock-house," he said, "and there are marks of feet in the sand. Now we 've got to go after them."

"They 'll be run down by something," Mrs. Ben said. "Oh, do start quick!"

The poor woman sat down and covered her face, then rose up.

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"Go quickly, and row hard!" she said. "They've gone out with the tide and can't get back."

"Don't you fret, mother," Captain Ben said, taking down his spy-glass. "We'll have them back before morning, please God, and then we'll take some means to keep 'em from scaring folks to death once a week. I know the way the tide will take 'em, like a book. Jack, you get your father and Bill Mason. We want strong arms, for it's getting rough, and we must work quick."

By the time the boat was ready, three men were there, who pulled off in the moonlight, with long, steady strokes. Paul had run home, but came back to Mrs. Ben's with his mother, and till midnight they all sat there trying to talk of indifferent things, and going up to the bluff at intervals to watch for any sign of boats. Then they lay down, and the tired boys slept at once. Even Mrs. Lane drowsed a little, but started, as about two o'clock she heard the grating of a boat on the beach, and ran out to find Polly and Lotty coming toward her, while Jack bore the original cause of all the trouble—Jonah. Nobody scolded that night, being too thankful to find the disturbers alive, but next day there was a very serious talk. The boat had grounded on a sand-bar just before Captain Ben spied it, and getting them had only been a matter of rowing for two or three hours, and the fright they had given was far the worst part of it. Lotty dissolved in tears, as she listened to the story of her mother's suffering, and so did Polly, declaring, nevertheless, that Jonah began it, and that if his wings had been clipped, it couldn't have happened.

There was little danger the experiment would be tried again, and so the matter died away, to be remembered only as one of the Summer's adventures, though Jack remarked privately:

"That Polly beats the Dutch for grit. There aint a girl 'longshore that would ever 'a' thought o' getting back Jonah."

"THIS is the way the men do at the circus,"
Said nimble young Bob to little boy Ben;
"They walk on a barrel exactly as I do;
You see I 'm as smart as those big circus men."

Little Ben was delighted, and cheered his big brother;
But the barrel moved suddenly sideways just then,
And down came smart Bobby upon the floor, howling.
"Do they do it that way at the circus?" asked Ben.

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JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

ST. NICHOLAS is merged into Jack-in-the-Pulpit!

That is to say, Jack is hot, tired and dusty, and he does n't feel like talking. So if ST. NICHOLAS cannot exist without him, why it need n't exist—that 's all.

The above is the substance of what I felt obliged to say to the publishers of ST. NICHOLAS when they told me the magazine must have my little sermons all through the Summer. At first they were so meek, so completely merged, that I considered my point gained; but when they started up again, and said may be *the children* could n't exist without me, and what did I think of that? I arose in my might, and gave in.

Desert the children?

Why, my darlings, your Jack would n't do such a thing for the world! So we 'll have a little chat as usual. But surely you don't want facts in such weather as this? You don't expect cold-pressed information with the thermometer at ninety, do you, my pets? No, indeed. You just want to enjoy yourselves. In Jack's opinion the best thing young folks can do in hot weather, circumstances permitting, is to do nothing. The best way to learn is not to study at all, and the best kind of talk is the talking of things around and above us that have n't a word to say.

So, dearly beloveds, to pacify the publishers, I 'll state a few useful things in these pages, as usual; but if you take Jack's advice, you 'll just lay the magazine down reverently, without reading any more, and run out-of-doors.

COMPOSITION OF COMMON AIR.

AIR is composed of oxygen and nitrogen. If you consider either of these gases injurious, it will be well to think before you breathe.

LIGHTNING.

LIGHTNING is composed of electricity. Kites are connected with it in some way. Probably by the string. A big man proved this once to the complete satisfaction of the youthful mind, and his memory has been honored ever since. He was so good that grown people rarely speak of him without a sigh, and young people, if left to themselves, never mention him at all. He was born in Philadelphia, and he is to be honorably mentioned at the Centennial, by the natives.

METOPOSCOPISTS.

METOPOSCOPISTS are very useful people, if they do not carry their researches too far. Many children are expert metoposcopists. They practice metoposcopy on their parents. Don't try to spell or pronounce this word, my dears, till cool weather sets in.

ATTRACTION OF GRAVITATION.

THIS is a law of nature. It makes things tumble down. Some children test it practically by climbing an old cherry-tree and sitting well out on one of the weakest limbs; but a very good way is to lie under an apple-tree and look up till an apple comes down on your nose. A great man did this once, and it made him famous.

FIXED STARS.

VERY interesting objects indeed; usually found in the sky. If you keep awake you 'll see them; but don't keep awake unless you feel like it.

MOSQUITOES.

FEROCIOUS animals indigenous to the continent of North America. All good children are kind to mosquitoes. They work very hard all Summer. The female mosquito is quite savage, and her sting is terrible. The male mosquito does not bite. He is a saint. Make way for him.

DODECAHEDRONS.

A GEOMETRICAL solid. It is wrong to judge hastily concerning dodecahedrons, as they have many sides. Therefore, my dears, you can consider them at your leisure next Winter.

ARTESIAN WELLS.

WELLS dug in a peculiar way and under extenuating circumstances. Some cool day it will be well for you to look into artesian wells; but they are a great bore in hot weather.

MUSHROOMS AND TOADSTOOLS.

CONFUSING objects in fields. You can tell how many years old they are by sawing off their heads and counting the rings on the top of the stump. No, I 'm thinking of oaks. Oaks are slow growers. Mushrooms and toadstools are not.

It is important to know the difference between toadstools and mushrooms; but it is not worth

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while trying to learn this difference unless you belong to a very long-lived family, and don't object to being poisoned at the end. It takes years to find out, and authorities differ. The only sure test is to eat one. If you live, it is a mushroom. If you die, it 's a toadstool.

SURVEYING BY TRIANGULATION.

AN excellent mode of land-measuring, chiefly used in mountainous regions. Something to do with the triangle. Don't trouble yourselves about it further, my chicks, unless specially interested.

MIASMA.

MIASMA is one of the charms of the country. City folk are afraid of it. Though abundant in most latitudes, it is hard to find, because it is always "a few miles down the road." It causes chills and fever, and injures property. It is very bad for little girls and boys, and often catches them if they go out after dark against the wishes of their parents.

MRS. BARBAULD'S "EVENINGS AT HOME."

A MOST excellent book. It is too good to be popular; but it should be seen to be fully realized. It is full of valuable information. It also teaches children how to worm a great number of interesting statistics and scientific facts out of their parents, and shows parents how to be tedious and dignified in dealing with the tender offspring that Heaven has committed to their care.

SPECIFIC GRAVITY.

THIS is a wonderfully important subject for young people. It affects the very food they eat, and, in one way or another, enters into nearly all the affairs of life. If you put a lump of sugar in water, you 'll have a beautiful instance of specific gravity; sweetened water being much denser than water without sugar. However, if you eat the sugar and drink the water, the experiment can be carried on internally, and you can go out and play, without troubling yourself any more about it, which is just as well in August.

AN EXPLANATION.

I 'LL confess frankly that the pretty schoolmistress has given me many of the above facts. I have simply put them into suitable shape for the children's Summer vacation.

A CHANGE OF BASE.

HELLO! Here comes a telegram from the ST. NICHOLAS office, saying: "This sort of thing wont do; paragraphs too short, and not sufficiently to the point." Very well; then I 'll stop till next month.

THE LETTER-BOX.

JANE O. writes to tell us that the verses in the June number about the old woman going to the moon in a basket are not original, as she has seen them in a book called "Mother Goose's Melodies." We thought that Jane, and everyone else, would know, when we used such old familiar ditties as this, that the originality was in the picture and not in the verses.

June 1st, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please be kind enough to tell me some nice fishes to stock an aquarium with, give me a good recipe for making root-beer, and tell me a good place to go fishing within nine miles of Newark, and you will oblige a constant reader?

J. L. D.

Sticklebacks, small perch, roach and gold-fish, minnows of various kinds, with some sea-snails and mussels as purifiers, will be good fish to stock a small aquarium. Be careful to put no pickerel into it, for one little pickerel an inch and a-half long has been known to devour twenty-five minnows in a week.

We do not know how to make root-beer, and don't think much of it after it is made. It is an excellent thing to bring on a stomach-ache, if you want one.

A short distance above the Delaware and Lackawanna Railroad bridge over the Passaic River (about eight miles from Newark), there is a bridge for vehicles and foot passengers. Just above that bridge there is pretty good perch-fishing, if you have a boat.

THE following letter is from "A Friend" who has been reading "Jack's" question about the thermometer, in the June ST. NICHOLAS:

It is a law of philosophy that evaporation produces cold, and since there was no moisture on the bulb of the thermometer the temperature was not lowered, but since his breath was warmer than the atmosphere of the school-house it raised the mercury and marked the temperature of his breath. The reason he could cool his pudding was there was moisture in it and blowing evaporated this moisture and made it cool. For the same reason, breezes that blow to us from large bodies of water are cool.

Similar letters have been received from M. W. Perkins, "Ovid," B. Sherman, and Mary Otis Gay.

WE are sure that everybody is delighted with little "Biddy O'Toole" in the July number, and "The Esquimaux Boy" in the present issue. We have a series of these capital pictures which will appear during the Summer and Fall, and they show how some boys and girls, each of a different nation, were disturbed by some impertinent animal while eating their luncheons.

Columbia, June 1st, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to ask the following question: A friend of mine tells me that a blue-bird has made his nest in the escape pipe of a boiler in his shop yard; the boiler is to be removed for use; now what would a bird-defender do with the nest? The same friend, who is a native of Scotland, wishes to know if robins in this country have blue eggs. In Scotland their eggs are white with reddish-brown spots. How I wish you could hear the mocking-bird that is singing me a song now in the tree-top after he has taken a meal from our cherry-tree. Your friend, LIBBIE SHIELDS.

We think a bird-defender would try to find a cozy place for the blue-bird's nest, not far from the spot which the boiler occupied, but out of sight and reach of cats or other enemies.

Robins' eggs in this country are of a bluish-green color and unspotted.

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HARRY W. LEE, a Latin student, thinks he has discovered some curious facts about the month of August. It was, he says, originally called Sextilis, because it was the sixth month of the Roman year, which began with March. Its name was changed by Augustus Cæsar in honor of himself, as it was the month in which he gained several decisive victories. Harry tells us, moreover, that before the time of Augustus the month contained but thirty days. With the new name another day was added, because the month of July (which, by the way, was named in honor of *Julius* Cæsar) had thirty-one, and the Roman senate was resolved that Augustus should not be behind his illustrious relative in honor. But the most singular fact which Harry divulges, is that, in order to accomplish this addition, a day was stolen from February—the very month of all the twelve that could least afford to lose it! Harry suggests that it was perhaps due, after all, to the selfishness of the Roman emperors that February became the shortest month of the year—who knows?

Newark, N. J., May 3, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: They had a "Spooner's Menagerie" here the other night and made $65.—Yours truly,

HERBERT STANSBURY.

HERE is a right loyal and zealous Bird-defender—a little girl, who sends this letter, and with it a list of more than two hundred and fifty recruits:

Portsmouth, Ohio, May 31, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: On the second day of May, which was Sunday, we had quite a bird-party in our yard, for twelve different kinds came to see us. There were robins, red-birds, blue-birds, flax-birds, chippies, martins, Baltimore-orioles, a small light-brown bird with striped breast, and a large light-brown bird with a white breast, a black one with bright yellow spots on its wings; also a blue and black striped one, which papa said had the motions of a woodpecker; and last, but not the least beautiful, several humming-birds, some with green heads and crests, and one with a scarlet throat. They seemed very happy, hopping and flying around, and we were happy watching them.

We live in the center of the city, which contains 16,000 inhabitants. Now don't you think our having so many birds speaks well for the boys of our place? But fearing some boys might be cruel enough to kill the birds, I thought it would be a good plan to get a list of Bird-defenders. You will find enclosed the names. A few of them are grown people and teachers; one of them, Mr. Lukins, is the superintendent of our public schools. He did not think himself too old to sign his name with the boys and girls.

If any one knows the names of the two brown birds I mentioned, will they please answer in the ST. NICHOLAS? I like your magazine so much, that I wish it would come twice a month.—Yours respectfully,

GRACE HELFENSTEIN (eleven years old).

Albany, N. Y., June 2d, 1875.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like you very much. I would like to join the Bird-defenders. As my little sister was walking in the garden one day she found a dead bird lying upon the grass. She picked it up and we asked the little children next door to the funeral. I have written some poetry about it which I send you. I am just eight years old.

THE DEAD BIRD'S MEMORIAL.

The bird is dead, and at his head
A small head-stone we laid,
And this the lay I have to say:
As it was soaring through the sky
A sportsman with his gun came by.
He raised his gun high in the air
And tried to bring down both the pair,
But only one did fall to the ground,
And that was the one my sister found.
We placed some violets around its grave,
And that was all the flowers we gave.

KITTY H. CHAPMAN.

HERE is a letter which is both seasonable and sensible.

New York, June 6th, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think the gentleman who wrote that nice suggestion, in your last magazine, to the boys, telling them how to spend their vacation, was very kind, and I have no doubt many will thank him when they come home for their pleasant Summer. But why don't he, or some one, tell the girls what to do or where to go? They need some other place than the crowded watering-places and fashionable Summer hotels to brace them up for next Winter's study. A few weeks in some nice, old, quiet farm-house, for instance, where they could go berrying, boating, and perhaps fishing, wear cool calico dresses all the time without fear of being wondered at, and live on real, plain, good old-fashioned food, and, in fact, be real country girls for a while, until they lost their pale cheeks and headaches. A party of six or seven girls, with some kind aunty who was young enough to enjoy the sports, and wise enough to keep them from harm or mischief, could find plenty of nice farms way out in the *real* country, where they could make their home, and a pleasant one too, for the Summer, and just enjoy themselves.

CORA.

Bath, N. H., May 31st, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to know if hawks are to be defended as well as other birds. I take care of our hens and have now thirty-five chickens, and the hawk comes every day and tries to take them; he has taken three already, and I think as chickens are birds they ought to be defended by shooting the hawk.

EDITH CARPENTER.

We agree with you, Edith.

THIS ingenious monogram, invented by Mr. A. Orlich, of New York City, contains all the letters of the alphabet. Can you make them out?

The Bird-defenders will be glad to see this tribute which was paid to their chief in a recent issue of the *Louisville Commercial:*

"Mr. Haskins has really done a most beneficial work by infusing a proper spirit into so many children in reference to this important matter, and by teaching them early how valuable the small birds are to mankind, and what injury their destruction would cause. He is the Bergh of Birds, and they ought to sing his praises in their sweetest strains."

Ohsweken, May 25th, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have long wished to adopt some plan of protecting "birds" from the almost always "dead shot" of our Indian boys. Just as your helping hand reached mine away off here, in the wild woods of Canada, a little Indian boy, named Oh'-na-roukh, was showing me two birds (*jedahun*, as we Indians call them), which he had shot with bow and arrow. He has since decided to head the list of "Bird-defenders," which I enclose, with the meanings of the names, for the entertainment of your little readers.

We shall be proud to have our names published in your very interesting magazine, particularly in such a cause. I am endeavoring to get up an "archery club," so as to guide our aims at a "target" instead of at "birds." If some of your readers will furnish us with "rules" for the management of such a club, they will oblige. Many thanks for the kind influence extended to yours truly,

KA-CHE-JE-WAKS (scattering flowers).

The names sent will be found among the Bird-defenders

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THE following boys and girls have sent in answers to the Rhyming Play, published in the June number: Eliza A. Tompkins, Laura Kendrax, Jessie B. Slack, Cynthia Murdock, Lily M. Hyde, Josie Miner, Julia Barlow, Hattie C. Fernald, Marion Clarke, Sue Ellmaker, Maud King, Jerusha M. Coult, Addie B. Fowell, Kittie H. Hoyte, May Reese, Maude Lapham, Harriet Etting, "Pearl," Amy D. Dunnell, Herbert T. Abrams, Nannie S., Lulu B. Monroe, P. B. Field, Harry Perry, Maggie E. Atkins, "Gypsy Jane," Annie P. Richardson, Sarah L. Parsons, Lillie Newman, Nellie A. Himes, Emma M. Sawyer, Ralph Lane, Mary J. Curtis, Robert H. Beattie, Jr., Hayward Duncan, Edward H. Levis, Nellie F. Blandy, Mattie Morris, Allie H. Smith, Lillie B. Kendall, Bertha Russell, Walter Darrow, Mamie C. Mitchell, Addie Hough, "Albertine and Alice," Minnie Shepard, Mary W. Freeman, Julia Strong, Mary I. Graves, Nellie M. Mack, H. P. Edgett, Carrie Saltus, Grace Collins, Nisba P. Breckinridge, M. G. Higgins, Minnie Howes and Cora Shaw, Fannie Jones, Nellie E. Waterhouse, Reinette C. Ford. Lizzie C. Merrill, Gertrude Weil, May Wolcott, Lillie Hallett, Genevieve L. Hawley, Emmie and Louie Bundy, Marion Butler, Lulu Potter, Guilliam A. Wells, Jennie E. White, Jessie Maxwell, Mary Billin, Olive Anne Freret, Sarah C. Lord, Samuel K. Pitman, Nellie Marsh and Edith Kline, Malone Gibson, Ella R. King, Florence Palmer, Jessie Field, Wallie Hayden, Daisy H., "Lily," Bessie L. Cary, Josie Willis, Belle and Jennie Noyes, Marcia A. Lamphier, Edward A. Woods, Ethel G. Emery, Hattie F. Blackford, Alice M. Hyde, Elsie Nichols, Charles Henry Faulkner, Lillie D. Howe, Perlee and Isabel Rieman, Willie K. Vezin, Paul E. W., Grace Helfenstein, Mrs. S. S. Hunter, "Grace," Gertie B. Adams, Lena A., Rosy Howard, Edith M. Darrack, and Annie F. Neill.

BIRD-DEFENDERS.

HERE is a second supplement to the "Grand Muster-Roll" of the Bird-defenders:

First of all, is this long list from Ohio, sent by Grace Helfenstein: Grace Helfenstein, Lydia Knowles, Caroline Eppler, Edward Russell, Lillie A. Mullin, Nellie L. Fawn, John R. Baker, Effie Julian, Stephen Smith, Charles Wagner, Louisa Daum, Fanny Brown, Philip Klingman, James Rumsey, John Jones, Thomas Dunn, Jessie Barber, Lucy Miller, Jennie Callow, Chas. Levi, Daniel Otenburgh, Frank Myers, Geo. Marting, Jessie Millar, William Emmett, Cora Williams, Emma Hey, Solomon Levi, Charles Byers, Frank Crain, John Dice, George Beumler, Harry Hutchins, Laurence Neudorfer, Willie Lodwick, Alfred Doerr, Lucy Ware, Harry Ware, Anna McIntyre, Emma Raugh, Fannie Bali, Mary Drake, Isaac Bryant, Etta Coffrin, Hattie Young, Ella Cross, Susie Watson, Charles Hard, Emma Zottmann, Sallie Reilly, Addie Kendall, Alice Folsom, Jennie Swift, Willie Calder, David Edwards, Edward Herms, Charles McCloud, Daily Webb, Lizzie Webb, Frank Dudnit, Frank Losee, Ella Blomeyer, Charles Salsbury, Mark Muggeridge, Herbert Montgomery, Ella Evans, Sallie Connell, Willie Connell, Stella Folsom, Anna Connell, Nellie Moulster, Willie Reed, Edward Purcell, Harry Hibbs, Willie Ware, Andrew Hook, Thomas Royse, James Cook, Julius Seeberger, Samuel Harper, Samuel Palmer, Hallie Wilson, Thos. Williams, Lizzie Johnston, Jennie Sheppard, Grace Cotton, Louie Darcy, Sallie Steed, Mattie Williamson, Annie Brunner, Belle Graham, Blanche Pyne, Louise Doerr, Annie Zehner, Nellie Findlay, Eliza Williams, Annie Nelson, Annie Appel, Annie Baesler, Rosa Reiniger, Annie Rauck, Catharine Harris, Hattie Dennison, Mary Baker, Mary Bishop, Mary Graham, Clara Martin, Martin Edwards, Sallie Myers, Ida Russell, Alice Hayes, Maude Foster, Louise Foster, Joseph F. Lukins, Bettie Hall, Daniel R. Spry, Theresa Spry, Richard Spry, Etta Tolley, Wm. Sutherland, Guilford Heaton, Lydia Rogers, John Redepenning, Thomas Purcell, Katie Brand, Jessie McConnell, Luly Gates, Edward Bender, Frederick Kalb, Louie Conway, Charles Wymer, Chase Conway, Carrie Cramer, Edward Leopold, Hattie Shipman, Minnie Green, Lizzie Towse, Kate Simpson, Mattie Wheeler, Mary Brodbeck, Mary Cook, May Wilson, Sallie Adams, Minnie Reed, Florence Hughes, Mary Appel, Henry Klingman, William Burt, Fanny Edwards, Tillie Grassman, Mary Russell, Clara Cook, Jennie Lynn, John Kehoe, Harry Ball, Wm. Bolles, Wm. Harper, Luther Miller, Phelps Leete, Ernest Kehoe, Charles Brown, Frank Vincent, William Clemens, Harry Vincent, Philip Young, Evan Harris, Bertie Hughes, Samuel Silber, Oliver Royse, Thomas Phillips, Wm Woods, Daniel Koegle, Robt. Baker, Isaac Levi, Richard Maddock, Louie Murray, Francis Barber, Floyd Knowles, Geo. Hummel, August Kehrer, Maggie Houston, Alice Brodbeck, Clarence Gilson, Samuel Timmonds, Elijah Noel, Louisa Spry, Jennie Spry, Fannie Spry, Mary Murray, Roberta Spry, B. Inez Spry, Thomasin Pursell, Mary Pursell, Tamzin Pursell, T. J. Pursell, A. Myers, Hattie Palmer, Mary Maklem, Jennie Silber, Alice Colborn, Rossie Brouse, Gracie Hibbs, Nettie Gharkey, Carrie Oldfield, Phillipina Stoll, Fannie Ludgate, Bettie Silber, Wm. Graham, Alice Wiley, Alice Neal, Samuel McConnell, Anna Widmer, Henry Buechler, James Lynn, Raphael Moore, Chas. Bradford, George Wydmer, Anna Horr, Ida Powers, Elizabeth Spry, Cecilia Rogers, Geo. W. Helfenstein, Fanny Helfenstein, Anna McGinley, Amanda McGinley, Mary Cotton, Katie Cotton, A. B. Richardson, M. S. Cotton, D. B. Cotton, Ethel Cotton, Richard Kricker, Owen Kerrigan, Julia Quirk, Ella Mindego, Nellie O'Connor, Mary Barrett, John Lemones, Tate Prendergast, Jas. Dunn, Thomas O'Connor, Gotleib Brunner, Oliver Prediger, Willis Grubb, Frank Emmett, John Bishop, Joseph Sheppard, George Reinfrank, Henry Leichner, George Wymer, Louis Keller, William Clossman, William Daum, Lena Dunham, Helen Owens. Wm. Baker, Peter Jahraus, Kinney Hall, Clifton Marquette, Stephen Bishop, Thomas Smith, Thomas Burt, Walter Burt, and Frank Hook.

Then comes Kittie Hoyte, of Aurora, Illinois, with one hundred and thirty more: Kittie Hoyte, Mirta Smith, Eddie Austin, Asa Holcomb, Libbie Buck, Jessie Perrigo, Gerty Smith, Effie Barrett, Oscar Betting, Ella Gilbert, Louisa Edwards, Ruth Shepard, Lyda Young, Maggie Quinn, Lizzie Hoyte, Gerty Van Liew, Louis Van Liew, Charles Clark, Harriet Hoyte, Charles Van Liew, Mary Ames, Effie Watson, Hattie Lindsley, Willie Lindsley, Nellie Loomis, John Ashford, Hattie Gardner, Emma Gardner, John Gardner, Eddie Gardner, Harriet Ball, Carlie Austin, Annie Austin, Hattie Van Leshen, Jessie Loomis, John Loomis, Ella Paxton, Sarah Paxton, Thompson Paxton, Jennie Paxton, Sarah Pritchard, Elotia Pritchard, Maud Powell, James Schick, John McSherry, Louisa Riley, Ellen Riley, Katie Riley, Helen Van Liew, Dr. Van Liew, Lulu Blakesley, Harry Blakesley, Fanny Rosier, Ella Powell, Mabel White, Edith Culver, Gussie Somarndyck, Ida Miller, Mamie Hill, Josie Bonguher, Carrie Glaspie, Minnie Pierce, May Pierce, Ollie Pierce, Jennie Freeland, Leola Boyce, Minnie Blakesley, Dora Wolfort, Flora Wolfort, Louisa Wolfort, Katie Long, Louise Schicker, Anna Beers, Emma Lackner, Anna Breed, Minnie Gruber, Louie Hopps, Minnie Mason, Emma Stauss, Maggie Diernener, Mary Little, Emma Wilde, Mary Loomis, Mary Murphy, May Stewart, Irvin Hopps, Lyda Denney, Willie Pierce, Arthur Holmes, Wilber Hattery, Frank Winton, Bertha Heas, Allie Breman, Cornelia Stadler, Jennie Brennen, Angie Reicherty, Frank Plumner, Charlie Kellogg, Harry Goldsmith, Martin Jenkens, Florence Poole, Linda Ross, Ella Walrath, Mamie Wingate, Minnie Leedorf, Nettie Chase, Jennie Puffer, Ida Cox, Lillie Ward, Clara Weldon, Liddie Zeegler, Kittie Affans, Charlie Clatton, Etta Clark, Susy Rice, James Freeman, Etta Tannery, Fannie Mason, Albert Ansel, Henry Battenschlag, Freda Lohn, Albert Lohn, Emil Lohn, Willis Ansel, Emma Lohn, Frederika Ansel, Nicholas Eresch, and Peter Eresch.

Next we have this long list of Washington boys and girls, sent by "Katinka": Emma Scott, Julia Quantrille, Freda H. Thomas, Lilian F. Chancey, Lizzie McMurray, Florence Bartlette, Susie B. Brown, Ella M. Arnold, Cora Dennison, Lizzie S. Nichols, Cora Robertson, Florence M. Bamberger, M. Lizzie Ferguson, Mary Augusta Scott, Julia Helen Scott, Emma L. Bond, Arthur F. Stetson, Mollie E. Bond, Perdita Altschuh, Flora Ball, Mamie Cooke, Walter Boyce, Fred Griffith, Jedediah Gittings, William Baxter, Arthur May, Willie Crabs Cohen, Herbert Perley, Clarence Trevitt, Redmond Walsh, Perry Terrapin, Wallace Woodward, Mamie White, Sallie Daniel, Lillie Trevitt, Hernie Morsell, Katie Malone, Henry Kimball, Fannie Carroll, D. P. Foley, Louis Wells, W. F. McFarland, Annie H. Cavise, H. Oldes, Alice Faulkner, Anna Moore, Fred B. Nichols, A. B Robertson, W. W. Dodge, Alfred Hovey, Belle Carroll, Mary Cunningham, Sydney Smith, Willard Bamberger, Hattie Winter, Charles E. Thomas, Annie Chesney, Maggie McCleary, Jennie Burr, Perry Turpin, Chas. Chesney, Charlie P. G. Scott, Fred Thomas, Annie Wells, Thropp Wells, George Meredith, Maud Jamieson, James Neil, Thomas Johnson, Richard McIntyre, Amos O. Mauck, Frank Fesler, John McElheny, Lucien Mayhew, Frank Mayhew, Harry C. Davis, Florence Clark, Clarence Clark, Theodore Tracy, Joseph C. Forse, Antony Vincent, and Victor Emmanuel Stinemetz.

Willie H. McCulloch, of Peoria, Ill. (and only eight years old), sends this long list: Willie Herron McCulloch, Louie Schwabacher, Edward McMackin, James Robinson, Harry Law, Jake Mittner,

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James White, Daniel Elderkin, Charles Piper, Ernest McHenry, Ralph Helm, Willie Helm, Robert Boehlke, Bennie Chase, Frank Dailey, Dick Weise, Gussie Elsey, Frank Roughenborg, Willie Scoville, George Osborne, Isa Schradski, Walter Allison, Pierre Tyng, Eddie Waugh, Harry Mason, Howard Allison, Philip Tyng, Mary H. McCulloch, Mary Culver, Minnie Young, Dollie Doty, Mattie Hudson, Jennie Barlow, Emma Chase, Georgia Scoville, Emma Korsoski, Birdie Elder, Jennie Fletcher, Minnie Gebhardt, Lida Everhard, Mamie Flagg, Annie Frazee, Nellie Zindle, Harriet Radcliffe, Nellie Henry, Ollie Coffey, Laura Riesz, Hattie Wheeler, Emma Hudson, Annie Black, Lena Mittner, Edith Hauerman, Minnie Black, Lottie Eisenhauer, Bettie Rust, Grace Frye, Maud Ellis, Katie Roughenborg, Rosa Palmborg, Mamie Everhard, and Maud Dredge.

Marion Keene, of Thomaston, Maine, sends this list: Charles Creighton, Elias Clark, Clara Mason, Brownie Mason, Carrie Jordan, Annie Waldo, Emma Counce, Carrie Counce, Jennie Burgess, Eda Mills, Annie Henderson, Louisa Watts, Frances Richardson, Maggie Moody, Willie Moody, Charlie Hatch, De Witt Chase, Alice Mathews, Annie Cooper, Aggie Miller, Alice Watts, Willie J. Watts, Willy Watts, Ella Watts, Henry Starr, Emma Barrett, Minnie Palmer, Emma Maxey, Flora Killeran, Sadie Sumner, Jennie Jacobs, Nettie Dockham, Ida Thomas, Joseph McFarland, Lizzie Dinsmore, Willie Hoofses, Stella Trowbridge, Roxie Young, Carrie Catland, Cora Strong, Etha Flagg, Myra Parker, Clara Copeland, Maggie Sullivan, Willie Gray, Otis Mitchell, Frank Hills, and Marion Keene.

Bertha Schenck, of Middletown, Ohio, sends this list: Bertha Schenck, Rosa Newman, Nellie Newman, Mary Knox, Lou Jones, Annie Jones, Nettie Weitzell, Clara Bamitz, Sarah Thompson, May McCallay, Clara Intzi, Maggie Taber, Katie Bridge, Nettie Langdon, Elsie Barber, Abby Barber, Christine Shartle, M. J. La Tourette, L. M. Merridith, A. C. Tyler, L. H. Lynch, Ella Wicoff, Anna McAdams, Mary Kline, Louette Kline, Katie Oterbin, Anna Oterbin, Anna Long, Minnie Long, Katie Pfieffer, Susie J. Howell, Sallie Mirtland, J. S. Mitchell, Katie Greter, George Sutterer, Laura A. Barber, Ida Millar, Lucy Smith, Lizzy Smith, Sarah A. Meller, Sarah Kline, Dora Swinck, May Wolly, Annie Stien, Andrew Kline, Jettie Goldman, Anna Winton, and Alice Winton.

M. Adele Kretsinger, of Fort Madison, Iowa, sends this list: Carrie Kelly, Josie Kelly, Charlie Miller, Lizzie Layton, Maggie Layton, Florence Gibbs, Vallie Smith, Emesee Stamar, Willie Angear, Susie Wilde, Emma Wilde, Henry Benett, John Wilmesmier, Austin Stempel, Guida Stempel, Zade Hale, Hallie Wright, Charlie Wright, Eddie Semple, John Gerard, Robert Price, Sandy Price, John Price, Eddie Holland, Christopher Stooky, Lorena Woodward, Ruth Woodward, Minnie Smith, Mattie Smith, Frank Hale, Minnie Ottomeyer, Cyddie Albright, Ella Pollard, Willie Coleman, Bennie Campbell, Ada Smith, Caddie Woods, Dick Campbell, Frank Woods, Bennie G. Albright, Robbie Case, Willie Blackburn, Louis Montandan, Eddie Roberts, and M. Adele Kretsinger.

Charlie P. Knapp, of Deposit, N. Y., sends this list: Charlie P. Knapp, Ella K. Stow, Anna W. Ford, Flora A. Smeallie, James Coffin, A. Ward Ford, Lillie Edick, Clintie Minor, Sadie E. Ford, Elvira B. Clark, George W. Wheeler, Belle Hadley, Nettie B. Van Schoyk, L. Florence Smith, Alice Van Schoyk, Cornelius E. Scott, Belle Derroney, Mary Persons, Hattie E. C. Smeallie, Lura E. Brown, Lulie B. Hanford, Frankie J. Hanford, Jessie G. Ells, Anna B. McKean, Vera Vail, Ida J. Dean, Kate M. McKean, Marietta McKean, Bet Evans, Nellie Wetmore, Freddie Wetmore, Edward D. Hadley, Mrs. J. C. Downs, Julia M. Hanford, Maggie Seymour, and Percy Knapp.

Lucy T. Rogers, of Williamson, sends a list: Lizzie M. Vaughn, Ella W. Bennett, Irena French, Hattie E. Rogers, Jennie Bursie, Lily Hinolf, Jennie Thompson, Hattie Fuller, Julia Pugsley, Addie Seely, Mary Eaton, Holace Johnson, George Thompson, Howard Thompson, Abram Stark, Adelbert Pelky, Jimmie Pelky, Andrew Bown, Freddie Bennett, Gussie Bennett, Orrie Bishop, Isaac Masdey, Frank Otere, Johnnie Otere, Willie F. Rogers, Jennie McIntyre, B. F. Fowler, W. Sutton, R. Parkhill, M. E. Parkhill, M. L. Pound, Hattie E. Bosworth, George Pugsley, Charlie Fuller, Clark Fuller, Johnnie Olmstead, Barlow Thompson, Eddie Desselter, Charlie Desselter, and Willie Bennett.

Jennie M. Hoag, Wilson Hoag, and Gertie S. Weller, of Meadsville, send these names: Robbie C. Bole, Geo. H. Groot, Norrman W. Johnston, Charlie Philips, Artie Officer, Freddie McCarston, Ernie Pond, Bertie Pond, Harrie Brooks, Dudley Bemos, Johnnie Reynolds, Harrie Dunbarr, Leon Saeger, Charley Hollester, Tommy Derickson, Cornie Derickson, Wiley McFarland, Carrie Wires, Evra A. Groot, Nina White, Blanch Davenport, Jennie C. Officer, Gertie H. Officer, Florence E. Officer, Annie B. Hope, Emma L. Johnston, Julie Steward, Clara Johnson, Cora Johnson, Lizzie Harfison, Gertie Compton, Cora Clark, Bessie Clark, Carrie Odell, Maggie McFarland, Aggie Miller, and Anna Hollister.

Carrie G. Tobey, of Walpole, New Hampshire, sends this list: Carrie G. Tobey, Mary A. Tobey, Emilie D. Huntley, Grace M. Brown, Nettie Brown, Lizzie Drislan, Minnie Gates, Hattie Pierce, Carrie A. Perry, Mabel A. Porter, Ada Holland, Jimmie M. Holland, Bessie Seabury, Nora Driscol, Lou B. Hayward, Blanche Bellows, Annie Short, Johnnie Porter, Johnny Hale, Eddie S. Bates, Mary G. Bates, Bart Kinery, Connie Harty, Willie Hooper, Warren Colburn, Elias Putnam, Geo. Faulkner, Charles Hinds, Fred Booth, Harry Newton, Nellie Farnsworth, Lizzie M. Brown, and Emma Booth.

Walter Hayden, of Chardon, Ohio, sends this list: Forest Stone, Nelson Sanger, John Hardaker, Frank Canfield, Merrick Pease, Mortie Eldredge, Hallie Smith, Lizzie Parmelee, Carrie Waters, Ida Sanger, Delia Berichon, Florrie Avery, Mattie Maynard, Mamie Bodman, Lucinda Burnet, Wallie Hayden, Anna Hayden, Walter Ryder, Dannie King, Henry Stimson, Dickie Denton, Sherman Skinner, Wallie Sweeney, Lizzie Marsh, Lizzie Waters, Lizzie Ryder, Jennie McBride, Dellie Canfield, Maggie Baptie, Winnie Hollis, and Ettie Eldredge.

Leslie L. White, of Schuyler, Neb., sends this list: Cora White, Bertie White, Naomi Benn, Walter Benn, Warren Benn, May Benn, Della Benn, Edgar Van Housen, Alvan Van Housen, Ernest Newell, Andrew Newell, Clara Newell, Carrie Ploss, Burt Ploss, Giles Ploss, Anson Van Housen, Oliver Van Housen, Frank Wheeler, Sidney Wheeler, Annie Wheeler, Harry Wheeler, Ella Wolford, James Wolford, Frank Thompson, Lill Thompson, George Fisher, and Leslie L. White.

"Aunt Annie," of Perham, N. H., sends this list: Mary E. Richardson, Lizzie M. Marsh, Alice M. Greeley, Edith N. Spear, Alice M. Barnes, Mamie F. Barnes, Maggie A. Lee, Abbie J. Lee, Annie M. Lee, Katie F. Lee, Gertie H. Hillman, Willie Coburn, Jennie M. Thompson, Louisa Jones, Lucie E. Chaplin, George E. Richardson, Chas. E. Stacey, Edward Donovan, Stephen B. Donovan, Arthur Butler, Arthur McQuestion, Harry H. Spear, and Tommy W. Lee.

Nettie M. Van Ness, of Rising Sun, Indiana, sends this list: Ella V. Latham, Julia Latham, Fannie Rabb, Alice Miller, Anna Beaty, Lette Rabb, Emma Buchanan, Susie McAdaus, Emma Cruger, Carrie Hall, Allie Clement, Mary Parker, Lena A. Parker, Maggie Matson, Lillie Smith, Jennie Dodd, Luella C. Moore, Nannie Jones, Mary Dorrel, George Hall, Eddie McKain, Eddie B. Kittle, Gracie V. Van Ness, Tom C. Van Ness, and Nettie M. Van Ness.

Clara Hurd, of Oneida, N. Y., sends this list: Augusta W. Hitter, Lillie A. Lawrence, Hattie L. Murty, Mary Archambeault, Maggie Merrill, Louise L. Hubbard, Anna Carter, Minnie M. Stafford, Kittie E. Jacobs, Ella J. Bates, Lola E. Wiles, Lizzie Goodenow, Lillie F. Merrill, Jennie E. Seely, Emma A. Crawford, Carrie E. Hopkins, Louise J. Walrath, George B. Hitchcock, Harry Klock, Nettie Hurd, and Clara Hurd.

Emma Noble, of Cresco, Iowa, sends this list: Emma M. Noble, Lizzie V. Weston, Corrie J. Doolittle, Eva R. Doolittle, George M. Doolittle, Gerty S. Stone, Willie Stone, Martha A. Brierley, Mary E. Brierley, Willie E. Brierley, Benny Brierley, Sarah C. Beaty, Lucy B. Beaty, Wallar D. Beaty, Alanson C. Noble, Howard D. Noble, Freddy F. Jones, Lena M. Mackon, Christian F. Mackon, Anton C. Mackon, and Peter M. Mackon.

Minnie M. Titus, of Brooklyn, sends this list: Josephine Wood, Minnie M. Titus, Rita Hardie, Nellie Usher, Florence Belcher, Blanche Alexander, Lena M. Fahys, Edith S. Sackett, Jennie F. Littell, Mattie Churchman, Louie B. Cromwell, Isabel Matheson, Fannie R. Brown, Mollie E. Miller, Mary L. Foster, Marion A. Coombs, Blanche D. Small, Hortense Small, Charles Seaton, and William C. Burling.

Fannie P. Toulmin, of Northumberland, Pa., sends the following names: Annie G. Kapp, Helen F. Withington, Mary R. Forsyth, Annie S. Heck, Ida B. Weaver, Hannah C. Taggart, Frances H. Withington, Jennie S. Renninger, Jennie B. Priestley, May D. Vincent, Beckie S. Bird, Harry Toulmin, George Linvill, James Taggart, Priestley Toulmin, Fannie E. Yocum, Carrie B. Simpson, Fannie P. Toulmin, and C. C. Partridge.

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Anita L. Futhey, of West Chester, Penn., sends this list: Flora Hewes, Bessie Dillingham, Anita L. Futhey, Bertha Lee, Harry Dillingham, Bunnie Dillingham, Howard F. Brinton, Ernest Taylor, Lucy Huddleson, Nora Huddleson, Emily Brady, Lillie Brady, Archie O'Brian, Canfield Jones, Willie Kirk, Lucy Kirk, Mabel James, Ellie Evans, Jennie Huddle, and Conway Dillingham.

Bertha E. Saltmarsh, of Knoxville, Tenn., sends this list: Ella D. Swan, Mallie M. Ross, Carrie Y. M. Galbraith, Bettie S. Park, Neva Sheppard, Lillie Mitchell, Fanny Hough, Mary Cowan, Sallie Scales, Ada Hackell, Blanch Caldwell, Lena Galbraith, Mary Peabody, Ernest Peabody, Mrs. Mary A. Richardson, Miss Helen Baily, and Miss Louisa Guyaz.

John K. Bangs sends this list: John K. Bangs, Wm. N. Bangs, Harry Townsend, David S. Ferris, Clifford Smith, Taber Knox, E. G. Dumahaut, W. Goadby, George Young, Frank Lawrence, Edgar Hall Laing, Conde R. Thorn, C. H. Whitlock, Augustine Smith, Ambrose D. Henry, Harry Wilson, Willie Heydecker, John Lawrence, W. B Merrall, and E. M. Young

This list of Bird-defenders comes to us from New Germantown, N. J.: Edith Honeyman, Robbie Honeyman, P. Depue Honeyman, Nora McCrea, Willie McCrea, Jennie McCrea, Emma Tiger, Addie Melick, Dora Melick, Annie Melick, Emma Melick, Lottie Melick, Laura Miller, Annie Craig, Minnie Bonnell, Emma Biebigheiyer, Alice Opdyke, Mary Kinkle, and Laura Emmons.

John W. Noble, of Hempstead, L. I., sends this list: John W. Noble, Manuel Castanos, S. V. V. Hoffman, George B. Cortelyou, Alfred W. Withers, Felix Tanco, Frank Tanco, Braulio Garcia, Manning Light, W. H. Brinkerhoff, Jordan L. Demarest, Frank Demarest, Edmund O. Wieters, Otto F. Wieters, John F. Wieters, Ben. W. Martin, and Jessie Hinds.

Geo. F. Wanger, of Pottstown, sends this list: Beckie Fregh, Mary Reinard, R. P. Wanger, Lavinia Souders, Mialma Tyson, Idaline Strunk, Maggie Amole, Ada Grubb, Laura Shaner, Stevie Kerper. Wm. Rader, Joseph P. Wanger, Emmie L. Irwin, Rodger Spiese, Elner Shaner, Julia Strunk, and Maggie J. Shaner.

Bessie S. Lemon, of Barre, Mass., sends this list: Sarah H. Lemon, Mary F. Hawes, Kittie P. Babbitt, Helen S. Brigham, Bessie S. Lemon, Abbie Howard, May C. Johnson, Susy D. Rice, Lizzie M. Johnson, Carrie Howard, Nellie M. Rice, Mabel Howard, Emma Hawes, Ellen S. Rice, and Bessie Lemon.

Klyda Richardson, of Trenton, N. J., sends this list: Mary S. Cook, William G. Cook, Ferdinand R. Skirm, Benjamin C. Skirm, Richard C. Cook, Geo. E. Kraft, Sarah R. Belville, Robert C. Belville, Jas. Oliphants, Florence Brearley, Albert W. Moore, and Theo. G. Dickinson.

Meta Gage, of Sycamore, Ill., sends this list: Cora Black, Katie De Graff, Minnie Waite, Nellie Robinson, Mattie Cook, Jessie Shurtleff, Ada Sawyer, Sadie Lattin, Nettie Babcock, Nellie Quinn, Lizzie Langhorn, Anna Stringfellow, Louisa Buck, Ella Seacord, May Seacord, Clara Anderson, and Amanda Brown.

Jessie Meeker, of Brooklyn, sends the following list: Jessie M. Meeker, Julia A. Meeker, Frank H. Meeker, Will Leverich, Emma Lynan, George Goodwin, Alice M. Thackray, Millie Bynner, Nellie Wattles, Frank Hatchins, Addie Ferguson, and North McLean.

Phebe Snowden, of Freeport, Pa., sends this list: Phebe C. Snowden, Belle A. Ralston, Otho R. Gillespie, Annie C. Heck, Laura R. Shoop, Ella A. Redpath, Sallie E. Fullerton, Lizzie Shoop, Robert R. Shoop, Wm. Shoop, John D. Snowden, and Freddie H. Heck.

Lyman B. Garfield, of Jersey City, sends this list: Lyman B. Garfield, Charlie Mason, Charlie Lyons, Charlie Dall, Harry Lyons, C. L. Garfield, E. A. Bouton, M. R. Bouton, Joseph Brosnan, Leonard Orr, and Seward Williams.

Rosie Draper, of Washington, D. C., sends this list: Minnie Moore, May Owen, and Rosie Draper, of Washington, D. C.; and Ida Culbreth, Neta Walker, Rose Verdon, Hallie Pennervill, Emma Fowler, Kate Denny, and Jennie Knight, of Dover, Del.

Aura L. Harwood sends this list: Molly Pendergrass, Ella Townsend, Sarah Townsend, Pauline Patton, Julia Patton, Alice Trace, Addie Trace, Annie Graves, Laura Campbell, Mamie Campbell, Georgie Jones, and Beatrice Dixon.

Ethel and Madeleine Ristori, of New York, send this list: May R. Quackenboss, Madeleine D. Ristori, Ethel E. Ristori, Julia E. Nicholson, Lily Davenport, Frank W. Warrington, Harry L. Warrington, and Fred Frothingham.

Bell H. Harwood sends this list: Alice E. Hodson, Nelly M. Conner, Ella Calkins, Maggie L. Conner, Agnes E. Harwood, Eddy C. Harwood, Bessie Calkins, and Alice Libby.

George Matthews, of Olney, Ill., sends this list: George Matthews, Luciene Wilson, Sallie Wilson, Maggie Wilson, Edna Watson, Lena Watson, Mary Watson, Gus Louis, Rob Louis, Della Louis, and Josie Louis.

Clara May King, of Syracuse, N. Y., sends this list: Clara Ellis Beach, Edith Rust, Louisa C. Williams, Katie Williams, Lily Burdick, Jennie Marsh, Maggie Seal, Frances McDougall, and Clara May King.

Gussie S Woodruff, of Hamilton, N. Y., sends this list: May Montgomery, Anna Butterfield, Alta A. Root, Zoe N. Wickwire, Gennie Wilcox, Frank Bright, Willie Montgomery, and Gussie S. Woodruff.

Nettie J. Griswold, of Le Roy, sends this list: Effie M. Bannister, Lucinda E. Bannister, Mary C. Bannister, Carl Bannister, Dwight Bannister, Willard Frisby, John Newan, and Paul Griswold.

Julia Elliott, of Indianapolis, sends this list: Lizzie Rady, Jo Hex, Minnie Coffin, Carrie Coffin, Harry Onwee, Lulu Onwee, and Julia Harlow.

George C. Phillips, of Philadelphia, sends this list: Rebecca Betts, Ryland W. Phillips, Howard M. Phillips, Bessie G. Marot, Mary Marot, Kate M. Phillips, and George C. Phillips.

Aubrey Geddes, of Mansfield, Ohio, sends these names: Hughie E. King, Jerry Settlemyer, Willie Shamp, Burr Geddes, and Aubrey Geddes.

Hattie Roberts, of Rahway, N. J., sends a few names: Henry Terrill, Carrie Terrill, Joe Cheyney, Marianna Cheyney, Rebie Roberts, and Hattie Roberts.

Marie Sieboth, of Utica, N. Y., sends the following list: Mamie Walker, Nellie Sherwood, Jennie Burnop, Nellie Palmer, Alfred Sieboth, and Marie Sieboth.

Blanche Lintz, of Rochefort, Mo., sends this list: Ella Blanche Morgan, G. Montgomery Lintz, W. Alphonso Lintz, and Effie Morgan.

Helen Lukens and Carrie Glosser send these names: Carrie H. Glosser, Annie M. Glosser, J. Frank Glosser, Ettie W. McVaugh, Ida McVaugh, and Helen M. Lukens.

George Foran, of Stratford, Conn., sends us with this letter the names of four Chinese boys, who wish to join the Bird-defenders, and whom the army is glad to welcome:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There are four Chinese boys at my school, and when I asked them if they would join the army of Bird-defenders, and explained what it was, they were very glad to. Their names are Tsoor-Kih-Fooh, Tseen-Wan-River, Sin-Kia-Shu, and Khong-Kang-Ling. I myself am one too.—Yours truly, GEO. FORAN.

Here is the list of Indian Bird-defenders referred to in another column: Ah'-na-ronkh (Henry), Lo-le-ho'-wa-na (opening in the sky), Sat-e-gah-runkh'-his (row of trees, all same height), Tah-rough-yo'-ris, and Funh-tyuh-quah-no'-roungh (precious or select company).

Besides the above lists, the following names have been received: Arthur Fairbanks, Robert N. Fairbanks, May E. Chandlee, Mamie T. Chapman, Kitty A. Loomis, Jessie L. Randall, Charlie Sidebotham, Willie Sidebotham, George Morrison, Edmund Dixon, Mamie A. Reese, Wm. H. Willis, Jr., Livingstone Wetmore, Maria Carroll, Nettie P. Butler, Lottie L. Butler, Charles B. Clemens, Phebe A. Earl, Ella J. Bowman, Joanna B. Howell, Carrie Palmer, Anna M. Reed, Luella M. Palmer, Mary J. Curtis, Lafra D. Haines, Edward H. Levis, Olive Anne Freret, Fanny Salkeld Freret, Carrie Salkeld Freret, George Clinton Clarke, Florence Clarke, Marion Clarke, Edward A. Woods, Charles A. Woods, Lawrence C. Woods, Eddie W. Donahue, George Pierce, Freddy W. Donahue, Fred A. Pratt, John S. Pratt, Harry W. Wheeler, Johnnie Allen, Emily Allen and Julia Allen, Lizzie Platt, May Hudson, Richard Hudson, Sarah Gallett, Anna Gallett Harry Gallett, Violet Crane, Richard Crane, Annie C. Ray, Addie E. Williams, James Scott, M. S. Christian, Gertrude Phipps, A. Phipps, Wilbur C. Lamphier, Marcia A. Lamphier, Caroline Gauvain, Marie Marchand, Daisy Ella Austermell, Lewie Austermell, Greenie Barnett, James B. Thompson, Belle Noyes, Jennie Noyes, Maud Miner, Josie Miner, Duane Bowles, Josie M. Bowles, Nellie A. Himes, Winthrop Webster Sargeant, Nisba P. Breckinridge, Katherine Pyle, Robert T. Taylor, Susie L. Westermann, C. A. Hanna, Rachel V. Bennett, James M. Hunter, Addie H. Heugh, C. S. Ricke, Jr., John Augustus Hunneman, Charlie Robbins, Florence Palmer, Josie Willis, Edgar P. Mott, Bessie L. Cary, A J. Kirkland, Harriet Elling, Florence Dike Wiley, Willie A. O. Paul, Edith Gallaudet, William A. Wells, Marion Butler, R. Woodcock, Emma Bundy, Louie Bundy, R. D.

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Mohun, Robbie M. Fullerton, Mary Otis Gay, Eugene S. Ashton, Ethel G. Emery, Willie B. Shute, William H. A. Hall, Lillie Hallet, Hattie Partridge, May Wolcott, Albert C. Tufts, Gertrude Weil, Elna P. Hunt, Norra Abbott, Alice T. Walker, Lizzie C. Merrill, Herbert A. Shute, Abby E. Richards, Hattie C. Fernald.

MUSIC RECEIVED.

Friendship's Gift. A collection of popular pieces, simplified by E. Mack.

You Never Miss the Water (Howard). *You and You*, waltzes (Strauss). Both simplified; the last very pretty.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

LINEADUCTIONS.

1. I AM a narrow street; draw a downward line from a certain letter, and I become disabled. 2. I am sound in mind; draw a line, and I become identical. 3. I am the inhabitant of a peninsula near Norway; draw a line, and I become an old woman. B. A. S.

CHARADE, No. 1.

To be my first is misfortune dire;
To be my second many desire;
To be ready, boys, for every tussle,
Use my whole and increase in muscle.
A. O'N.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—Rivers.

1. IT was sad to see —— —— the peace of a whole village on the ——. 2. I watched the wood-cutter take, as he plodded —— —— —— unfrequented path on the shore of the ——. 3. He sounded the —— with lead and ——. 4. Wild fruit —— on the banks of the ——. 5. The —— pursued their prey to the banks of the ——. 6. She looked from her —— window upon the beautiful banks of the ——. 7. —— —— —— pleasant walks on the wild shores of the ——. 8. A tall —— stalked along the bank of the ——. 9. I watched —— —— their boat rocked on the ——. 10. I —— —— the waters of the —— a perfect image of the trees on its margin. B.

HIDDEN BIRDS.

1. THE name of a great hero never dies. 2. I met Rob in the city of New York. 3. He saw a Turk eying her from his seat. 4. The fine house that I saw in Boston is now rented to a lady of great wealth. S. L. B.

ENIGMA.

I AM composed of thirty-one letters. My 1, 14, 8, 11, 18, 3 is an esculent vegetable. My 6, 12, 19, 24, 15, 7 is a city in Greece. My 1, 11, 5, 9, 17 is a city in France. My 26, 2, 13, 10, 3, 4, 14 is a river in South America. My 25, 29, 27, 20 is a musical instrument. My 11, 2, 16, 21, 22, 30, 31, 28, 23, 4 is something we all should understand. My whole is an old saying. N. D. C.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. To undermine. 3. A bird. 4. An implement for writing. 5. A consonant. T. W.

RIDDLE.

I AM taller than a man,
And less than a child;
I am bitter and I am sweet,
Civilized and wild.

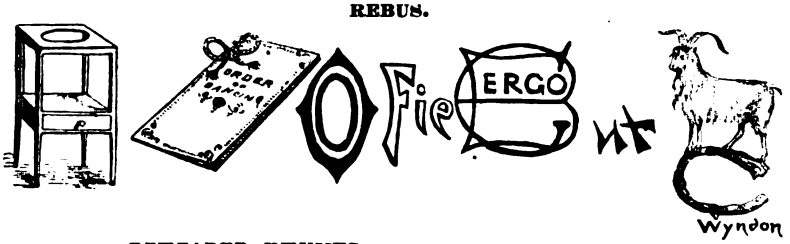
You may meet me on the mountains,
Very much at home,
And in the street and on the sea,
For I dearly love to roam.

Where you leave me in December,
You will find me in June;
You may wed me in the morning,
And eat me at noon. JENNY DARE.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. MODERATELY warm. 2. To make proud. 3. A vessel on which the consecrated bread is placed. 4. Articles. 5. Close. NAUTICUS.

REBUS.



BEHEADED RIVERS.

1. BEHEAD a river and get a preposition. 2. Another, and get a girl's name. 3. Another, and get a boy's nickname. 4. Another, and get a fine whetstone. 5. Another, and get a very wise man. 6. Another, and you will "strike ile." B. M. E.

BEHEADED RHYMES.

WHY will you cause me thus to ——
And leave my heart a prey to ——
One little word might heal?
If in your simple presence ——
No other single favor ——
What rapture should I feel!

Ah! 't is the old deceptive ——
One's simple presence should be —— .
To heal another's grief;
If vows so slender should be ——
I think the little flame thus ——
Would prove a short relief. J. P. B.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. 1.

THE finals and primals form the names of two wild animals. 1. Something to give light. 2. A girl's name. 3. A Saxon god. 4. To divide. 5. An Arabian god. 6. To save. 7. A ruminant. D. H.

NAMES OF TOWNS AND CITIES.

1. A LEARNED man and an exclamation. 2. A noted lawyer and an untruth. 3. A boy's name, a vowel, a girl's name, an exclamation of shame, a vowel. 4. Not old, and a place of safety. D. H.

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PREFIX PUZZLE.

[Prefix a certain syllable of five letters to each of the names of these pictures, and so make a word of each one of them.]

DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. 2.

SYLLABLES.

My whole you 'll find a compound word;
Now in the middle break it;
A circle you will find my first,
My next—a bird will make it.

LETTERS.

My first is a bird of plumage bright;
My second, a dish in which some delight.
My third, an animal of a hot clime
(A stranger, it may be, but suits well my rhyme).
My fourth is the name of a little cup,
Which will do my fifth, if you hang it up.
My sixth, though it often belongs to a band,
Is not noted for music, or anything grand.
My seventh, in some countries, in soup is much used
My eighth is a horse, which should not be abused.
My ninth, a strange animal, of a strange land;
That its name, too, is strange, you may soon understand.
My tenth you may see thrice a day at your table;
To guess it right quickly, I 'm sure you are able.

The initials of these, of my whole form the name;
The finals will give you exactly the same.
My whole is an instrument, good in its way,
If we choose to keep secret who had the first say. B.

SQUARE-WORD.

1. A FRUIT. 2. Not late. 3. Protected. 4. Transparent. 5. A serpent. J. P. B.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. HE tried to —— the ——. 2. He was very —— although he was ——. 3. I —— I wanted ——. 4. We had our —— in the —— story. 5. He began to —— because it was ——. 6. We all had —— to ——.

M. G. B

CHARADE, No. 2.

I AM a word of five syllables, easy to spell, but rather difficult for little folks to remember. My first and second represent an article that is absolutely necessary in new settlements; my third is frequently spoken of as a personage of importance; my fourth is what every little boy longs to become; my fifth might begin a Turkish priest, but could never complete him; and my whole is the name of a celebrated philosopher, who first gave us maps and globes, and who is said to have invented the sun-dial. F. R. F.

EASY ENIGMA.

I AM composed of eight letters. My 3, 6, 7, 8 is to have completed. My 1, 2, 4, 5 is a male name. My 7, 4, 5 is a Spanish title. My 3, 2, 1, 4, 5 is a fruit. My whole is a beverage. IRON DUKE.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—Cities.

1. I —— go on board the vessel at ——. 2. The potters of —— baked their wares in —— ——. 3. A turnkey went through the corridors of a —— prison with a heavy —— —— at his side. 4. He —— —— reach —— in time for the celebration. 5. There is not one such —— —— —— found in the vicinity of ——. 6. —— —— —— at dinner, in ——. B.

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THE EMIGRANT PUZZLE.

IN the above picture may be found, by careful search, the following things: 1. Winding-sheets. 2. Ghosts. 3. A sad exclamation. 4. A dupe. 5. The body of an animal. 6. And a part of the same. 7. Shelter. 8. A toy. 9. A discourse. 10. A float. 11. Animals (visible). 12. Animals (concealed, but understood to be present). 13. One form of (so-called) spirit-manifestations. 14. Articles of jewelry. 15. Corsets. 16. Edifices. 17. A row of houses. 18. Parts of the stage of a theater. 19. A measure. 20. Corn in a certain form. 21. A tress of hair. 22. Parts of a watch. 23. A sentinel. 24. A canoe transposed. 25. A pack of cards. 26. Flowers. 27. An evergreen. 28. Fruit. 29. A fruit tree. 30. The mates of the vessel, transposed. 31. Affirmatives and negatives. 32. A legal claim. 33. Certain tools, with a Latin preposition prefixed. 34. An island. 35. Four yards. 36. To cure. 37. Anger. 38. Scoffing. 39. The way in which certain animals drink. 40. A headland. 41. Parts of a river. 42. Managers of business. 43. What the Dutchman loves. 44. A fish. 45. A poet. 46. Profit. 47. Enclosures for animals. 48. An emblem of royalty. J. A. N.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JULY NUMBER

REBUS, No. 1.—

"What man dare, I dare!
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble."

ENIGMA.—"There's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream."

CHARADE.—Mushroom.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Euphrosyne Parepa Rosa.

E—ncam—P
U—lric—A
P—ar—R
H—ow—E
R—ea—P
O—sceol—A
S—t. Pete—R
Y O (you)
N—ichola—S
E—urop—A

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Resin, reins, serin, risen, siren. 2. Torso, roots. 3. Damon, monad, nomad. 4. Endow, Woden. 5. Seron, snore, Norse.

BEHEADED RHYMES.—Straining, training, raining. Brushing, rushing. Marching, arching.

SQUARE-WORD.—

C R A V A T
R E V E R E
A V E N O R
V E N D U E
A R O U N D
T E R E D O

REBUS, No. 2.—"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child."

ELLIPSES.—1. Center, recent. 2. Estrange, sergeant. 3. Senator, treason. 4. Dread, dared. 5. General, enlarged. 6. Dilates, details.

HIDDEN CAPES.—1. Ann. 2. Horn. 3. Bon. 4. Verd. 5. Clear.

METAGRAM.—Nice, rice, mice, ice.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

L
N E D
L E A R N
D R Y
N

HALF WORD-SQUARE.—

B A L S A M
A L I E N
L I N E
S E E
A N
M

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, previous to June 18, from Hattie Gibson, Leila Delano, Louella M. Palmer, "Y. M. I.," Mamie A. Johnson, Allen Edwd. Harbaugh, "Nimpo." Kittie Ames, "Hollyhock and Sunflower," Geo. Brady, Carrie Saltus, Grace Collins, Frank H. Belknap, William C. Delanoy, John R. Eldridge, Katie G. Bolster Fannie Le Noir Russell, "F.," Julia Sanford and Mollie Willett, Louise R. Canby.

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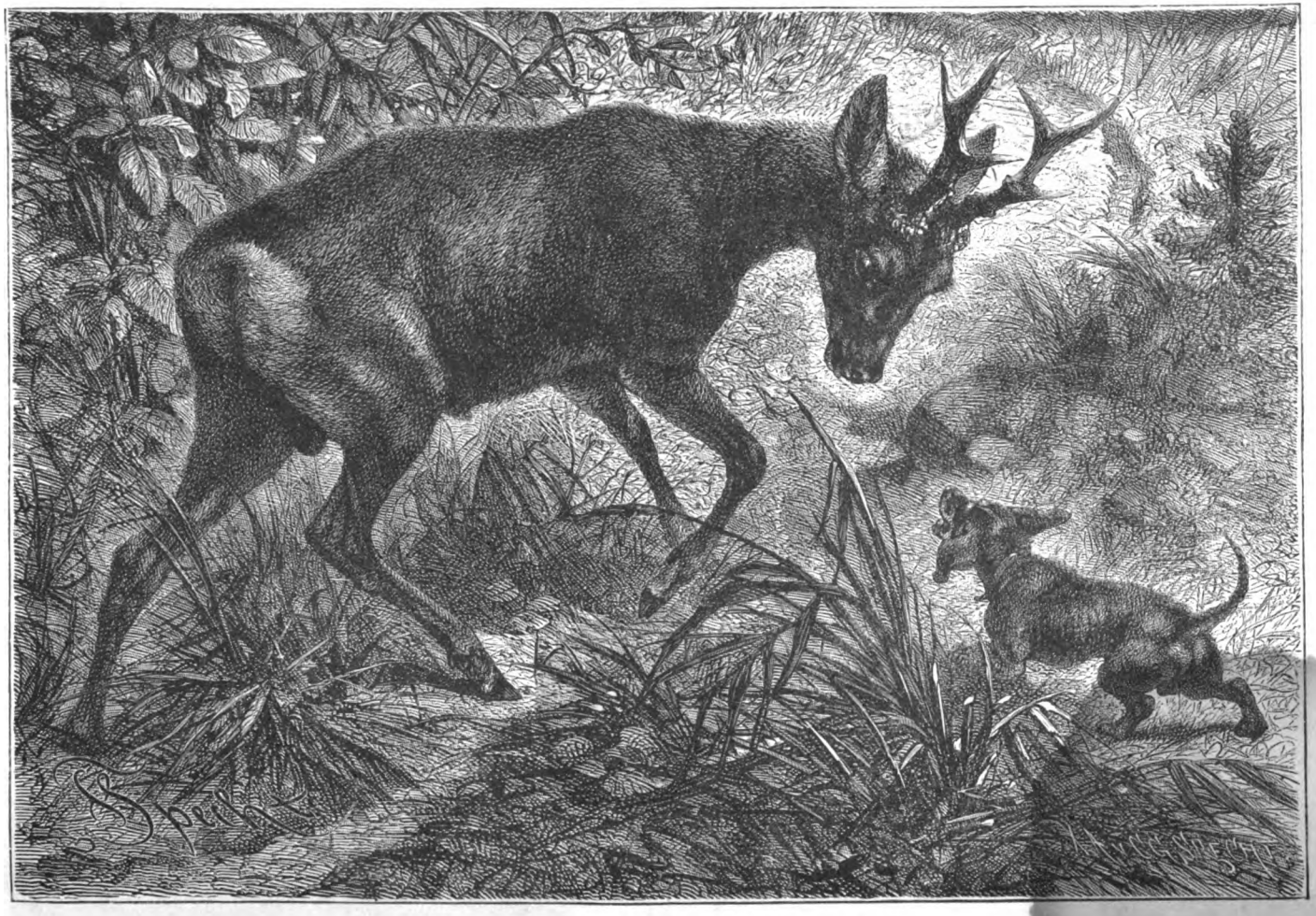

BOCKO AND THE DEER

[See page 689.]

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ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. II. SEPTEMBER, 1875. NO. 11.

THE SQUIRREL'S STRATAGEM.

BY EMMA BURT.

THERE was trouble in the woods—a great chattering and commotion. Squirrel came round a stump, with both cheeks full of corn, to see what was the matter.

"It is all very well to have company," said little Brown-bird,—"very well; but when it comes to having folks go to sleep, and keep birds away from their nests, so that all the eggs get cold, I for one don't like it!"

Everybody was surprised, for everybody thought little Brown-bird amiable, and not easily put out.

"Indeed, I would n't stand it! It 's a stinging shame!" buzzed Bumble-bee.

"Queer doings *I* should say!" chirped Cricket.

"What, may I ask, *is* this creature?" trilled the Tree-toad.

"Why," said Robin, who had been out in the world, and knew, "it is a very small child!"

Said Humming-bird: "It looks like a sweet-pea blossom; and its hair is like the silk of maize!"

"And its mouth is like a berry. I will go and kiss it!" said wicked Mosquito to himself.

"O dear! what an ado you all make!" sighed red Lady-bug; and the little flowers nodded significantly, and all the forest leaves looked as if they were laughing.

Yet the little baby lay in the shadow of the bushes, with closed lids, and dreamed as happy and unconcerned as if all the woods were its own.

Squirrel was sorry. He said: "Little Brown-bird, don't fret and flutter so. It 's easy enough to manage. You leave it all to me. *I* know the tricks of these folks—'specially boys!" and he put up his two small hands and looked around upon his neighbors in an assured manner most comforting to behold. "Never you fear, little Brown-bird! *I* will go and bring some one here who will carry away this creature that disturbs you!"

The Squirrel flashed out of sight, and ran swiftly along over brush and bushes, and logs and ferns, until it reached the highway, when it sped along the fence, only pausing now and then to take an observation. In two minutes who should come along but three school-children—Roy and Rob, and their sister Lou.

"Look! look! look!" cried Rob.

"Where? what?" shouted Roy.

"A squirrel! a squirrel! a squirrel!" they all shouted together; and away went Rob, and after him Roy, and following both ran Lou, over the brush and over the bushes, and over the logs and ferns.

"Catch him! catch him!" they cried; and the echoes mocked, "Catch him! catch him! catch him!"

And they chased little Squirrel until they came to a dead halt by a rail fence, and there on the ground lay a little dreaming baby!

"Oh! ho! ho!" laughed Roy.

"Whew-w!" whistled Rob.

"O, the dear little thing!" cried Lou, with uplifted hands.

Now the children set themselves to wondering what it all meant.

"Perhaps," said Lou, "the squirrel was a fairy, and turned into a little baby when we 'most caught

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it! O, let's take it home and keep it, and may be it will turn into a little lady as big as your finger, with eyes just like pin-heads—and a silver dress and a spider-web vail—and she will live with us always, and always and forever!"

"Pshaw?" said Roy. "Don't you know gypsies do it sometimes—steal babies? Put 'em in a covered cart and carry 'em off, and leave 'em by the wayside?"

"Yes, and I've read, too, how an eagle once picked up a baby in its beak and claws, and carried it off to its nest on a crag!"

"Perhaps it ran away," said Rob; "a baby did once, years and years ago, grandma said. The mother went out a-visiting and left all the children to keep house; and she said to Riar (she was oldest), 'Riar, you take care of the baby.' An' when the mother was gone, they had fun, *I* tell you! They clim' on the housetop to see the chimbly-swallows, and they blowed bubbles, and played 'pom-pom-pull-away' until the sun went down. Then they all went to see Joseph set the hen down in the fence corner where she stole her nest. Then, do you know, Riar thought of what her mother said, and she never once thought before. O, was n't she scart? And she began to count the children, an' found the baby was gone! Then the mother came home, and she hunted, and Riar hunted, and everybody hunted; and, after awhile, do you know, the father found that baby 'way out in the woods by a holler log, an' the skeeters had bit it as big as two babies—'way out where the wolves and bears was! O jimmy! was n't they all glad! And Riar, she had to go to bed without her supper. I tell you, she was glad, for she could n't 'a' eat anything, anyway, 'cause there was a big lump in her throat."

"O, boys, *I* know!" said Lou; and she clasped her hands, and her eyes grew big and round with wonder. "It—is—a—*orphing!*"

"I guess it aint an orphan!" said a positive voice behind them. "I'll let you know that's *my* baby, an' a dear one she is too,—aint you, little Pinkie-winkie?" And an excited little woman caught the child up in her arms.

Then she began to see that there were only three rather frightened children, who meant no harm; and she grew very pleasant, and half apologized.

"THERE ON THE GROUND LAY A LITTLE DREAMING BABY."

"You see, I put on the kettle to boil for tea, and said I to myself, 'I'll go out and pick a dish of berries for sass.' So I brought Pinkie-winkie, and left her here a-sleeping. Do you see what a nice dish of berries I have?"

Nay, furthermore, the little woman, out of the goodness of her heart, said: "Now you shall all come down to my little red house, and take tea with me and my man. An' you can carry Pinkie-winkie; and don't look so sorry, little girl. You can see the ducks and pigeons and posies, and have cream on your berries. Come on!" and away she went, with the train of children behind her.

After they had got safely away, such a chattering and commotion as there was in the woods!

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Brown-bird, swinging upon a twig, said:

"Squirrel, I consider you both polite and kind; I wish there were more like you in the world!"

"Don't mention it!" said Squirrel, quite embarrassed, and he ran away.

Little Brown-bird flew fluttering to her nest, and bugs and bees and idle birds set to gossiping. The little flowers nodded their dainty heads, and all the forest leaves were so amused they shook their sides with laughing,—while the sunlight gleamed benignly down, and said, "My children, I am glad you are all again happy."

THREE TIMES ONE.

By Rachel Pomeroy.

Keep your baby fashions,
Little maid;
Growing-up will spoil you,
I 'm afraid;
When the bonny girlies grow,
Half their prettinesses go—
People say.
Who can look at such as you
Without a pang or two?
Well-a-day!

If I could, I 'd keep you,
Tiny chit,
As you are this minute,
Every bit.
Not another inch of height;
Are n't we tall enough now, quite—
Two-feet-two?
Why, I 'd give my Sunday bonnet,
And the purple posies on it,
To be you!

Could the budlet only
Hold the flower,
Could you spare your dimples
Half-an-hour,
I might recollect, you see,
How things looked when *I* was three.
Very well,
You know what there is to say,
You 'll be big as I some day—
Wont you tell?

Ah! did I but manage
Matters here,
Pinafores should fit you
Many a year;
For I dread lest when you 're old,
You 'll have lost your heart of gold
On the way;

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That were sadder (don't forget)
Than to live to see my pet
    Getting gray.

Goldilocks may some day
    Miss their crinkle;
Forehead learn the feeling
    Of a wrinkle.
Never mind, so naught be stole
From the sunny-tempered soul
    Worth a sigh.
Thievish fate will have to pay
All he ever took away
    By and by.

Stop you, then, I'd dare not,
    If I might,
Though the risks stand heavy,
    Black—or white;
Game of hazard, every whit;
Luck and unluck, toss for it,
    Yes or No;—
Take your chances with the rest;
Nature's methods must be best,
    As things go.

DRESSED IN WHITE

BY JULIA P. BALLARD.

THERE was to be a party. Every guest was to be dressed in white. I do not think there was to be much "fuss." It was to be all "feathers."

The invitations were peculiar. They were not confined to one class, nor (thanks to the host for having borrowed Aladdin's lamp) one country. Nor were they limited to one language, nor to one style of dress. The only restriction was that all should be dressed in white; and, of course, as it was to be all feathers, I may as well say at once it was a party of birds. I did not attend the party, because no human being was allowed to be present as a guest, even though robed in muslin or silk of snowy whiteness.

But I *did* know the host and a number of the guests, so that I can judge of the company very fairly, and tell you all about it.

I almost doubt, if the host had not been the one who gave the party, whether he would have received an invitation; though it would have been a direct slight if he had not, for every feather he wore was pure white. Then why do I doubt it? Because it was a mooted question how he became a white bird. All I know about it is, he *was* white as the driven snow. He was a white robin. His parents and brothers and sisters were all brown-backed and red-breasted, as we naturally look for robins to be. But the robin who gave this party found himself in the world, one fair morning, in a common robin's nest, up in a gnarled old apple-tree, with clear pink eyes with which to look out upon all the wonderful things about him, and feathers soft and white as snow.

The home of the white robin was in a beautiful orchard in a beautiful island of Lake Champlain. It was near the margin of the lake, too, so that the shelving rocks and cliffs that shut off the waves made the wall to one side of the orchard; and some of the great rocky shelving rooms facing the apple-trees were selected for the parlors, chambers and dining-halls of the expected guests.

The first bird that arrived may possibly have

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come by his dress in as mysterious a way as the host himself. He was a white peacock. Such birds are extremely rare, but they have been known. I saw this one afterward, long after the affair was over, and there was not a colored feather upon him. He could spread his tail as handsomely as his gorgeous namesakes ever do, but you had to look closely to see the eyes in the ends of the feathers, for they were only defined by a little superior whiteness. He was very quiet at the party, said little about his country or ancestors, and, fully content with walking around with princely dignity, as if sure his mere presence graced the unique assembly, departed as silently, at the close of the entertainment, as the humblest bird present. He was the first guest. I cannot pretend to give the order of their arrival much further; but the next to present himself in the robin's reception-room was the snowy owl. A friend of mine saw this owl one morning as far West as the oak openings of Michigan. He was then, doubtless, getting ready for this party. He was winking his great yellow eyes very fast, and puffing up his throat-ruffle and shaking his plumage generally, preparatory to his long journey. When he arrived, the robin welcomed him with great courtesy.

This entertainment was a sort of picnic party, for the robin had hinted, that being on an island with rather limited resources, except for those who relished fish, and being somewhat ignorant, besides, of the peculiar tastes of many of his guests, —if any chose, they could bring along some favorite viand, and violate no rule of etiquette in so doing.

This was probably one reason why the white pelican was a little late, having stopped to fill the bag he always carried with him with the fish of his own locality, which were choicer to him than any other, particularly those of fresh water.

THE PTARMIGANS.

Some of the birds had great reason to be glad that this party was given in the Winter. The white ptarmigan was one of these, for, although he could now walk with the whitest, he took care not to hint what he knew very well, that in Summer, at his home in the old Grampian Hills, he was mottled with black, gray, and yellow. His cousin, the rock-ptarmigan, kept a similar secret in his own breast, though his white coat in Summer was only marred by dashes of occasional yellow.

The reception-room pleased these birds very much, for it reminded them of their own rocky homes far over the sea, where they live among the bowlders, in pairs, all by themselves, and are as cunning in hiding their homes from intru-

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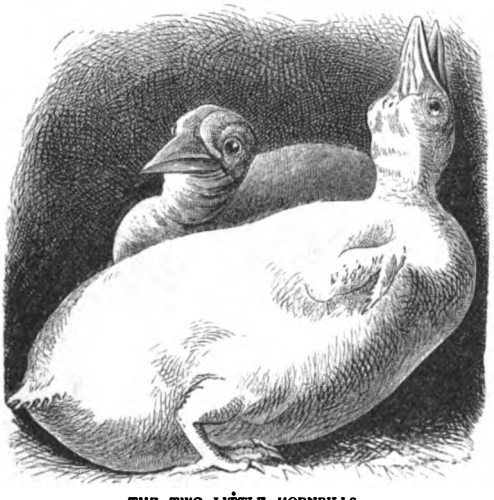
ders as the sly, hypocritical partridge was ever known to be. They were just talking about this very thing, and telling each other of attempted escapes from bird-hunters which had fortunately proved successful, or they could never have been at the white-bird party. One told how he had left his nest upon hearing a hunter's step, and, running in front of him to the edge of the steep rock, made believe he dropped off below; and while the hunter was peering down upon a lower ledge of rocks, he was wheeling with a noiseless flight to the opposite side of the cliff, and so around silently back to his nest, hidden itself under the great loose stones.

Near by, stood a white ptarmigan from the Rocky Mountains, with his short neck and feather-muffled legs, and his keen eye bent on his neighbor across the sea, as if he well understood the whole story.



THE TWO LITTLE HORNBILLS.

It was a beautiful sight at last, when the rooms were full, to see the dignity of some, the fluttering, nervous anxiety of others, and more curious to hear the chattering and clattering in languages worse than Greek or German to any but the initiated. The white curlew went off with a snowy ibis, and together welcomed a brother of the curlew just arrived from Spain.

A guinea-hen stole up and kept near the robin and the peacock, as if he was half afraid it was an accident that his feathers were all white; and I really suppose it was, though how he should know it, was a very curious thing.

There were only two children in the party. These were a pair of twins, offspring of an African hornbill, who were obliged to come at this tender age because when they were fully fledged they were no longer white. The little creatures found it pretty cold, having just arrived from a warm country, and from their nest in a warm hole in a tree, where they had been plastered up with their mother in the manner shown in ST. NICHOLAS for last January. If it had not been for Aladdin's lamp they could not have come at all.

A large white owl from Montreal was there, and he, too, had reason to be glad it was a Winter party, for he happened to turn his great yellow eyes in the direction of a mirror, and the sight of his bill nearly hidden by white plumes, and his snowy head and neck, reminded him of Summer days, when, standing near his nest upon the ground near some crystal stream, he had caught in that mirror a glimpse of dark bands over the snowy white. But he soon forgot all this in forming the acquaintance of a snowy heron, who erected his full crest and led him up to some newly arrived relatives of his from the South—the "great heron," with slender bill, and long plumes upon his back and a dozen broad, stiff feathers in his tail, but without a crest, for which he little cared, so elegant were the long pendant plumes falling from his back; and his cousin, the "great white heron," so large and tall, with his stout yellow bill opening to chatter out a welcome, and his yellow eye dilating and growing brighter in his joy to meet his new friends.

Near by the herons came a group of swans; the American swan gracefully managing to move about out of his favorite element by hiding his black flat feet in the crowd, and elevating his beautiful forehead, with its crescent fall of feathers, as he swept up to a trumpeter-swan, whose forehead adornments not being quite as marked as his own, relieved him from the necessity of envy on account of his superior voice. He knew that he was nicknamed the "whistling" swan, and took good care, by silence, not to remind his clarion cousin of the fact, in case he had never heard it mentioned. In fact, instead of commenting upon each other, both seemed absorbed in watching the snow-goose near them, who was quite unmindful that her presence there was a rare chance, due to her having escaped the tint of silvery bluish-gray usually worn by her nearest relatives; and who was proving how unmindful she was of it, by the zest with which she was relating a pleasing fact that had just occurred, to a beautiful ivory gull from Labrador, and a short-legged white gull from Greenland, who were standing near.

The ivory gull, with her vermilion-edged eyes fixed upon the snowy goose, seemed to have an expression of sadness as she listened to the story, and the Greenland gull, too, tapped her orange-tipped yellow bill against a projecting rock, as if impatient for the goose to get through.

It seems the snowy goose had been for some

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time standing near the robin and, eying each newcomer, had witnessed one or two painful scenes that those within the rooms might never have known but for her nimble tongue. She had seen—(would the gulls believe it?)—several elegant birds arrive, who had not been permitted, after a weary journey, to enter the castle. There were several elegant terns. One was a royal tern, "clear from the Atlantic coast," and *nearly* all a pure pearl white; only a little bluish-gray color on her back and wings; and a beautiful white-winged shrike had to go back, because of the same fatal bluish gray, also some snow-birds, who, unfortunately, had too much black upon their little bodies; but it did seem worst of all to part relations; and there were some superb silvery gulls that could not come in because their back and wings were blue; and a laughing gull was made to cry because he had a rosy-tinted breast.

The white gulls walked away as if they had not heard the story, and all went on again "merry as a marriage bell." Just here the robin appeared, and nodding to the snowy goose beckoned her to follow, which she did, and in her train, as if by right, the ivory gulls, and all the other gulls, came on, and so by right it proved when they were shown through a secret door to a large rocky room before unseen, whose silvery floor, as soon as tried, gave way, and lo! a lake, where all the gulls, and swans, and geese, and water-loving birds could show their

THE GREAT WHITE HERON.

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native grace, and rock, and dip, and curve, and swim with mirrored beauty in the crystal water. The ocean phæton was already there, and Japan storks, and long, ebony-legged flamingoes, with some snowy white ganners as spectators of their practiced skill.

And in and out, from room to room, among them all, went White Robin, the busy host, making each one glad he came, and having the satisfaction, after his royal entertainment had been thoroughly honored, of receiving a unanimous vote of thanks, and a hearty declaration that there never was and never could be a more perfect success than the White Bird Party.

THE "MISS MUFFETT" SERIES.

(No. III.)

LITTLE Julia Ap-Jones stood on the cold stones,
  Nibbling a morsel of cheese,
When a little Welsh rabbit,
Running by, tried to grab it,
  Quite forgetting to say, "If you please."

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EIGHT COUSINS

By Louisa M. Alcott.

Chapter XIX.

BROTHER BONES.

Rose accepted her uncle's offer, as Aunt Myra discovered two or three days later. Coming in for an early call, and hearing voices in the study, she opened the door, gave a cry and shut it quickly, looking a good deal startled. The Doctor appeared in a moment, and begged to know what the matter was.

"How *can* you ask when that long box looks so like a coffin I thought it was one, and that dreadful thing stared me in the face as I opened the door," answered Mrs. Myra pointing to the skeleton that hung from the chandelier cheerfully grinning at all beholders.

"This is a medical college where women are freely admitted, so walk in, madam, and join the class if you 'll do me the honor," said the Doctor, waving her forward with his politest bow.

"Do, auntie; it 's perfectly splendid," cried Rose's voice, and Rose's blooming face was seen behind the ribs of the skeleton, smiling and nodding in the gayest possible manner.

"What *are* you doing, child?" demanded Aunt Myra, dropping into a chair and staring about her.

"Oh, I 'm learning bones to day and I like it so much. There are twelve ribs you know, and the two lower ones are called floating ribs because they are not fastened to the breast bone. That 's why they go in so easily if you lace tight and squeeze the lungs and heart in the—let me see, what was that big word—oh, I know—thoracic cavity," and Rose beamed with pride as she aired her little bit of knowledge.

"Do you think that is a good sort of thing for her to be poking over? She is a nervous child, and I 'm afraid it will be bad for her," said Aunt Myra, watching Rose as she counted vertebræ, and waggled a hip joint in its socket with an inquiring expression.

"An excellent study, for she enjoys it, and I mean to teach her how to manage her nerves so that they wont be a curse to her, as many a woman's become through ignorance or want of thought. To make a mystery or a terror of these things is a mistake, and I mean Rose shall understand and respect her body so well that she wont dare to trifle with it as most women do."

"And she really likes it?"

"Very much, auntie! It 's all so wonderful, and so nicely planned you can hardly believe what you see. Just think, there are 600,000,000 air cells in one pair of lungs, and 2,000 pores to a square inch of surface; so you see what quantities of air we *must* have, and what care we should take of our skin so all the little doors will open and shut right. And brains, auntie, you 've no idea how curious they are; I have n't got to them yet, but I long to, and uncle is going to show me a manikin that you can take to pieces. Just think how nice it will be to see all the organs in their places; I only wish they could be made to work as ours do."

It was funny to see Aunt Myra's face as Rose stood before her talking rapidly with one hand laid in the friendliest manner on the skeleton's shoulder. Every word both the Doctor and Rose uttered hit the good lady in her weakest spot, and as she looked and listened a long array of bottles and pill-boxes rose up before her, reproaching her with the "ignorance and want of thought" that made her what she was, a nervous, dyspeptic, unhappy old woman.

"Well, I don't know but you may be right, Alec, only I would n't carry it too far. Women don't need much of this sort of knowledge and are not fit for it. I could n't bear to touch that ugly thing, and it gives me the creeps to hear about 'organs,'" said Aunt Myra, with a sigh and her hand on her side.

"Would n't it be a comfort to know that your liver was on the right side, auntie, and not on the left?" asked Rose with a naughty laugh in her eyes, for she had lately learned that Aunt Myra's liver complaint was not in the proper place.

"It 's a dying world, child, and it don't much matter where the pain is, for sooner or later we all drop off and are seen no more," was Aunt Myra's cheerful reply.

"Well I intend to know what kills me if I can, and meantime I 'm going to enjoy myself in spite of a dying world. I wish you 'd do so too, and come and study with uncle, it would do you good I 'm sure," and Rose went back to counting vertebræ with such a happy face that Aunt Myra had not the heart to say a word to dampen her ardor.

"Perhaps it 's as well to let her do what she likes the little while she is with us. But pray be careful of her, Alec, and not allow her to overwork," she whispered as she went out.

"That 's exactly what I 'm trying to do, ma'am, and rather a hard job I find it," he added as he

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shut the door, for the dear aunts were dreadfully in his way sometimes.

Half an hour later came another interruption in the shape of Mac, who announced his arrival by the brief but elegant remark:

"Hullo! what new game is this?"

Rose explained, Mac gave a long whistle of surprise, and then took a promenade round the skeleton observing gravely:

"Brother Bones looks very jolly, but I can't say much for his beauty."

"You must n't make fun of him, for he's a good old fellow, and you'd be just as ugly if your flesh was off," said Rose, defending her new friend with warmth.

"I dare say, so I'll keep my flesh on, thank you. You are so busy you can't read to a fellow I suppose?" asked Mac, whose eyes were better, but still too weak for books.

"Don't you want to come and join my class? Uncle explains it all to us, and you can take a look at the plates as they come along. We'll give up bones to-day and have eyes instead; that will be more interesting to *you*," added Rose, seeing no ardent thirst for physiological information in his face.

"Rose, we must not fly about from one thing to another in this way," began Dr. Alec; but she whispered quickly, with a nod toward Mac, whose goggles were turned wistfully in the direction of the forbidden books:

"He's blue to-day, and we must amuse him; give a little lecture on eyes, and it will do him good. No matter about me, uncle."

"Very well; the class will please be seated," and the Doctor gave a sounding rap on the table.

"Come, sit by me, dear, then we can both see the pictures; and if your head gets tired you can lie down," said Rose, generously opening her little college to a brother, and kindly providing for the weaknesses that all humanity is subject to.

Side by side they sat and listened to a very simple explanation of the mechanism of the eye, finding it as wonderful as a fairy tale, for fine plates illustrated it, and a very willing teacher did his best to make the lesson pleasant.

"Jove! if I'd known what mischief I was doing to that mighty delicate machine of mine, you would n't have caught me reading by fire-light, or studying with a glare of sunshine on my book," said Mac, peering solemnly at a magnified eye-ball; then, pushing it away, he added indignantly: "Why is n't a fellow taught all about his works, and how to manage 'em, and not left to go blundering into all sorts of worries? Telling him after he's down is n't much use, for then he's found it out himself and wont thank you."

"Ah, Mac, that's just what I keep lecturing about, and people *wont* listen. You lads need that sort of knowledge so much, and fathers and mothers ought to be able to give it to you. Few of them *are* able, and so we all go blundering as you say. Less Greek and Latin and more knowledge of the laws of health for *my* boys, if I had them. Mathematics are all very well, but morals are better, and I wish, *how* I wish that I could help teachers and parents to feel it as they ought."

"Some do; Aunt Jessie and her boys have capital talks and I wish we could; but mother's so busy with her housekeeping, and father with his business, there never seems to be any time for that sort of thing; even if there was, it don't seem as if it would be easy to talk to them, because we've never got into the way of it, you know."

Poor Mac was right there, and expressed a want that many a boy and girl feels. Fathers and mothers *are* too absorbed in business and housekeeping to study their children, and cherish that sweet and natural confidence which is a child's surest safeguard, and a parent's subtlest power. So the young hearts hide trouble or temptation till the harm is done, and mutual regret comes too late. Happy the boys and girls who tell all things freely to father or mother, sure of pity, help and pardon; and thrice happy the parents, who out of their own experience, and by their own virtues, can teach and uplift the souls for which they are responsible.

This longing stirred in the hearts of Rose and Mac, and by a natural impulse both turned to Dr. Alec, for in this queer world of ours, fatherly and motherly hearts often beat warm and wise in the breasts of bachelor uncles and maiden aunts; and it is my private opinion that these worthy creatures are a beautiful provision of nature for the cherishing of other people's children. They certainly get great comfort out of it, and receive much innocent affection that otherwise would be lost.

Dr. Alec was one of these, and his big heart had room for every one of the eight cousins, especially orphaned Rose and afflicted Mac; so, when the boy uttered that unconscious reproach to his parents, and Rose added with a sigh, "It must be beautiful to have a mother!"—the good Doctor yearned over them, and, shutting his book with a decided slam, said in that cordial voice of his:

"Now look here, children, you just come and tell *me* all your worries, and with God's help I'll settle them for you. That is what I 'm here for I believe, and it will be a great happiness to me if you can trust me."

"We can, uncle, and we will!" both answered with a heartiness that gratified him much.

"Good! now school is dismissed, and I advise

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you to go and refresh your 600,000,000 air cells by a brisk run in the garden. Come again whenever you like, Mac, and we 'll teach you all we can about your 'works,' as you call them, so you can keep them running smoothly."

"We 'll come, sir, much obliged," and the class in physiology went out to walk.

Mac did come again, glad to find something he could study in spite of his weak eyes, and learned much that was of more value than anything his school had ever taught him.

Of course, the other lads made great fun of the whole thing, and plagued Dr. Alec's students half out of their lives. But they kept on persistently, and one day something happened which made the other fellows behave themselves forever after.

It was a holiday, and Rose up in her room thought she heard the voices of her cousins, so she ran down to welcome them, but found no one there.

"Never mind, they will be here soon, and then we 'll have a frolic," she said to herself, and thinking she had been mistaken she went into the study to wait. She was lounging over the table looking at a map, when an odd noise caught her ear. A gentle tapping somewhere, and following the sound it seemed to come from the inside of the long case in which the skeleton lived when not professionally engaged. This case stood upright in a niche between two book-cases at the back of the room, a darkish corner, where Brother Bones, as the boys *would* call him, was out of the way.

As Rose stood looking in that direction, and wondering if a rat had got shut in, the door of the case swung slowly open, and with a great start she saw a bony arm lifted, and a bony finger beckon to her. For a minute she was frightened, and ran to the study door with a fluttering heart, but just as she touched the handle a queer, stifled sort of giggle made her stop short and turn red with anger. She paused an instant to collect herself, and then went softly toward the bony beckoner. A nearer look revealed black threads tied to the arm and fingers, the ends of threads disappearing through holes bored in the back of the case. Peeping into the deep recess, she also caught sight of the tip of an elbow covered with a rough gray cloth which she knew very well.

Quick as a flash she understood the joke, her fear vanished, and with a wicked smile, she whipped out her scissors, cut the threads, and the bony arm dropped with a rattle. Before she could say, "Come out, Charlie, and let my skeleton alone," a sudden irruption of boys all in a high state of tickle proclaimed to the hidden rogue that his joke was a failure.

"I told him not to do it, because it might give you a start," explained Archie, emerging from the closet.

"I had a smelling-bottle all ready if she fainted away," added Steve, popping up from behind the great chair.

"It 's too bad of you not to squawk and run, we depended on it, its such fun to howl after you," said Will and Geordie, rolling out from under the sofa in a promiscuous heap.

"You are getting altogether too strong-minded, Rose; most girls would have been in a jolly twitter to see this old fellow waggling his finger at them," complained Charlie, squeezing out from his tight quarters, dusty and disgusted.

"I 'm used to your pranks now, so I 'm always on the watch and prepared. But I wont have Brother Bones made fun of. I know uncle would n't like it, so please don't," began Rose just as Dr. Alec came in, and, seeing the state of the case at a glance, he said quietly:

"Hear how I got that skeleton and then I 'm sure you will treat it with respect."

The boys settled down at once on any article of furniture that was nearest and listened dutifully.

"Years ago when I was in the hospital, a poor fellow was brought there with a rare and very painful disease. There was no hope for him, but we did our best, and he was so grateful that when he died he left us his body that we might discover the mysteries of his complaint, and so be able to help others afflicted in the same way. It did do good, and his brave patience made us remember him long after he was gone. He thought I had been kind to him, and said to a fellow-student of mine: 'Tell the Doctor I lave him me bones, for I 've nothing else in the wide world, and I 'll not be wanting 'em at all, at all, when the great pain has kilt me entirely.' So that is how they came to be mine, and why I 've kept them carefully; for, though only a poor, ignorant fellow, Mike Nolan did what he could to help others, and prove his gratitude to those who tried to help him."

As Dr. Alec paused, Archie closed the door of the case as respectfully as if the mummy of an Egyptian king was inside; Will and Geordie looked solemnly at one another, evidently much impressed, and Charlie pensively remarked from the coal hod where he sat:

"I 've often heard of a skeleton in the house, but I think few people have one as useful and as interesting as ours."

CHAPTER XX.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

ROSE made Phebe promise that she would bring her stocking into the "Bower," as she called her

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pretty room, on Christmas morning, because that first delicious rummage loses half its charm if two little night-caps at least do not meet over the treasures, and two happy voices Oh and Ah together.

So when Rose opened her eyes that day, they fell upon faithful Phebe, rolled up in a shawl, sitting on the rug before a blazing fire, with her untouched stocking laid beside her.

"Merry Christmas!" cried the little mistress, smiling gayly.

"Merry Christmas," answered the little maid, so heartily that it did one good to hear her.

"Bring the stockings right away, Phebe, and let's see what we've got," said Rose, sitting up among the pillows, and looking as eager as a child.

A pair of long knobby hose were laid out upon the coverlet and their contents examined with delight, though each knew every blessed thing that had been put into the other's stocking.

Never mind what they were, it is evident that they were quite satisfactory, for as Rose leaned back, she said, with a luxurious sigh of satisfaction: "Now, I believe I've got everything in the world that I want," and Phebe answered, smiling over a lap-full of treasures: "This is the most splendid Christmas I ever had since I was born." Then, she added with an important air:

"Do wish for something else, because I happen to know of two more presents outside the door this minute."

"Oh, me, what richness!" cried Rose, much excited. "I used to wish for a pair of glass slippers like Cinderella's, but as I can't have them, I really don't know what to ask for."

Phebe clapped her hands as she skipped off the bed and ran to the door, saying merrily:

"One of them *is* for your feet anyway. I don't know what you'll say to the other, but *I* think it's elegant."

So did Rose, when a shining pair of skates and a fine sled appeared.

"Uncle sent those; I know he did, and now I see them, I remember that I did want to skate and coast. Is n't it a beauty? See! they fit nicely," and sitting on the new sled, Rose tried a skate on her little bare foot, while Phebe stood by admiring the pretty tableau.

"Now we must hurry and get dressed, for there is a deal to do to-day, and I want to get through in time to try my sled before dinner."

"Gracious me, and I ought to be dusting my parlors this blessed minute!" and mistress and maid separated with such happy faces that any one would have known what day it was without being told.

"Birnam Wood has come to Dunsinane, Rosy," said Dr. Alec, as he left the breakfast table to open the door for a procession of holly, hemlock, and cedar boughs that came marching up the steps.

Snow-balls and "Merry Christmas!"s flew about pretty briskly for several minutes; then all fell to work trimming up the old house, for the family always dined together there on that day.

"I rode miles and mileses, as Ben says, to get this fine bit, and I'm going to hang it there as the last touch to the rig—a madooning," said Charlie, as he fastened a dull green branch to the chandelier in the front parlor.

"It is n't very pretty," said Rose, who was trimming the chimney-piece with glossy holly sprays.

"Never mind that, it's mistletoe, and any one who stands under it will get kissed whether they like it or not. Now's your time, ladies," answered the saucy Prince, keeping his place and looking sentimentally at the girls, who retired precipitately from the dangerous spot.

"You wont catch me," said Rose, with great dignity.

"See if I don't!"

"I've got my eye on Phebe," observed Will, in a patronizing tone that made them all laugh.

"Bless the dear; I sha' n't mind it a bit," answered Phebe, with such a maternal air that Will's budding gallantry was chilled to death.

"Oh, the mistletoe bough!" sang Rose.

"Oh, the mistletoe bough!" echoed all the boys, and the teasing ended in the plaintive ballad they all liked so well.

There was plenty of time to try the new skates before dinner, and then Rose took her first lesson on the little bay, which seemed to have frozen over for that express purpose. She found tumbling down and getting up again warm work for a time, but with six boys to teach her, she managed at last to stand alone; and satisfied with that success, she refreshed herself with a dozen grand coasts on the "Amazon," as her sled was called.

"Ah, that fatal color! it breaks my heart to see it," croaked Aunt Myra, as Rose came down a little late, with cheeks almost as ruddy as the holly berries on the wall, and every curl as smooth as Phebe's careful hands could make it.

"I'm glad to see that Alec allows the poor child to make herself pretty in spite of his absurd notions," added Aunt Clara, taking infinite satisfaction in the fact that Rose's blue silk dress had three frills on it.

"She is a very intelligent child and has a nice little manner of her own," observed Aunt Jane, with unusual affability; for Rose had just handed Mac a screen to guard his eyes from the brilliant fire.

"If I had a daughter like that to show my Jem when he gets home, I should be a very proud and

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happy woman," thought Aunt Jessie, and then reproached herself for not being perfectly satisfied with her four brave lads.

Aunt Plenty was too absorbed in the dinner to have an eye for anything else; if she had not been, she would have seen what an effect her new cap produced upon the boys. The good lady owned that she did "love a dressy cap," and on this occasion her head-gear was magnificent; for the towering structure of lace was adorned with buff ribbons to such an extent, that it looked as if a flock of yellow butterflies had settled on her dear old head. When she trotted about the rooms the ruches quivered, the little bows all stood erect, and the streamers waved in the breeze so comically that it was absolutely necessary for Archie to smother the Brats in the curtains till they had had their first laugh out.

Uncle Mac had brought Fun See to dinner, and it was a mercy he did, for the elder lads found a vent for their merriment in joking the young Chinaman on his improved appearance. He was in American costume now, with a shaved head, and spoke remarkably good English after six months at school; but, for all that, his yellow face and beady eyes made a curious contrast to the blonde Campbells all about him. Will called him the "Typhoon," meaning Tycoon, and the name stuck to him to his great disgust.

Aunt Peace was brought down and set in the chair of state at table, for she never failed to join the family on this day, and sat smiling at them all "like an embodiment of Peace on earth," as Uncle Alec said, as he took his place beside her, while Uncle Mac supported Aunt Plenty at the other end.

"I ate hardly any breakfast, and I've done everything I know to make myself extra hungry, but I really don't think I *can* eat straight through, unless I burst my buttons off," whispered Geordie to Will, as he surveyed the bounteous stores before him with a hopeless sigh.

"A fellow never knows what he can do till he tries," answered Will, attacking his heaped up plate with the evident intention of doing his duty like a man.

Everybody knows what a Christmas dinner is, so we need waste no words in describing this one, but hasten at once to tell what happened at the end of it. The end, by the way, was so long in coming that the gas was lighted before dessert was over, for a snow flurry had come on and the wintery daylight faded fast. But that only made it all the jollier in the warm, bright rooms, full of happy souls. Every one was very merry, but Archie seemed particulary uplifted,—so much so, that Charlie confided to Rose that he was afraid the Chief had been at the decanters.

Rose indignantly denied the insinuation, for when healths were drunk in the good old-fashioned way to suit the elders, she had observed that Aunt Jessie's boys filled their glasses with water, and had done the same herself in spite of the Prince's jokes about "the rosy."

But, Archie certainly *was* unusually excited, and when some one remembered that it was the anniversary of Uncle Jem's wedding, and wished he was there to make a speech, his son electrified the family by trying to do it for him. It was rather incoherent and flowery, as maiden speeches are apt to be, but the end was considered superb; for, turning to his mother with a queer little choke in his voice, he said that she "deserved to be blessed with peace and plenty, to be crowned with roses and lads-love; to receive the cargo of happiness sailing home to her in spite of wind or tide; to add another Jem to the family jewels."

That allusion to the Captain, now on his return-trip, made Mrs. Jessie sob in her napkin, and set the boys cheering. Then, as if that was not sensation enough, Archie suddenly dashed out of the room as if he had lost his wits.

"Too bashful to stay and be praised," began Charlie, excusing the peculiarities of his chief as in duty bound.

"Phebe beckoned to him; I saw her," cried Rose, staring hard at the door.

"Is it more presents coming?" asked Jamie, just as his brother re-appeared looking more excited than ever.

"Yes; a present for mother, and here it is!" roared Archie, flinging wide the door to let in a tall man who cried out:

"Where 's my little woman? The first kiss for her, then the rest may come on as fast as they like."

Before the words were out of his mouth, Mrs. Jessie was half hidden under his rough, great coat, and four boys were prancing about him clamoring for their turn. Of course, there was a joyful tumult for a time, during which Rose slipped into the window recess and watched what went on, as if it were a chapter in a Christmas story. It was good to see bluff Uncle Jem look proudly at his tall son, and fondly hug the little ones. It was better still to see him shake his brothers' hands as if he would never leave off, and kiss all the sisters in a way that made even solemn Aunt Myra brighten up for a minute. But it was best of all to see him finally established in grandfather's chair, with his "little woman" beside him, his three youngest boys in his lap, and Archie hovering over him like a large-sized cherub. That really was, as Charlie said, "A landscape to do one's heart good."

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"All hearty and all here, thank God!" said Captain Jem in the first pause that came, as he looked about him with a grateful face.

"All but Rose," answered loyal little Jamie, remembering the absent.

"Faith, I forgot the child! Where is George's little girl?" asked the Captain, who had not seen her since she was a baby.

"You 'd better say Alec 's great girl," said Uncle Mac, who professed to be madly jealous of his brother.

"Here I am, sir," and Rose appeared from behind the curtains, looking as if she had rather have staid there.

"Saint George Germain, how the mite has grown!" cried Captain Jem, as he tumbled the boys out of his lap, and rose to greet the tall girl, like a gentleman as he was. But, somehow, when he shook her hand it looked so small in his big one and her face reminded him so strongly of his dead brother, that he was not satisfied with so cold a welcome, and with a sudden softening of the keen eyes he took her up in his arms, whispering with a rough cheek against her smooth one:

"God bless you, child! forgive me if I forgot you for a minute, and be sure that not one of your kinsfolk is happier to see you here than Uncle Jem."

That made it all right; and when he set her down, Rose's face was so bright it was evident that some spell had been used to banish the feeling of neglect that had kept her moping behind the curtain so long.

Then every one sat round and heard all about the voyage home. How the Captain had set his heart on getting there in time to keep Christmas; how everything had conspired to thwart his plan, and how at the very last minute he had managed to do it, and had sent a telegram to Archie, bidding him keep the secret, and be ready for his father at any moment, for the ship got into another port and he might be late.

Then, Archie told how that telegram had burnt in his pocket all dinner time; how he had to take Phebe into his confidence, and how clever she was to keep the Captain back till the speech was over, and he could come in with effect.

The elders would have sat and talked all the evening, but the young folks were bent on having their usual Christmas frolic; so, after an hour of pleasant chat, they began to get restless, and having consulted together in dumb show, they devised a way to very effectually break up the family council.

Steve vanished, and, sooner than the boys imagined Dandy could get himself up, the skirl of the bag-pipe was heard in the hall, and the bonny piper came to lead Clan Campbell to the revel.

"Draw it mild, Stenie, my man; ye play unco weel, but ye make a most infernal din," cried Uncle Jem, with his hands over his ears, for this accomplishment was new to him and "took him all aback," as he expressed it.

So Steve droned out a Highland reel as softly as he could, and the boys danced it to a circle of admiring relations. Captain Jem was a true sailor, however, and could not stand idle while anything lively was going on; so, when the piper's breath gave out, he cut a splendid pigeon-wing into the middle of the hall, saying: "Who can dance a Fore and After?" and waiting for no reply, began to whistle the air so invitingly that Mrs. Jessie "set" to him laughing like a girl; Rose and Charlie took their places behind, and away went the four with a spirit and skill that inspired all the rest to "cut in" as fast as they could.

That was a grand beginning, and they had many another dance before any one would own they were tired. Even Fun See distinguished himself with Aunt Plenty, whom he greatly admired as the stoutest lady in the company; plumpness being considered a beauty in his country. The merry old soul professed herself immensely flattered by his admiration, and the boys declared she "set her cap at him," else he would never have dared to catch her under the mistletoe, and rising on the tips of his own toes, gallantly salute her fat cheek.

How they all laughed at her astonishment, and how Fun's little black eyes twinkled over this exploit! Charlie put him up to it, and Charlie was so bent on catching Rose, that he laid all sorts of pitfalls for her, and bribed the other lads to help him. But Rose was wide-awake and escaped all his snares, professing great contempt for such foolish customs. Poor Phebe did not fare so well, and Archie was the one who took a base advantage of her as she stood innocently offering tea to Aunt Myra, whom she happened to meet just under the fatal bough. If his father's arrival had not rather upset him, I doubt if the dignified Chief would have done it, for he apologized at once in the handsomest manner, and caught the tray that nearly dropped from Phebe's hands.

Jamie boldly invited *all* the ladies to come and salute him; and as for Uncle Jem, he behaved as if the entire room was a grove of mistletoe. Uncle Alec slyly laid a bit of it on Aunt Peace's cap, and then softly kissed her; which little joke seemed to please her very much, for she liked to have part in all the home pastimes, and Alec was her favorite nephew.

Charlie alone failed to catch his shy bird, and the

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oftener she escaped the more determined he was to ensnare her. When every other wile had been tried in vain, he got Archie to propose a game with forfeits.

"I understand that dodge," thought Rose, and

FUN SEE AND AUNT PLENTY UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

was on her guard so carefully that not one among the pile soon collected belonged to her.

"Now let us redeem them and play something else," said Will, quite unconscious of the deeply laid plots all about him.

"One more round and then we will," answered the Prince, who had now baited his trap anew.

Just as the question came to Rose, Jamie's voice was heard in the hall crying distressfully, "Oh, come quick, quick!" Rose started up, missed the question and was greeted with a general cry of "Forfeit! forfeit!" in which the little traitor came to join.

"Now I 've got her," thought the young rascal, exulting in his fun-loving soul.

"Now I 'm lost," thought Rose, as she gave up her pincushion with a sternly defiant look that would have daunted any one but the reckless Prince. In fact, it made even him think twice, and resolve to "let Rose off easy," she had been so clever.

"Here 's a very pretty pawn, and what shall be done to redeem it?" asked Steve, holding the pincushion over Charlie's head, for he had insisted on being judge, and kept that for the last.

"Fine or superfine?"

"Super."

"Hum, well, she shall take old Mac under the mistletoe and kiss him prettily. Wont he be mad though?"—and this bad boy chuckled over the discomfort he had caused two harmless beings.

There was an impressive pause among the young folks in their corner, for they all knew that Mac *would* "be mad," since he hated nonsense of this sort, and had gone to talk with the elders when the game began. At this moment he was standing before the fire, listening to a discussion between his uncles and his father, looking as wise as a young owl, and blissfully unconscious of the plots against him.

Charlie expected that Rose would say, "I wont!" therefore he was rather astonished, not to say gratified, when, after a look at the victim, she laughed suddenly, and, going up to the group of gentlemen, drew her *uncle* Mac under the mistletoe and surprised him with a hearty kiss.

"Thank you, my dear," said the innocent gentleman, looking much pleased at the unexpected honor.

"Oh, come; that 's not fair," began Charlie. But Rose cut him short by saying, as she made him a fine courtesy:

"You said 'old Mac,' and though it was very disrespectful, I did it. That was your last chance, sir, and you 've lost it."

He certainly had, for, as she spoke, Rose pulled down the mistletoe and threw it into the fire, while the boys jeered at the crest-fallen Prince, and exalted quick-witted Rose to the skies.

"What 's the joke?" asked young Mac, waked out of a brown study by the laughter, in which the elders joined.

But there was a regular shout when, the matter having been explained to him, Mac took a meditative stare at Rose through his goggles, and said in a philosophical tone, "Well, I don't think I should have minded much if she *had* done it."

That tickled the lads immensely, and nothing but the appearance of a slight refection would have induced them to stop chaffing the poor Worm, who could not see anything funny in the beautiful resignation he had shown on this trying occasion.

Soon after this, the discovery of Jamie curled

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up in the sofa corner, as sound asleep as a dormouse, suggested the propriety of going home, and a general move was made.

They were all standing about the hall lingering over the good-nights, when the sound of a voice softly singing "Sweet Home," made them pause and listen. It was Phebe, poor little Phebe, who never had a home, never knew the love of father or mother, brother or sister; who stood all alone in the wide world, yet was not sad nor afraid, but took her bits of happiness gratefully, and sung over her work without a thought of discontent.

I fancy the happy family standing there together remembered this and felt the beauty of it, for when the solitary voice came to the burden of its song, other voices took it up and finished it so sweetly, that the old house seemed to echo the word "Home" in the ears of both the orphan girls, who had just spent their first Christmas under its hospitable roof.

CHAPTER XXI.

A SCARE.

"BROTHER ALEC, you surely don't mean to allow that child to go out such a bitter cold day as this?" said Mrs. Myra, looking into the study, where the Doctor sat reading his paper, one February morning.

"Why not? If a delicate invalid like yourself can bear it, surely my hearty girl can, especially as *she* is dressed for cold weather," answered Dr. Alec with provoking confidence.

"But you have no idea how sharp the wind is. I am chilled to the very marrow of my bones," answered Aunt Myra, chafing the end of her purple nose with her somber glove.

"I don't doubt it, ma'am, if you *will* wear crape and silk instead of fur and flannel. Rosy goes out in all weathers, and will be none the worse for an hour's brisk skating."

"Well, I warn you that you are trifling with the child's health, and depending too much on the seeming improvement she has made this year. She is a delicate creature for all that, and will drop away suddenly at the first serious attack, as her poor mother did," croaked Aunt Myra, with a despondent wag of the big bonnet.

"I'll risk it," answered Dr. Alec, knitting his brows, as he always did when any allusion was made to that other Rose.

"Mark my words, you will repent it," and, with that awful prophecy, Aunt Myra departed like a black shadow.

Now it must be confessed that among the Doctor's faults—and he had his share—was a very masculine dislike of advice which was thrust upon him unasked. He always listened with respect to the great aunts, and often consulted Mrs. Jessie; but the other three ladies tried his patience sorely, by constant warnings, complaints, and counsels. Aunt Myra was an especial trial, and he always turned contrary the moment she began to talk. He could not help it, and often laughed about it with comic frankness. Here now was a sample of it, for he had just been thinking that Rose had better defer her run till the wind went down and the sun was warmer. But Aunt Myra spoke, and he could not resist the temptation to make light of her advice, and let Rose brave the cold. He had no fear of its harming her, for she went out every day, and it was a great satisfaction to him to see her run down the avenue a minute afterward, with her skates on her arm, looking like a rosy-faced Esquimaux in her seal-skin suit, as she smiled at Aunt Myra stalking along as solemnly as a crow.

"I hope the child wont stay out long, for this wind *is* enough to chill the marrow in younger bones than Myra's," thought Dr. Alec, half an hour later, as he drove toward the city to see the few patients he had consented to take for old acquaintance' sake.

The thought returned several times that morning, for it *was* truly a bitter day, and, in spite of his bear-skin coat, the Doctor shivered. But he had great faith in Rose's good sense, and it never occurred to him that she was making a little Casabianca of herself, with the difference of freezing instead of burning at her post.

You see, Mac had made an appointment to meet her at a certain spot, and have a grand skating bout as soon as the few lessons he was allowed were over. She had promised to wait for him, and did so with a faithfulness that cost her dear, because Mac forgot his appointment when the lessons were done, and became absorbed in a chemical experiment, till a general combustion of gases drove him out of his laboratory. Then he suddenly remembered Rose and would gladly have hurried away to her, but his mother forbade his going out, for the sharp wind would hurt his eyes.

"She will wait and wait, mother, for she always keeps her word, and I told her to hold on till I come," explained Mac, with visions of a shivering little figure watching on the windy hill-top.

"Of course, your uncle wont let her go out such a day as this. If he does, she will have the sense to come here for you, or to go home again when you don't appear," said Aunt Jane, returning to her "Locke on the Mind."

"I wish Steve would just cut up and see if she 's there, since I can't go," began Mac, anxiously.

"Steve wont stir a peg, thank you. He 's got his own toes to thaw out, and wants his dinner,"

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answered Dandy, just in from school, and wrestling impatiently with his boots.

So Mac resigned himself, and Rose waited dutifully till dinner-time assured her that her waiting was in vain. She had done her best to keep warm, had skated till she was tired and hot, then stood watching others till she was chilled; tried to get up a glow again by trotting up and down the road, but failed to do so, and finally cuddled disconsolately under a pine-tree to wait and watch. When she at length started for home, she was benumbed with the cold, and could hardly make her way against the wind that buffeted the frost-bitten rose most unmercifully.

ROSE'S DISCONSOLATE WATCH.

Dr. Alec was basking in the warmth of the study fire, after his drive, when the sound of a stifled sob made him hurry to the door and look anxiously into the hall. Rose lay in a shivering bunch near the register, with her things half off, wringing her hands, and trying not to cry with the pain returning warmth brought to her half-frozen fingers.

"My darling, what is it?" and Uncle Alec had her in his arms, in a minute.

"Mac did n't come —— I can't get warm —— the fire makes me ache!" and with a long shiver Rose burst out crying, while her teeth chattered, and her poor little nose was so blue, it made one's heart ache to see it.

In less time than it takes to tell it, Dr. Alec had her on the sofa rolled up in the bear-skin coat, with Phebe rubbing her cold feet while he rubbed the aching hands, and Aunt Plenty made a comfortable hot drink, and Aunt Peace sent down her own foot-warmer and embroidered blanket "for the dear."

Full of remorseful tenderness, Uncle Alec worked over his new patient till she declared she was all right again. He would not let her get up to dinner, but fed her himself, and then forgot his own while he sat watching her fall into a drowse, for Aunt Plenty's cordial made her sleepy.

She lay so several hours, for the drowse deepened into a heavy sleep, and Uncle Alec, still at his post, saw with growing anxiety that a feverish color began to burn in her cheeks, that her breathing was quick and uneven, and now and then she gave a little moan, as if in pain. Suddenly she woke up with a start, and seeing Aunt Plenty bending over her, put out her arms like a sick child, saying wearily: "Please, could I go to bed?"

"The best place for you, deary. Take her right up, Alec; I've got the hot water ready, and after a nice bath, she shall have a cup of my sage tea, and be rolled up in blankets to sleep off her cold," answered the old lady, cheerily, as she bustled away to give orders.

"Are you in pain, darling?" asked Uncle Alec, as he carried her up.

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"My side aches when I breathe, and I feel stiff and queer; but it is n't bad, so don't be troubled, uncle," whispered Rose, with a little hot hand against his cheek.

But the poor Doctor did look troubled, and had cause to do so, for just then Rose tried to laugh at Dolly charging into the room with a warming-pan, but could not, for the sharp pain that took her breath away, and made her cry out.

"Pleurisy," sighed Aunt Plenty, from the depths of the bath-tub.

"Pewmonia!" groaned Dolly, burrowing among the bed-clothes with the long-handled pan, as if bent on fishing up that treacherous disease.

"Oh, is it bad?" asked Phebe, nearly dropping a pail of hot water in her dismay, for she knew nothing of sickness, and Dolly's suggestion had a peculiarly dreadful sound to her.

"Hush!" ordered the Doctor, in a tone that silenced all further predictions, and made every one work with a will.

"Make her as comfortable as you can, and when she is in her little bed, I 'll come and say good-night," he added, when the bath was ready and the blankets browning nicely before the fire.

Then he went away to talk quite cheerfully to Aunt Peace about its being "only a chill;" after which he tramped up and down the hall, pulling his beard and knitting his brows, sure signs of great inward perturbation.

"I thought it would be too good luck to get through the year without a downfall. Confound my perversity! why could n't I take Myra's advice and keep Rose at home. It 's not fair that the poor child should suffer for my sinful over-confidence. She shall *not* suffer for it! Pneumonia, indeed! I defy it!" and he shook his fist in the ugly face of an Indian idol that happened to be before him, as if that particularly hideous god had some spite against his own little goddess.

In spite of his defiance his heart sunk when he saw Rose again, for the pain was worse, and the bath and blankets, the warming-pan and piping-hot sage tea, were all in vain. For several hours there was no rest for the poor child, and all manner of gloomy forebodings haunted the minds of those who hovered about her with faces full of the tenderest anxiety.

In the midst of the worst paroxysm Charlie came to leave a message from his mother, and was met by Phebe coming despondently down stairs with a mustard plaster that had brought no relief.

"What the dickens is the matter? You look as dismal as a tombstone," he said, as she held up her hand to stop his lively whistling.

"Miss Rose is dreadful sick."

"The deuce she is!"

"Don't swear, Mr. Charlie; she really is, and it 's Mr. Mac's fault," and Phebe told the sad tale in a few sharp words, for she felt at war with the entire race of boys at that moment.

"I 'll give it to him, make your mind easy about that," said Charlie, with an ominous doubling up of his fist. "But Rose is n't dangerously ill, is she?" he added anxiously, as Aunt Plenty was seen to trot across the upper hall, shaking a bottle violently as she went.

"Oh, but she is, though. The Doctor don't say much, but he don't call it a 'chill' any more. It 's 'pleurisy' now, and I 'm *so* afraid it will be *pewmonia* to-morrow," answered Phebe, with a despairing glance at the plaster.

Charlie exploded into a stifled laugh at the new pronunciation of pneumonia, to Phebe's great indignation.

"How can you have the heart to do it, and she in such horrid pain? Hark to that and then laugh if you darst," she said with a tragic gesture, and her black eyes full of fire.

Charlie listened and heard little moans that went to his heart and made his face as sober as Phebe's. "Oh, uncle, please stop the pain and let me rest a minute! Don't tell the boys I was n't brave. I try to bear it, but it 's so sharp I can't help crying!"

Neither could Charlie, when he heard the broken voice say that; but, boy-like, he would n't own it, and said pettishly, as he rubbed his sleeve across his eyes:

"Don't hold that confounded thing right under my nose; the mustard makes my eyes smart."

"Don't see how it can, when it has n't any more strength in it than meal. The Doctor said so, and I 'm going to get some better," began Phebe, not a bit ashamed of the great tears that were bedewing the condemned plaster.

"I 'll go!" and Charlie was off like a shot, glad of an excuse to get out of sight for a few minutes.

When he came back all inconvenient emotion had been disposed of, and, having delivered a box of the hottest mustard procurable for money, he departed to "blow up" Mac, that being his next duty in his opinion. He did it so energetically and thoroughly, that the poor Worm was cast into the depths of remorseful despair, and went to bed that evening feeling that he was an outcast from among men, and bore the mark of Cain upon his brow.

Thanks to the skill of the Doctor, and the devotion of his helpers, Rose grew easier about midnight, and all hoped that the worst was over. Phebe was making tea by the study fire, for the

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Doctor had forgotten to eat and drink since Rose was ill, and Aunt Plenty insisted on his having a "good, cordial dish of tea" after his exertions. A tap on the window startled Phebe, and, looking up, she saw a face peering in. She was not afraid, for a second look showed her that it was neither ghost nor burglar, but Mac, looking pale and wild in the wintery moonlight.

"Come and let a fellow in," he said in a low tone, and when he stood in the hall he clutched Phebe's arm, whispering gruffly, "How is Rose?"

"Thanks be to goodness, she's better!" answered Phebe, with a smile that was like broad sunshine to the poor lad's anxious heart.

"And she will be all right again to-morrow?"

"Oh, dear no. Dolly says she's sure to have rheumatic fever, if she don't have noo-monia!" answered Phebe, careful to pronounce the word rightly this time.

Down went Mac's face, and remorse began to gnaw at him again as he gave a great sigh and said doubtfully: "I suppose I could n't see her?"

"Of course not at this time of night, when we want her to go to sleep!"

Mac opened his mouth to say something more, when a sneeze came upon him unawares, and a loud "Ah rash hoo!" awoke the echoes of the quiet house.

"Why did n't you stop it?" said Phebe, reproachfully, "I dare say you've waked her up."

"Did n't know it was coming. Just my luck!" groaned Mac, turning to go before his unfortunate presence did more harm.

But a voice from the stair-head called softly, "Mac, come up; Rose wants to see you." Up he went, and found his uncle waiting for him.

"What brings you here, at this hour, my boy?" asked the Doctor in a whisper.

"Charlie said it was all my fault, and if she died I'd killed her. I could n't sleep, so I came to see how she was, and no one knows it but Steve," he said with such a troubled face and voice that the Doctor had not the heart to blame him.

Before he could say anything more a feeble voice called "Mac!" and with a hasty "Stay a minute just to please her, and then slip away, for I want her to sleep," the Doctor led him into the room.

The face on the pillow looked very pale and childish, and the smile that welcomed Mac was very faint, for Rose was spent with pain, yet could not rest till she had said a word of comfort to her cousin.

"I knew your funny sneeze, and I guessed that you came to see how I did, though it is very late. Don't be worried. I'm better now, and it is my fault I was ill, not yours; for I need n't have been so silly as to wait in the cold just because I said I would."

Mac hastened to explain, to load himself with reproaches, and to beg her not to die on any account, for Charlie's lecture had made a deep impression on the poor boy's mind.

"I did n't know there was any danger of my dying," and Rose looked up at him with a solemn expression in her great eyes.

"Oh, I hope not; but people do sometimes go suddenly, you know, and I could n't rest till I'd asked you to forgive me," faltered Mac, thinking that Rose looked very like an angel already, with the golden hair loose on the pillow, and the meekness of suffering on her little white face.

"I don't think I shall die; uncle wont let me; but if I do, remember I forgave you."

She looked at him with a tender light in her eyes, and, seeing how pathetic his dumb grief was, she added softly, drawing his head down: "I would n't kiss you under the mistletoe, but I will now, for I want you to be sure I do forgive and love you just the same."

That quite upset poor Mac; he could only murmur his thanks and get out of the room as fast as possible, to grope his way to the couch at the far end of the hall, and lie there till he fell asleep, worn out with trying not to "make a baby" of himself.

(To be continued.)

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TONY'S FIRST STILTS.

"I WILL WALK ON MY NEW STILTS."

"DON'T BELIEVE THIS IS QUITE THE WAY."

"AM VERY SURE IT'S NOT."

"NOW I HAVE IT."

"HERE WE GO!"

A LITTLE MIXED.

"OH!"

EXIT TONY.

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SOME QUEER DISHES.

By Fannie Roper Feudge.

People often laugh at the French for eating frogs, and at the Chinese for liking young puppies; but neither of these tastes can be compared with some of the quaint dishes I have met in foreign lands.

For instance, what would you say to dining on elephant's heart, baked, and garnished with a sauce made of monkey brains? Queer enough, you will think; but it is dainty fare, nevertheless; and steaks cut from the loin or breast of a young monkey are luscious beyond description. Even the huge, ungainly feet of the elephant, when baked between bricks, in a hole under ground, furnish a repast fit for a king. And very few besides kings and their families, with occasionally a favored guest, ever get an opportunity of tasting such a delicacy as elephant-meat in any form; for in the East elephants are regarded as truly royal beasts, and, living or dead, they are quite beyond the reach of ordinary mortals. All along the Malabar coast, and in very many of the Malayan islands, as well as in Burmah and China, "pig-rats" and "coffee-rats" are abundant, and in high repute among epicures. They are not the ordinary "house-rat," nor the Norwegian "wharf-rat" known among us; but an entirely different species, growing often to a length of nearly two feet, and weighing from two to three pounds. They look very like our hares and squirrels, are said to be cleanly, grain-eating animals, and furnish, either boiled or curried, a most luscious repast.

But for the name, I would have gladly feasted on the tender, juicy meat, that looked sweet as a nut, and sent forth a very appetizing aroma. But the thought of eating rat-meat always took away my desire for food; though I have been assured by kings and princes who had all manner of dainties at command, that it was impossible for any one to conceive of a more delicate or dainty tit-bit than the breast of a broiled rat!

When dining, on one occasion, at the palace of an Oriental Prince, after tasting of sundry unknown dishes, I chanced upon one that specially suited my palate, and partook of it quite freely. I presently inquired the ingredients of the savory *fricassée* that had so pleased me, and learned, to my unutterable horror, that I had been eating a preparation of ants' eggs! I lost my relish for the meal, but I learned the wisdom of not asking, in future, the name of any dish I happened to fancy at Oriental tables. Among the Hottentots and some other African tribes, the *termites*, or white ants, are esteemed both palatable and nutritious. They boil them, eat them raw, or toast them as we do coffee. The last mode is considered the best, and, thus prepared, they are said to resemble sugared cream or sweet almonds.

Dr. Livingstone mentions a Bayeiye chief who visited him and remained to dinner. The Doctor, after regaling his guest with preserved apricots and other dainties,—a fresh installment just received from the coast,—inquired of him whether the African country could boast any better food. "Only white ants," was the prompt reply. "Nothing is *quite* so good as white ants."

Palm-grubs and various kinds of slugs are eaten nearly all over the East; as are bees, grasshoppers, and even spiders, in some localities,—not because other food is scarce, but because people like those queer-looking and queer-tasting dishes.

The Greeks of the olden time used to eat grasshoppers; and the Chinese occasionally convert into dainty dishes for their tables, the chrysalis of the silk-worm. The negroes of several of the West India Islands eat butterflies and moths. They catch the insects in large quantities by means of nets, remove the wings, then dry and smoke the bodies, and finally, after beating them to a fine powder, pack away in jars to be used as a relish during the Winter.

We read in the Bible, that the food of John the Baptist was "locusts and wild honey." A great deal of pains has been taken by commentators to prove that it was not what we call locusts, but the fruit of the wild carob-tree, that John ate with the honey that he found in the wilderness where he lived.

But I do not think that any one who has traveled in Arabia, or found rest and shelter in an Arab's tent, and been a guest at his hospitable board, would thus judge of what the Bible means by "locusts." In Turkey, Persia, Arabia, and all that region of country, locusts—genuine, *bonâ-fide* locusts—have been eaten from remote antiquity; and to this day, they form an important item of the food used by the common people. The Bedouins collect them in immense quantities, and, after a partial drying, pack them in sacks. Then at their convenience, when the season for collecting

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is over, they steam the insects in close vessels over a hot fire, winnow them in broad baskets to remove the legs and wings, and then pulverize between flat stones. When wanted for food, they are only moistened with a little water, just as the Arabs do in preparing their date-flour, and then the repast is all ready.

The Turks eat locusts in the same way, and by very many other Orientals they are regarded as the choicest of dainties.

The Moors boil or fry them, seasoning with salt, pepper, and vinegar; and they pronounce them even superior to quails and pigeons. The Hottentots make from the eggs a delicious soup; they also roast the locusts over a slow fire, and eat them as we do caramels or bon-bons. Dr. Livingstone says he used them at first from necessity, when deprived of all other food; "but, strange to say, grew daily more fond of them, and at last preferred them to shrimps or oysters."

In Peter Martyn's account of the voyages of Columbus, he alludes to the disgust of the Spaniards when urged by the Indians at St. Domingo to partake of their boasted delicacy, the iguana. The Spaniards mistook the odd-looking reptile for a species of serpent, and hence rejected it with horror; but, like many a tourist in the strange, far-off lands of the East, they lived to change their minds. Martyn says quaintly:

"These serpentes are lyke unto crocodiles save in bygness. Unto that daye, none of our men durste adventure to taste them, by reason of theyre horrible deformitie and loathsomeness. Yet the Adalantado, being entyced by the pleasantness of the King's sister, Anacaona, determined to taste the serpentes. But when he felt the flesh thereof to be so delycate to his tongue, he fel to amain, without all feare. The which thyng his companions seeing, were not behynd hym in greadynesse, insomuche that they had now none other talke than of the sweetnesse of these serpentes, which they affirme to be of more pleasant taste than eyther our phesantes or partriches."

Of the delicious birds'-nest soup eaten in China, everybody has heard, but everybody has not been privileged to partake of that most delectable of all Oriental dainties. The nests are formed of the secretions of a species of swallow, called by naturalists *Hirundo esculenta*, because their dwellings are eaten. These birds are common on most of the islands of the Indian Archipelagoes, but their head-quarters are Sumatra, Java, and Borneo. They build their nests over shelving rocks, in places that would seem to be inaccessible to man.

But such is the demand for this dainty, and so high its market value, that hundreds of men spend their whole lives in the perilous work of collecting the nests from deep caverns, by torch-light, and overhanging rocks, frightful cliffs, and precipices, such as make the head grow dizzy even to think of, and whence the slightest loss of footing must prove fatal to the adventurer. Multitudes of others are constantly employed in separating with delicate tweezers the feathers and other impurities from the gelatinous portion of the nests, and in washing and drying them in preparation for the market.

The bird makes its first nest of a gelatine produced from its own body, without any foreign admixture; but when deprived of this, being unable to secrete a sufficient quantity of the gluten for another, he mixes in the second a considerable portion of sticks, feathers, and dried grass, thus rendering the nest far less desirable for edible purposes.

Again, however, the rapacious hunter, lying in wait for his prey, turns out the homeless bird, and bears off the prize; and when, for the third time, the little architect rears his home, it is composed almost entirely of stubble, with the slightest possible admixture of gelatine.

This last nest being comparatively worthless for food, the poor little builder is ordinarily allowed to retain possession, and rears its family without farther molestation. The nests are about the size of a small tea-cup, and an eighth of an inch in thickness, weighing scarcely half an ounce each.

The first nests collected are of a pure creamy whiteness, and bring readily twice their own weight in silver dollars. These require little cleansing, only to be dried and packed; but the second gathering must be carefully picked over, and thoroughly washed. The nests thus losing their original lusciousness, their market value is proportionately diminished, and they sell for about eighteen or twenty dollars per pound,—the poorest as low as six or eight. Even the *third* nests are occasionally taken, but they bring a mere trifle, and are only used by those whose epicurean tastes exceed the length of their purses.

Whole streets in Canton are occupied by the preparers and venders of birds'-nests; and about a million and a-half of dollars are annually expended by the Chinese in the purchase of this dainty, which, when rendered into soup or jelly, the Celestial regards as the most delectable of food.

The nests are first soaked in water, then boiled to a jelly, and finally, swimming in a rich gravy composed of the expressed juice of the cocoanut, with various spices and condiments, they are placed on the table,—a rich, pulpy mass, and truly delicious.

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SEWING.

By Luella Clark.

Stitch and stitch, my little maid,
  Dainty apron, comely gown;
Neatly let each hem be laid,
  Firmly fold the edges down.

Stitch and stitch, and dream and dream,
  Push the needle through and through;
All along the lengthening seam
  Stitch the happy fancies too.

Finely fashion every fold,
  Deftly stitch the pocket in;
Weave the loop the hook to hold,
  Leave no place for envious pin.

Crisp and dainty, spotless white,
  Stitch the ruffle in its place,
While sweet thoughts and fancies bright
  Come and go upon your face.

Stretch the canvas clean and fair,
  Wind your wools,—the task begin;
Trace your pretty pattern there,
  Stitch and stitch and stitch it in.

Small and smaller grows the skein;
  On the canvas blooms the rose;
In the busy little brain
  Fast the airy castle grows.

Braid the border straight and neat;
  In and out the needle goes—
Leaf and bud and flower complete;
  Still the stream of fancy flows.

Stitch and stitch! oh, life is sweet!
  Life is sweet and hope is strong;
Fancy free and fingers fleet,
  Days can never be too long.

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MRS. POPE AND THE BEAR.

By Franklin B. Gage.

"You must look out for the sheep, wife. These warm days will bring the bears out of their dens. They will be ravenous, and like as not they will break into the yard and carry off some of the sheep. I saw bear tracks up the mountain this morning."

"Well," said Mrs. Pope, "they need n't expect to get any of our sheep. If they come prowling round here, I 'll drive them off in some way. We need the sheep too much to have them carried off by bears."

"I wish you understood using the gun, wife. When I am gone, I worry about leaving you and the baby all day alone. The woods are so near, I can't help thinking some wild animals may come down from the mountains and attack you."

"You need n't fear about that," answered Mrs. Pope. "To be sure it is lonesome with neither man nor dog about. I presume I should feel safer if I understood handling a gun, but I don't believe anything will come near in the day-time. So don't worry about us, only be sure to get home before dusk."

"Well, good-bye, then. Don't expose the baby or yourself to any danger, and I 'll be back before night."

So saying, Mr. Pope, with a bag of grain on his horse, started off to mill, leaving his wife and baby alone in their solitary log cabin in the wilderness.

This conversation occurred in the town of Kirby, Vermont, in the Spring of the year 1811, when that region was but little settled, when even women understood they were in constant peril from wild beasts. Jesse Pope's cabin stood close to the foot of the Kirby mountains, in whose rocky fastnesses bears, catamounts and wolves had their inaccessible dens. Bears, especially, were so thick as to be a source of constant dread to those who had flocks, or were compelled to leave their homes unprotected, while they went to the larger settlements on necessary business.

Mrs. Pope fully understood the peril that surrounded her during her husband's absence. Her cheerful talk with her husband was not mere bravado. She said what she did, as much to keep her own spirits up as to dispel her husband's anxiety. She knew that he must go to the mill, and there was no way for her but to stay at home and be as brave as possible. She was a brave woman. Nature had endowed her with courage, and the surroundings of her early life had all tended to foster and strengthen it. She fully understood her situation, and when her husband passed out of sight she knew she and her baby were alone in the great wilderness, beyond the reach of help, should anything serious occur. But she had always lived in the wilderness. The howl of the wolf and the growl of the bear were familiar sounds to her, and she had become accustomed to a lonely life in the woods. So, instead of shutting herself in the house, she went on with her work as usual.

After the breakfast dishes were washed and put away, she brought out her little "linen wheel" and went to spinning flax. They must have clothes for Summer wear, and that was the season to spin and weave, before the Summer fully set in. I can remember my mother and her spinning-wheel, and I can imagine just how Mrs. Pope looked, sitting with one foot on the treadle. I can hear the buzz of the wheel as it flew round; I can see just how often she dipped her fingers in the little cup of water, as she drew out the fibers of flax, and dexterously shaped the strong symmetrical thread, in a manner that would astonish modern housewives.

All the long forenoon her musical wheel kept humming its pleasant tune, stopping only now and then as its mistress either crowed to the baby in the cradle, or looked out to see that no wild animals were prowling about. Noon came and went, and nothing disturbed them. The baby in the cradle went off to sleep, and she kept on with her work. After a time she rose and looked out again. This time she saw an astounding sight! Coming down the mountain side from the woods, she beheld a full-grown bear, not a hundred yards distant. He was on his way to the yard where the sheep were in fold, and she knew he was after the sheep. She had a gun, but that would not avail anything, for she had never learned to use it. She had an axe, but she knew an axe to be a poor weapon to fight a bear with. The next thing she thought of was a pitchfork. Their few sheep were a treasure to the family. All their Winter clothing was to come from the sheep, and now that they were in peril, she was aroused to instant action. The one absorbing thought of saving the sheep banished all sense of personal danger. Instead of shutting herself up in the house she darted out and closed the door after her lest anything should molest the baby. Then running into the log barn, she snatched up the pitchfork, ran around the barn, and planted herself directly in the bear's path.

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Brandishing her pitchfork and screaming at him, she attempted to scare him back to the woods. But the bear was ravenous with hunger, and he came straight down the hill at her, showing his teeth and growling fiercely. As he approached and sprang toward her, Mrs. Pope dodged and dealt him a blow, the iron ring of the fork striking him exactly on the end of the nose. The shock stunned the bear for an instant, and during that one instant, with almost superhuman strength, Mrs. Pope plunged both tines of the fork into the bear's side, where she supposed the heart to be. Either good fortune, or the hand of Providence, directed the weapon, for one of the tines passed clear through the bear's heart, and he fell over dead, leaving her not only victorious, but unharmed. After the excitement of the contest was over, Mrs. Pope went back to the house, shuddering at the extremity of peril she had been in. But after a time her nervousness passed off, and she

"SHE SNATCHED UP THE PITCHFORK AND PLANTED HERSELF DIRECTLY IN THE BEAR'S PATH."

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went on with her work again, and so the afternoon wore away.

At length, when the sun was about an hour high, she saw her husband emerge from the woods near the house. She left her spinning-wheel, and, with the baby in her arms, met him at the door as if nothing unusual had occurred.

As he came up to the door leading the horse with one hand, and holding on the bag of flour with the other, he spoke out:

"Well, wife, I am thankful nothing has happened to you while I was gone. I suppose it was foolish, but I could n't help worrying all the time."

"I don't know as it was foolish, husband. But hitch the horse, and bring the bag in. I want to talk with you."

When the bag was deposited in the house, Mrs. Pope said. "So you were nervous about us then?"

"Yes. I don't remember ever being so nervous before in all my life."

"Well, husband, I was nervous too. I could n't help thinking what could I do, if a bear should come down from the mountain after the sheep."

"Why, common sense would tell you what to do; shut the door, take care of yourself and baby, and let the sheep go."

"Do you think so, husband?"

"Of course I do. What else could you have done?"

"You will see if you go out behind the barn and look."

"Behind the barn! What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say. Go and look behind the barn."

Mr. Pope started out in the greatest wonder, while the wife buried her face in the baby's apron, to smother the womanly tears she could no longer restrain.

To his utter astonishment Mr. Pope found the dead bear behind the barn, with the pitchfork sticking in its side.

When he went in and heard the whole story from his wife, he fully realized that something had happened in his absence, and that he had more reason than ever to be thankful.

I am indebted to the wife of James Harris, Esq., of St. Johnsbury, for this history of Mrs. Pope's encounter with the bear. Mrs. Harris's father—Rev. Timothy Locke—lived not far from Mr. Pope's house at the time. Mrs. Harris still distinctly remembers seeing the bear's skin nailed on the outside of the barn, where it remained all Summer, while Mrs. Pope became famous throughout the neighborhood for her heroism.

A LONDON CHILD'S HOLIDAY.

By William H. Rideing.

THE poorer classes of London children are not travelers as a rule, and their excursions do not often extend farther than a few miles. A trip made on one of the steamers that carry passengers a short distance for a penny is considered an important and delightful outing, while a whole day's sail is something never to be forgotten. A favorite holiday journey is to Kew, where the finest botanic gardens in England are situated, and when you happen to be in London I should advise you to make this trip, as it is a pleasure in itself, and will also enable you to see how the children there enjoy themselves.

The starting-point is at the London Bridge which is so old in story and history. The Thames here is shallow, black, sluggish and narrow. You can almost throw a stone across it, and it is not easy to think of it as the great stream about which you have read so much. Large vessels cannot ascend so far, as the water is not deep enough, but you can see a forest of masts in the extensive docks lower down. The river steamboats are moored at a little pier under one side of the bridge. They are bits of side-wheelers, not much larger than the tow-boats of America, and not much handsomer. The only accommodations for passengers are a few uncovered wooden benches on deck and a gloomy little cabin below. They are built of iron and painted black or gray. In shape—or in model, as a sailor would say—they are pretty enough, and they look as though they might be swift; but they have no other element of beauty.

Comparisons between friends are odious, but I really wonder what a young Londoner would think were he to see one of our small river-boats on the Thames—say the "Sylvan Glen" of the Harlem line, or the "Pomona" of the Staten Island line. Perhaps he might imagine it to be a part of the

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Lord Mayor's show,—a pageant that occurs once a year,—out of date. He certainly would not suppose that a craft of such elegance could be intended for the common traffic of a ferry.

You buy your tickets at an office on the pier, as a warning bell hastens you on board. The captain stands on a bridge between the paddle-boxes. Underneath there is a small boy, with a very old-fashioned face, who seems to be paying diligent attention to nothing in particular. But at a motion of the captain's hand, without lifting his eyes, he drawls out to a man on the lower-deck, "Ahead, half-speed!" and you can feel the paddle-wheels revolving. You expect to see some one boxing his ears the next moment for misleading the engineer; but he still sits on the grating of the boiler-house, solemnly contemplating the knots in the planks. Again the captain raises his hand. "Full spe-e-e-d!" the small boy screams, and the engine goes faster at his command. By and by you begin to understand that he belongs to the boat, and is a substitute for a bell, and you cannot help admiring the modesty with which he comports himself.

As the boat shoots under the arches and up the river, the bridge comes into view—the busiest place in all busy London. About eight thousand people on foot and nine hundred vehicles pass over it every hour in the day. The rumble of the traffic as it comes to us on the boat is like the roll of distant thunder. I can compare it to nothing else, trite as the simile is. In the background you can see the Tower, in which offenders of the Government were imprisoned in the barbarous times of old; and Billingsgate, the largest fish-market in the world. The dealers and their customers are notorious for the use of bad language, and the word "Billingsgate" is commonly accepted in writing and conversation as meaning abuse or profanity.

The bridge has been rebuilt several times, and the present one cost ten millions of dollars in gold; so you may imagine how substantial it is. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth there were stores on each side, with arbors and gardens, and at the south end there was a queer wooden house, brought from Holland, which was covered with carving and gilding. In the middle ages it was the scene of affrays of all kinds, and it was burned down several times, three thousand persons perishing in one fire alone. The heads of rebels were stuck on the gate-houses, among others those of Jack Cade, and of Garnet, who was concerned in the gunpowder plot to blow up the Houses of Parliament. The heads of good Sir Thomas More, brave Wallace of Scotland, and the pious Bishop of Rochester were also placed there, and until a comparatively recent date such ghastly trophies glanced down on the passers-by. They were fastened on iron spikes, and in a gale of wind they sometimes rolled to the ground or into the water.

Three hundred and fifteen years ago the Lord Mayor of London was Sir William Hewet. Hewet lived in a house on the bridge, and had an infant daughter named Anne. The current of the Thames was then very strong, as there was a fall of several feet underneath the arches. One day a nurse was playing with baby Anne at a window overlooking the river, and in a careless moment she let her little charge fall. A young apprentice named Osborne plunged into the boiling stream after her, and with great difficulty saved her, thus earning the life-long gratitude of his master, the Lord Mayor. Anne grew to be a beautiful woman, and, as her father was very wealthy, many noblemen, including earls and baronets, sought her hand. But she loved Osborne the best, and to all other suitors her father said: "No; Osborne won her and Osborne shall have her." So he did, and he afterward became the first Duke of Leeds.

Hogarth and other celebrated painters once lived on London Bridge. Alexander Pope, the poet, and Jonathan Swift, who wrote "Gulliver's Travels," were often to be found at the store of a witty bookseller in the Northern Gate; and a whole number of ST. NICHOLAS might be filled with anecdotes of the famous people who have been associated with its history. But for us this glimpse must be sufficient.

The little steamer moves slowly up the river, and soon passes under another bridge. As you approach, you wonder how she will do it, as her smoke-stack—or funnel, as the English people call it—is too high to allow her passage. The next moment you see it thrown back on a line with the deck, and a cloud of sulphurous smoke drifts from its mouth among the ladies and children on the seats at the stern. As soon as she is clear of the bridge, it is raised again by some invisible machinery worked below. It is like the blade of a penknife opening and shutting. You are a little startled when you first see it coming down upon you, but you are quickly re-assured by the unconcern of the others, to whom it is no mystery. The masts of the barges on the river are worked in the same way. When a bridge is near, one of the boatmen turns a crank and the mast is seen to fall gradually back until it is parallel with the deck. When the bridge is passed, the crank lifts it into position again.

Most of these barges, by the by, are in striking contrast with the surroundings of the river. They are lavishly painted in the gaudiest colors—red, yellow and green being a favorite combination; and the cabin windows are usually draped with a trim bit of muslin, which indicates the presence of

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a woman. The other vessels, the small-boats and the ferry-boats included, are black and dreary, and on the southern side of the river a line of smoky warehouses and a strip of black mud add to the cheerlessness of the scene.

The steamer plods yet farther on, occasionally stopping at a pier, where a few passengers are landed and a few others received. The small boy is closely attentive to the movements of the captain's hand the while, lustily calling "Slow 'er!" or "Stop-per!" as it is raised or lowered, and never moving from his perch on the gratings of the engine-room.

Not very long ago, the Thames between London Bridge and Westminster was lined on both sides with tumble-down old stores and houses, which gave it a miserably shabby appearance. A wonderful improvement is being made, however, in the construction of an ornamental embankment of stone, which is already completed for a distance of about two miles. It has a fine road-way for vehicles and a promenade for walkers, sheltered by an avenue of trees; and when it is entirely finished, it will be one of the finest public works in the world. It is called the Victoria Embankment, in honor of the Queen; and at Chelsea, a part of London at which we shall arrive by and by, there is another similar embankment on the opposite side of the river, which is called the Albert Embankment, in honor of her husband, the good Prince Consort, who died some years ago.

Near where the Victoria Embankment begins is the Temple, with its beautiful gardens and old brick houses and church. It was the residence of the Knights Templars, who fought so valorously in the Crusades against the infidels of the East. They first came to England from Jerusalem in the year 1128, and they called themselves "Poor fellow-soldiers of Jesus Christ and of the Temple of Solomon."

When out of battle, they lived the lives of monks, and passed their time in prayer and self-mortification. They were forbidden to talk aloud, jest, or receive or write letters without the consent of a master. When traveling, they were required to lodge only with men of the best repute, and to keep a light burning all night, "lest the dark enemy, from whom God preserve us, should find some opportunity."

In time these monkish knights grew rich, proud, and corrupt, and eventually they were put down. Their monastery then became—and it still remains—a great residence for lawyers and literary men. Among those who have occupied it are notable people without number, including Congreve, the old play-writer; Sir William Blackstone, who wrote the best commentary on the English laws; Edmund Burke, the brilliant orator; Dr. Samuel Johnson, the dictionary-maker; Charles Lamb, the essayist; Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the wittiest man of his time, author of the "School for Scandal;" and the three poets Oliver Goldsmith, Thomas Moore, and William Cowper.

These are only a few well-known names, which I have selected at random, from the long list of celebrities who have inhabited the Temple at different times. I ought not to omit mention of Butler, who lived here and who wrote "Hudibras," nor of a pretty little fountain in the gardens, which Charles Dickens beautifully described in "Martin Chuzzlewit."

The dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, one of the noblest religious buildings in existence, is in view about three miles behind, and we are fast nearing Westminster. We pass under many bridges of the most varied design, some of them built of painted and gilded iron, and others built of stone on solid arches black with age and dirt. On both sides there are thick clusters of houses and warehouses, towering above which a palace or a public building is occasionally seen. A pall of smoke floats above all, and the sunlight is subdued and yellow.

The Houses of Parliament—the House of Commons and the House of Lords—stand close by the river at Westminster, with the Abbey in the rear. Probably you will be more pleased with them than with the other buildings that you have seen in London. For, while they are large and imposing, they have a sort of airy grace, which is produced by numerous towers, spires, and abundant scroll-work. To what can I compare them? They seem so finely wrought that they might be woven of lace instead of stone, and they realize all one's ideas of a palace, even of a fairy palace. At night, too, when the Parliament is in session and all the windows stream forth light, they are still more beautiful and still more inviting to the fancy. The interior is also exquisitely grand; and this is the great legislative hall where the Queen, the Lords and Commoners meet in council to frame laws for the people.

Westminster Abbey is a much older and nobler building than the Houses of Parliament. Within its walls rest the remains or monuments of all those Englishmen who have distinguished themselves by brave deeds in peace and war. "Victory or Westminster Abbey!" cried Lord Nelson in entering one of his sea-fights, and he echoed a common ambition. Burial in this sacred place is the highest honor that can be paid to an Englishman, and it is only allowed to the greatest. At one side there is a small space called the "Poets' Corner," containing the fresh grave of Charles Dickens. Silent neighbors to him are the memorials or remains

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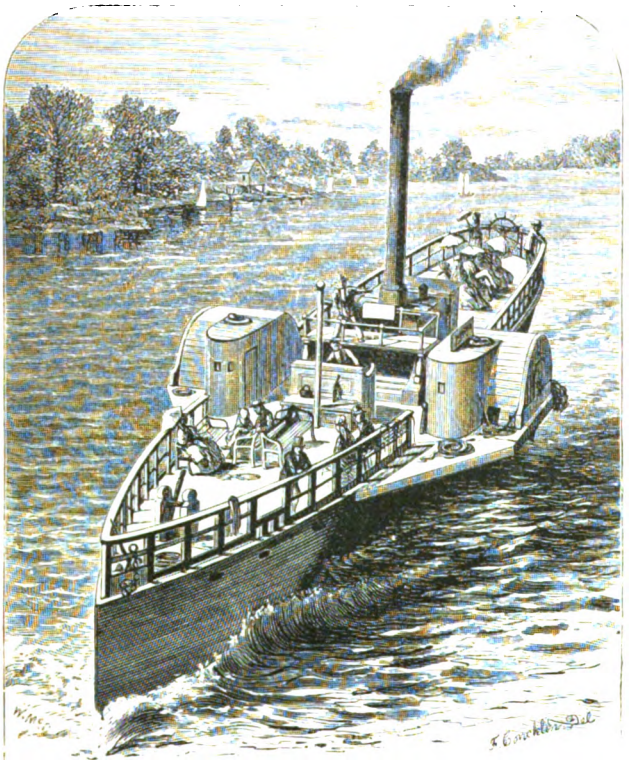
of Chaucer, Spencer, Shakespeare, Camden, Ben Jonson, Milton, Dryden, Addison, Handel, Garrick, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Macaulay, Thackeray, Palmerston, and others no less famous in history and literature. Another part of the abbey is divided into ten chapels, within which repose the kings, queens and princes; and the transepts and aisles also shelter illustrious dead.

The landings of the steamer are made with scarcely a minute's delay. A plank is thrown between the deck and the pier. Passengers step on board or ashore without hurry or confusion. "Go ahead!" the small boy shouts, and we start into the stream again at full speed. This is one of the things they manage better in London than in America. People do not try to jump on board after the steamer has started, nor to jump ashore before she has arrived, and so there are few accidents and delays.



THE THAMES STEAMBOAT.

Near Lambeth Bridge, on the southern bank of the river, there is a stone building which looks half like a castle and half like a fort, and which is neither. It is Lambeth Palace, formerly a place of confinement for heretics and now used as the London residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury. You are much disappointed with its appearance, no doubt; for palace is a grand and promising word, exciting to the imagination. But this, like the other palaces of London, is a very ordinary-looking building, and you can scarcely decide whether it is not as ugly as the Millbank Prison, with its eight thousand criminals, on the opposite side.

After Lambeth, the next stopping-place is Chelsea, where we change boats for Kew. A row of old-fashioned houses fronts the river, and one of them is the home of the great writer, Thomas Carlyle. The place is most famed, however, for its buns, which are sold at all the confectioneries in England. They are not like other buns, and they contain no currants. They are richer, sweeter, softer, and altogether more palatable. You should see their color too. It is bright yellow within, and a delicate brown without. In the center of each there is a dainty bit of citron, and the crust is generously sprinkled with sparkling grains of crystallized sugar. As for myself, I have outgrown my taste for confectionery, but I cannot resist these superb Chelsea buns—they are so wholesome, and, withal, so delicious.

We resume our voyage in another steamer, different from the London Bridge boat in name only. Another small boy sits under the bridge to convey the captain's orders to the engineer, and he, like our old friend, is of a silent and retiring disposition. The wonder is that, though he is reading a story-paper all the while, he never misses a movement of the captain's hand and never fails to chirp "Stop-per!" "Slow 'er!" as alertly as though his whole mind was in his business. His bright eyes seem centered on the paper, but he has a corner, I suppose, reserved especially for the man on the bridge.

Our fellow-passengers are changed. Only two or three of those who came with us on the first boat remain. The others, including several little Londoners in holiday dress, arrived at Chelsea earlier, and were waiting. Some musicians, with a violin, harp and flute, have also joined the company, and strike up a lively tune as we approach a more beautiful part of the Thames. For a short distance the boat steams between two muddy shores; then we see a green field, and, farther on, some trees. Soon afterward we are in a lovely country, beyond the smoke and toil of the city. On the banks of the river, set back among the

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woods, are the villas of wealthy people, with picturesque boat-houses and velvet-like lawns reaching to the water's edge. Occasionally we hear the tap-tap of a hammer, and pass a boat-builder's yard, where some workmen are repairing a sharp-looking scull. Next we come to Putney, the starting-point in the annual boat-race between the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, which is celebrated the world over, and attracts such a crowd of spectators as can only be seen in London. Swift rowing-boats, pulled by splendid fellows in fancily colored dress, shoot by us, and yonder are two boys making life happy in a tiny canoe.

Between Putney and Mortlake the river is given almost entirely to aquatic sports. There are many pretty boat-houses on the banks, with fleets of cedar sculls before each. It was here that the Americans from Harvard College were defeated in a contest with the Oxford men; and here, too, exciting swimming and rowing matches take place nearly every day in Summer. The villages on the route are composed of queer old houses built among sweetbrier and honeysuckle. The roofs are covered with warm red tiles, and the walls are white, with lattice-work porches by the doors. Near Hammersmith, one of the quaintest of these quaint villages, Thomson wrote his poem, the "Seasons," and in the same neighborhood George Macdonald, the novelist, has a home.

About three-quarters of an hour after our departure from Chelsea we are landed at Kew. Close to the pier there are tea-gardens without number, each displaying a sign, "Tea for ninepence" and "Hot water." It is in these tea-gardens that the London children will end their holiday. Their parents have brought heavy baskets filled with eatables, and, when they have inspected the botanic gardens, they will come here to feast. The landlord supplies hot water, chairs and tables, charging twopence (or four cents) for each person; and the visitors supply their own food. Of course all visitors do not follow this plan. There are fashionable hotels in Kew at which eight shillings (or two dollars) are charged for dinner. But such people as we saw on the boat—the mechanics with their wives and children—will surely do so, and you may be certain that they will enjoy themselves. In the evening they will return to the city by the third-class train, and will not have another holiday, perhaps, for a year.

THE CYCLOPS.

By Mary Treat.

The Cyclops is a tiny animal, very common, found in all of our fresh-water ponds and stagnant pools. It is about the sixteenth of an inch in length, easily discernible to the naked eye. It belongs to the great class of animals called *crustacea*, of which the lobster and crab are familiar examples. The *crustacea* carry their bones outside of their bodies. What a nice arrangement this is, to be enveloped in a bony coat-of-mail! The crustaceans ought to be a happy race of animals to have their bodies so well protected against the dangers which surround them. With us the order is reversed. Our bones are covered with flesh, and we have to be very careful what we handle, and where we step with our naked feet. But we are supposed to know more than the crustaceans, and the more we know the more difficulties are placed around us, as if to try us, to see how much we can overcome.

The Cyclops is an active, nimble creature, and under the microscope looks very pretty. It has two pairs of feathery *antennæ*, and five pairs of feet with tufts of plumose hairs set at each joint, and a long tail terminating in bristles.

It has one eye set in the center of the forehead, like the wicked giants of mythology, after whom our tiny Cyclops is named. This eye is a marvel of skill and wonderful workmanship, far exceeding in elaborate construction the eye of insects. It is composed of a number of simple eyes set on a footstalk and placed under a shining, glassy cornea, and a great many muscle-bands are attached to this compound eye, so that the animal can move it about in any direction. The footstalk is movable on a hinge, so that the eye can be projected or withdrawn at pleasure; and when the animal is tired of looking about, it can pack its eye away in a little hollow prepared expressly for the purpose.

I hope my readers will duly appreciate the "portrait" of the Cyclops, for I exhausted a good deal of patience and considerable time in catching the

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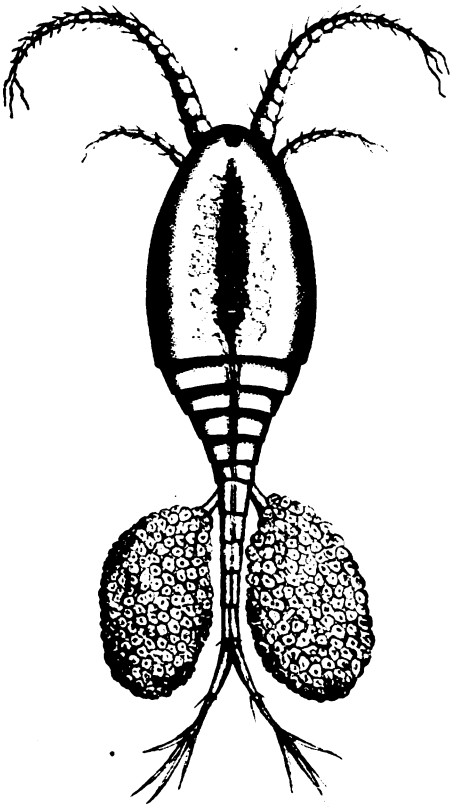
active creature. For several months past I have had a large colony of them in a vessel of water, with growing plants, on my study-table; but, for all that I can see, they are just as wild as when first brought here. The other evening I undertook to capture the original of this portrait, and such a time as I had! That large eye would roll about in



THE CYCLOPS (MAGNIFIED).

every direction,—she was not to be caught napping. The instrument that I was chasing her with was a glass tube, about six inches in length. I placed my finger firmly over the aperture on one end, and now with the other end poised carefully over her, I would raise my finger, and this would bring a rush of water into the tube, fetching along with it the animals that happened to be in the vicinity; but the Cyclops did not happen to be one of the animals caught. As quick as thought she had rushed from danger. I repeated this several times until my patience was gone, and now I thought I would try the unscientific method of using a tea-spoon; so I slipped the bowl of the spoon under the Cyclops, and brought it up quickly, and there she was in the spoon. I now transferred her to what we call a live-box. The framework of this box is composed of brass, and the upper and lower surface is clear, beautiful glass, and the box is so arranged that we can put on just the right amount of pressure to hold our animal without crushing it. I managed to get the Cyclops fixed so as to show a side view; she was now ready for the microscope, and her five pairs of beautiful feathery feet stood out clear and distinct, but she kicked and floundered about, and I had brought all the pressure upon her that would do without crushing her shell. She did not seem to have any ambition to have her portrait appear in ST. NICHOLAS in this position, so I raised the cover slightly, and let her get on her feet; and now bringing more gentle pressure upon her, she was held perfectly quiet without injury; and this is how she came to be taken with a back or dorsal view.

The mother Cyclops carries her eggs with her in two transparent bags, as you see in the cut, fastened to each side of her tail—or rather slender abdomen. From this we should infer that she was a very good mother, for she carries these two large sacs of eggs wherever she goes, until the young are hatched. But I am sorry to say that she is not a good mother. She has a voracious appetite, and seizes her own young and devours them just as relentlessly as if they were no relation to her. And she has a pugnacious disposition,—often fighting with others of her species. Sometimes she will seize a sister Cyclops by the tail, and away they dash through the water, until they are brought to a sudden stand by becoming entangled among the water-plants; here they flounder about for a while, and very often another Cyclops will be attracted by the *mêlée*, and she seizes the second one by the tail, and now they dash through the water again, three in line!

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ABOUT TWO LITTLE BOYS.

By K. A. M.

Two little boys, all neat and clean,
  Came down upon the shore;
They did not know old Ocean's ways—
  They'd ne'er seen him before.

So quietly they sat them down,
  To build a fort of sand;
Their backs were turned upon the sea,
  Their faces toward the land.

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They had just built a famous fort—
The handkerchief flag was spread—
When up there came a stealthy wave,
And turned them heels over head.

BOCKO AND THE DEER.

By Paul Fort.

Bocko was a dog. He had several brothers and sisters, and they were all little chunky dogs like himself. But they had high opinions of themselves. Bocko was the largest, and the rest looked up to him, although, to be sure, that was not much trouble, as they did not have to look very high. One reason why they thought so much of their big brother was, that he was always talking of the great things he had done, and the great things he intended to do.

One day, the family was out of meat. The mother-dog proposed to send the children out to a neighboring town to prowl about the market and bring home what they could pick up.

But Bocko opposed this plan. "I am tired of bits and bones," he said. "There is no reason why we should not have the very best meat. We have gone on in this poor way long enough. Now, my idea is this: You all stay at home and take a nap, and make yourselves as comfortable as you can, and I will go hunting. I will go into the forest and kill a deer. Then we can have the very best meat, and all we want of it. A whole deer will last a long time."

"Oh, that will be delightful!" cried his sisters. "But do you think you can kill a deer?"

"Kill one!" cried Bocko. "I should think so. Do you see those teeth?"

"Oh, yes!" said his sisters and the small brother; "they 're perfectly awful when you open your mouth that way."

"And do you see that leg, and this one, and the two others? Did you ever see stronger looking legs than they are? You can feel my muscle, if you like."

The sisters and the small brother felt his mus-

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cle, and declared that with such teeth and such legs he ought to be able to kill a deer. And the more he talked and they listened, the more certain they felt about it.

So they agreed to stay at home and take a nap while he was out hunting. The old mother did not altogether approve of the plan, but Bocko seemed so confident about the matter, that she thought she would let him go.

So off went Bocko to the forest as fast as his short legs would carry him. He had rather better fortune than most hunters, for it was not long before he saw a very fine deer coming leisurely down a path in the woods.

Bocko immediately ran toward it. The deer looked at him, and then stopped. So did Bocko.

"Well?" said the deer.

Bocko did not make any answer. He did not think it proper to talk to animals that he was hunting. But he did not know exactly what to do first. He had never hunted a deer before. So he thought he had better bark a little. That came natural to him. So he ran close up to the deer and barked.

The deer put down his head, and then he said:

"What are you going to do? You're a very uncivil creature."

"No, I'm not uncivil," replied Bocko, who thought that he must answer this time. "I came out hunting, and not to talk. I am going to take a deer home for my family to eat."

"And you think of taking me?" said the deer.

"Yes," said Bocko.

The deer gave a grin. Perhaps it was not a real grin, but it looked like one.

This made Bocko angry, and he ran close up to the deer and tried to bite one of his fore-legs.

"Look here!" said the deer, stepping back, "if you bite my legs I will give you a kick that you'll remember to the day of your death!"

"Well, then, what *am* I to do?" exclaimed poor Bocko. "I suppose I ought to take you by the throat, but I can't reach up."

"You'd like me to lie down, would n't you?" asked the deer.

"Yes," said Bocko, promptly.

"Well, you *are* cool!" replied the deer.

Bocko had nothing to say to this; so he gave another sharp bark, so as to let the deer know that he still intended to press the matter, and then ran around to see if he could not get a bite at the deer's tail. But the tail was very short and very high up, and there was no chance there.

Then Bocko felt provoked, and he ran in front of the deer again.

"You're afraid to put your head down," said he.

"Am I?" answered the deer; and he put his head down so low that his nose went between his fore-feet. This was not exactly the position that Bocko wished him to take, but he was ashamed to ask for anything more; and so he made a rush at the deer to take him by the throat.

The deer turned around so as to keep his forehead toward the dog, and the moment Bocko came near enough, he stepped forward quickly, pushed his horns under him, and gave him a tremendous toss that sent him spinning into the middle of a great barberry-bush, several yards away.

For a minute or two, Bocko did not know what had happened to him; but as soon as he began to gather his senses about him, he cautiously peeped out of the bush. He saw the deer trotting slowly away.

"He's laughing!" thought Bocko to himself, and then he crawled out of the bush. He examined his body and his valuable legs, and finding that nothing was broken, he concluded to give up hunting for that day, and to go home.

When his sisters and his small brother and his mother saw him coming, they all rushed out to meet him.

"Oh! where is the deer?" they cried. "We are so hungry! Did you leave it in the forest? Show us where it is, and we will all go get some of it. Come, brave Bocko, where is it?"

Bocko stood silently, his tail going farther and farther between his legs.

"What's the matter?" cried his mother. "Can't you speak? Where is the deer? Did you see one?"

"Yes," said Bocko, in a low voice.

"And did n't kill it?"

"No," said Bocko; "he would n't let me."

What a chorus of disappointment and disgust greeted this announcement!

Bow-wow! Bow-wow! WOW! WOW! Bow-wow! ¡MOW-MOQ Wow-wow! WOW!! Bow! bow! wow-WOW! BOW! ¡MOW WOW! WOW! Bow! wow-wow-WOW!!

Bocko did not wait to hear any more. He was sneaking away, when his mother took him by the ear and led him aside, out of the noise.

"Bocko," said she, "it's bad enough to boast about things you have done, but it's ever so much worse to boast of what you are going to do. Do you think you will remember that?"

"I do," said Bocko.

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AS WE GO ALONG.

By Mary C. Bartlett.

ICK and Dora were traveling Westward. It was before the days (the nights, rather) of sleeping-cars; and being determined to go "straight through," as Dick said at starting, they were not a little fatigued when the darkness of the second night gathered about them.

But, though fatigued, they were by no means out of sorts. They were thoroughly posted as to the changes of their journey; they knew they were right; all that they desired was to proceed as rapidly as possible.

Dora looked smilingly around upon the drowsy passengers.

"Do see that old lady, Dick," said she, with a smothered laugh. "Her head bobs about like the tail of Ned's kite. There! she's down at last. No, she is n't, either. Oh!"

Here the old lady in question straightened herself and looked severely around, as if to reprove all who had even suspected her of an inclination to slumber. Happening to glance toward our young friends, she encountered two pairs of bright eyes. The eyes tried to be polite, but they could not help being truthful. They seemed to say: "We did laugh. We could not help it. We cannot help it now."

The old lady could not help it either. Such a hearty, cosey little laugh as it was, all round, when she had set the example!

"Lucky for us old people that our necks are insured," said she, cheerily; "and lucky for us that we can't see ourselves as others see us. Heads bobbing about like the tail of Ned's kite, eh!"

"O, I beg your pardon," said Dora, with crimson cheeks. "I did n't know you heard."

"Don't worry yourself in the least, my dear. I 'm going to try it again. If you can get any fun out of this poor old head, you 're heartily welcome to it, I 'm sure. You 'll need all you can get before morning—I can tell you that."

"We shall soon be 'bobbing around, around, around' ourselves," laughed Dick.

"So you will. Wish I could keep awake to see; but I can't. Good-night to you. Pleasant dreams."

Dora arose from her seat, and walked toward the old lady, taking her long shawl with her.

"Mother *would* make me bring this," said she, ignoring the deprecating gesture. "I don't know why, I 'm sure, for we have my water-proof and Dick's overcoat beside. It will make a capital pillow for you. Wont you let me arrange it?"

The old lady demurred, but Dora insisted, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the gray head no longer bobbing and bowing, but reposing peacefully and quietly.

"She 's sound asleep now," she said thankfully to Dick. "And she would n't be ashamed to own it, either."

At this moment, the sound of the whistle announced that they were near a station, and soon afterward there was the hurry and bustle of departures and arrivals.

Among the latter was a plainly dressed woman, who carried upon one arm a heavy traveling-bag, and upon the other a baby who was screaming at the top of its little voice.

"Dear me!" yawned Dora. "I was just thinking of taking a nap. How provoking!"

"If I 'm ever old enough to vote, I 'll go for a law to make the women keep their babies at home," said Dick, savagely.

"What a public-spirited, benevolent man he will be!" laughed Dora, pretending to smooth the wrinkles in his forehead with her plump hand.

"Nonsense! But *do* hear that rascally baby!"

"I think he 's sick," said Dora, compassionately.

"It 's a girl, and she 's no more sick than you are. I wish you 'd go over and inquire how long she intends to keep up that screeching, because a fellow can't ——"

Dora did n't wait for him to finish the sentence. To his intense surprise, she arose and walked down the aisle as steadily as was possible.

Dick watched her anxiously as she talked with the baby's mother. Once or twice, as he caught her eye, he beckoned eagerly, imploring her with frantic gestures to return, but Dora paid no heed. When, at last, she turned to come back, he saw, to his infinite horror, that she was bringing the "rascally baby" with her.

He was really angry now, and he took no pains to conceal it.

"If that baby 's going to stay here, *I 'm not*," said he crossly, wrapping his overcoat about him.

"Where are you going?"

"Into another car. I 'll find you in the morning. Good-night."

He would have been off, but Dora laid a coaxing hand upon his shoulder.

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"Just wait a minute, Dick; I want to tell you something. I thought I'd take the baby awhile, because the mother has a *dreadful* headache, and ——"

"No wonder," interrupted Dick, making a hideous face at the screaming child.

"Listen to me. This baby has n't had a thing to eat since four o'clock."

"Why in the world don't you give it something, then?" cried Dick, making a furious dive for the lunch-basket.

"What a goose you are, Dick! Don't you see that she has n't a tooth in her head? What she wants is milk, with a little warm water in it, and sugar enough to sweeten it just a little. That's all she eats."

"Who told *you* so much?"

"Her mother."

"I knew 't was a girl the minute I heard her voice. I told you so," said Dick, a slight shade of triumph mingling with his vexation.

"They've been traveling two days," continued Dora, ignoring Dick's last remark, "and the mother tried to get some milk at C——. She gave her bottle to one of the table-girls there, but the cars would n't wait until she'd filled it ——"

"Of course not," growled Dick. "Just like a woman, expecting a whole train of cars to stop for a bottle of milk."

"So she had to come on without it. And oh, Dick! wont you try to get just a little at the next stopping-place?"

"Me?" inquired Dick, in amazement.

"You can take our mug. The bottle's lost, you know. She'll have to do the best she can with this."

"Me!" repeated Dick, incredulously.

"Yes, *you*. Don't you know what Aunt Ruth says about doing good as we go along? We can pretend we're missionaries—*home* missionaries, you know."

"Well, give me the mug. Anything to stop this noise!"

The cars stopped. Dick rushed out, mug in hand. Stopping the first man he met in the station, he made his modest request:

"Here! Fill this, please."

"What with?"

"Milk, with a little warm water, and just sweetening enough to sugar it. The baby's starving. Lost its bottle at C——. Has n't had a thing to eat—drink, I mean—for hours."

"We have n't a drop," replied the man. "I'm sorry, but you come too late."

"Could n't come any sooner," replied Dick; "and I *must* have it. Be quick, please, or I shall be late."

"No danger of that," said another man, re-assuringly; "they wait fifteen minutes here. Give me the cup, and I'll go over to Joe Fellerses. His baby's sick since Tuesday, and it's likely they'll be up messin'. I reckon they'll have a drop or two to spare."

It was not without misgiving that Dick gave Dora's pretty mug into the stranger's hand.

"If it's gone, it's gone," he thought to himself. "It can't be helped, and there's no use in worrying."

So he contented himself with looking after the man as long as he could see him, and resolved to wait as patiently as possible until the signal sounded.

"How old is your baby?" asked one of the men.

"O, I don't know. It's a very young one."

"Ever traveled with it before?" asked the man, curiously.

"No, indeed!" replied Dick, with flushing cheeks. "Its mother's in the car."

"Take my advice, and leave it at home next time. Travelin' never agrees with these little fellers."

Dick's eyes fairly blazed. "'T is n't mine!" he roared savagely. Then, suddenly remembering how kindly these men had interested themselves in his behalf, he added, more gently: "Its mother had a headache, so I came."

Just then, Dick's rejoicing eyes spied the man who had taken the mug, coming quickly toward him.

"Here's your cup, youngster," said he. "Joe Fellerses' wife would n't use it. Here's a bottle that'll just fit a baby's mouth—it's one her Johnny's outgrowed. She's glad enough to help all the babies along, for the sake of that poor little man of her'n."

"I'm very much obliged," said Dick, heartily ashamed of his late misgivings, and fumbling in his pocket for some change.

"Bless your soul, she don't want any pay. Don't stop for that. If that little feller of yours is as hungry as you make out, the sooner you get back to him the better."

Dick thought so too. He was hurrying from the station when a woman entered, accompanied by a girl apparently about thirteen years old. He would have rushed past them, but the woman spoke:

"Goin' on this train?"

"Yes."

"How fur?"

"To L——," replied Dick.

"There's just where this child wants to go. Now, could n't you just look after her a little? She wont be no trouble."

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Dick looked at the "child." He saw an awkward, ungainly figure, clad in garments of coarse texture, and queer, unblending hues. He saw a pale, thin face, in which a pair of sore eyes seemed to be the fearfully prominent features. They were not pleasant to look upon. He shivered.

"She 's goin' there to be doctored," continued the woman. "You see, her aunt, she lives in L——, and she thinks her doctor can help her eyes. I can't go with her, and she 's an awful scarey child—'fraid of her shadder. Her aunt 'll meet her at the depot; but if you 'll just let her sit somewhere nigh you, and speak a word to her now and then on the way ——"

"What if *I* had such eyes as those!" thought Dick. "I 'll do it," said he aloud, grasping his bottle a little tighter. "She can come along with me. We must hurry up. There 's the bell."

"Good-bye, Marietta," called the woman, as they left the station. "Be a good girl. There 's nothing to be afeard of. Remember that!"

Dick found Dora anxiously awaiting him.

"Where *have* you been? and where *did* you get this?" she cried, seizing the bottle and putting it to the lips of the poor, tired baby, who drank eagerly.

"Joe Fellerses' wife sent it to you with her compliments."

"She 's a good woman, whoever she is," said Dora, earnestly; "but ——" (dropping her voice) "who on earth have you there, Dick?" as he motioned to the girl to take a seat just behind them.

"That!" replied Dick carelessly, in a low tone. "That 's Marietta."

"Who 's Marietta?"

"Our new fellow-passenger."

"What 's the matter with her eyes?"

"They 're sore."

"I should think so, poor thing. Where did you pick her up?"

"At the station. She 's going to I —— with us. We 're to take care of her."

"O—h!" groaned Dora.

"Don't you know what Aunt Ruth says about doing good as we go along?" inquired Dick, calmly.

"But such a large girl! Can't she take care of herself?"

"She 's timid—afraid of her *shadder*."

"She wont be likely to see her *shadder* here."

"We can pretend we 're missionaries—*home* missionaries," said Dick, cheerfully.

"I should prefer a good, wholesome-looking heathen for a traveling-companion," sighed Dora.

"We can't have *everything* to please us," said Dick, pompously. "How quiet that child is!"

"Of course she is. All she wanted was something to eat. See! she 's almost asleep—the little darling!"

"You must have been cut out for a missionary," laughed Dick. "Your little heathen does you credit."

"That 's more than I can say for yours," retorted Dora, glancing over her shoulder at the new passenger.

The poor girl was sitting with her back to the light, shading her eyes with one slender hand.

Dora turned quickly. "Dick Wilson!" she exclaimed. "Take this baby, please. I 'm going to talk with Marietta."

"Well, put her down easy, so that a fellow can get a good hold."

"Don't you go to sleep and drop her," was Dora's parting injunction.

She took the seat behind Marietta, that the poor weak eyes might not encounter the glare of the blazing lamp. She spoke kindly to her, asking her a few questions, in such a tone of interest, that the girl's shyness melted away at last, and she became communicative.

What Dora learned of her circumstances she told Dick early the next morning, almost with tearful eyes.

"She wants so much to go to school, Dick, but she can't. She can't read or sew, and she has to wear blue glasses when the sun is very bright."

"She sleeps well," replied Dick, who pitied the poor girl from the bottom of his heart, but did n't know how to say so.

"I 'm so glad she 's with us, Dick, because, you see, people don't always take pains to speak to girls when they look disagreeably."

"So am I."

"Was n't it strange that neither of us knew when the baby's mother came and took her?"

"I dreamed that somebody was thanking me for something. That 's all I knew about it."

"They 're both asleep now," yawned Dora, looking toward them; "and so is our old lady. Do you know, Dick, I 'm almost sorry the daylight 's coming,—I 'm—so ——"

Dick never heard the rest of that sentence, but he rather thought the word was "sleepy."

They were both bright and wide awake, however, when, a few hours afterward, the cars reached L——.

The old lady bade them good-bye with a hearty "God bless you!" The weary mother smiled her thanks, and the baby put out her little hands beseechingly to Dick as he passed. Friends were waiting for them at the depot; but, even in the first cordial greetings, they did not forget their unfortunate companion.

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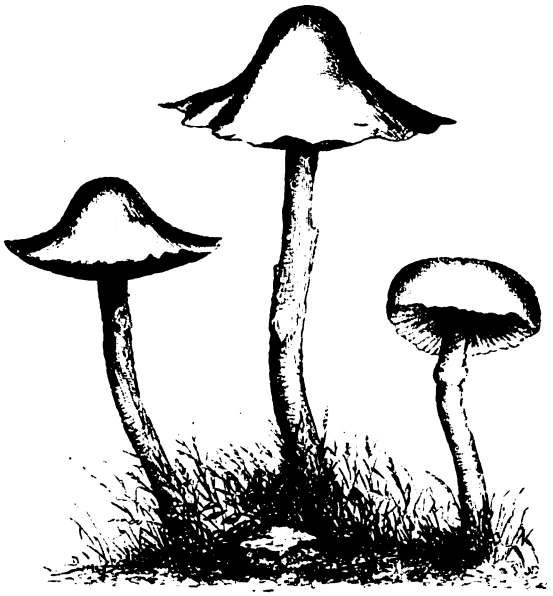
"Her aunt is n't here," said Dora, anxiously.

"Yes, she is," cried Dick. "There she comes round that corner. She sees her."

And they shouted a cheerful "good-bye" to poor Marietta, who gave them a grateful smile as she disappeared from view. And then, tired and hungry as bears, but for some reason or other feeling very happy, they hurried away.



FAIRY UMBRELLAS.

BY C. A. D.

THREE fairy umbrellas came up to-day,
Under the pine-tree just over the way;

And since we have had a terrible rain,
The reason they came is made very plain.

This eve is the fairies' Midsummer ball,
And drops from the pine-tree on them may fall;

So dainty umbrellas wait for them here,
And under their shelter they 'll dance without fear.

And as you may chance in Summer to meet
These odd little canopies under your feet,

Take care where you step, nor crush them, I pray,
For fear you will frighten the fairies away.

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THE YOUNG SURVEYOR.

By J. T. Trowbridge.

Chapter XXXIV.

THE STRANGE CLOUD.

Jack's call on the Peakslows was brief and unsatisfactory. He returned to the "Castle" without his compass, and looking flushed and disturbed.

"I did n't accuse Zeph of stealing," said Jack, fearful of being blamed by Vinnie. "They were at supper; and I just said, 'Zeph, my boy, what did you do with my compass?' He denied having touched it. I explained. Great commotion. Mamma Peakslow looked frightened out of her wits, and papa blazed away at me like a seventy-four-gun ship. In short, you will have to wait for your noon-mark, Mrs. Betterson. So will Mrs. Peakslow. I did n't tell her I was going to make her one, if Zeph had n't stolen my compass."

"But you don't know he stole it," said Vinnie.

"We don't know that he and Dud put rubbish in our spring," Rufe made answer for Jack, "and yet we know it as well as we know anything we don't know."

"I can't tell what I was thinking of," said Jack, "to leave any property of mine unguarded, within reach of the Peakslows. Lion was up in the woods with me before I knew it."

"Where are you going now?" Vinnie asked.

"To look for my compass in the bushes. Zeph must have hid it somewhere, for he didn't have it when we saw him."

"Wait till after supper, and I will go with you," said Rufe. "Father is here now."

Mr. Betterson was coming up from the stable, accompanied by Radcliff. Rad had trusted to waylay him, and make a last appeal for the money which he knew Jack was waiting to receive. He talked and gesticulated earnestly; but Lord shook his head and compressed his lips with great firmness, whereupon Rad, instead of coming to supper with the rest, wandered sulkily away.

When Mr. Betterson had washed his hands and face, and brushed his hair, and put on his threadbare black coat and frayed stock, the family sat down at the table. Jack waited unwillingly, and soon excused himself, saying he must look for his compass before dark.

"I 'll attend to our truckman's little matter when I come back," he said, and hastened away.

Link jumped up from the table and went with him; Rufe and Wad promising to follow as soon as they were through with their supper.

Careful search was made all about the road-side bushes where the wagon had been partially concealed when the compass was taken. Lion was also set to hunt. But all in vain. Some faint footprints were found, but Jack could not be sure that they were not either his own or Rufe's.

"Lion don't know what we are looking for; he 's after rabbits," said Link. "Was this all the compass you had?"

"The only surveyor's compass; and the worst of it is, 't was a borrowed one. It belongs to Forrest Felton. He has a theodolite which we use for fine work; and I 've a little pocket compass, given me by an old lady a few years ago. I would n't have lost this for twice its value—it 's a most exasperating trick!" Jack muttered. "And now it is suddenly growing dark."

It was very suddenly growing very dark. A strange cloud was blacking the sunset sky.

"Did you ever see anything so funny?" said Link.

"It is like the lower half of an immense balloon, the top spreading out," said Jack. "See that long, hanging, pear-shaped end!"

"I wonder if the folks at the house see it!" Link exclaimed, growing excited. "It looks like an elephant's trunk! By sixty, it 's growing!"

"It 's moving this way," said Jack. "Fast, too! and roaring—hear it? There 's an awful storm coming!"

"Oh!" cried Link, "see the lightning-forks! It will be here in a jiffy."

The "elephant's trunk," which had seemed to be feeling its way up the valley, now swung toward the line of timber; the roar which accompanied it became deafening; and suddenly, the cloud, and all the air about it, seemed filled with whirling and flying objects, like the broken boughs and limbs of trees.

It was like some living monster, vast, supernatural, rushing through the sky, and tearing and trampling the earth with fury. The mysterious swinging movement, the uproar, the gloom, the lightnings, were appalling. And now Lion set up a fearful, ominous howl.

"A whirlwind!" Jack exclaimed, shrieking to make himself heard. "I must go to my horse."

"Let 's put for the house!" Link yelled.

But hardly had they reached the road when the storm was upon them.

Shortly after Jack and Link had left the table,

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Lord Betterson gave Rufus a small key, and told him to bring a certain pocket-book from the till of the family chest in the next room.

"We will have our friend's eighty dollars ready for him, against his return," Lord said; and, counting out the money, he placed it under the pocket-book, beside his plate.

Rufe and Wad were now ready to go and help Jack search for his compass; but a discussion which had been going on at intervals, ever since the draft came, was now renewed, and they stopped to take part in it.

"If I am going to get out to divine service again, I *must* have a silk dress," said Caroline. "And, Mr. Betterson, *you* need a new suit; and you know—we all know—nothing becomes you but broadcloth, and the finest broadcloth. What do you think, Lavinia dear?"

"I am sure broadcloth is becoming to him," Vinnie replied, quietly. "And I should like to see you come out in silk. And Cecie and Lilian need new things. But—how much of the two hundred and fifty dollars is left, Mr. Betterson?"

"Deducting Radcliff's share, one hundred and twenty odd dollars," said Lord, touching the pocket-book by his plate.

"One hundred and twenty dollars will go but a little way, in a family where so many things are absolutely needed!" said Vinnie. "It seems to me I should want to get this room and your room plastered, the first thing—merely for comfort, in the cold weather that is coming."

"And carpeted, Lavinia dear," simpered Caroline.

"And if the house is ever to be painted," spoke up Rufe, "it must be done soon. It wont be worth painting if it is neglected much longer."

"And we need so many things in the kitchen!" said Lill. "Vinnie knows it, but she wont say anything."

"And lots of things on the farm," said Wad. "If Rufe and I are going to do anything, we must have conveniences. The idea of having such a house as this, and nothing but a miserable log-barn and stable!"

"We can't build a new barn for a hundred and twenty dollars," said Mr. Betterson. "And we can't buy farming tools, and kitchen utensils, and carpets, and silk, and broadcloth, and tea and sugar, and clothing for the children, and paint and plaster the house, all with so limited a sum. The question then arises, just *what* shall we do with the money?"

"O, dear! just a little money like that is only an aggravation!" Caroline sighed, discouraged. "And I had hoped some of it would be left for Lavinia dear; she deserves it if anybody does."

"O, never mind me," Vinnie replied. "However, if I might suggest——"

But the family had been so long deciding this question, that Fortune seemed now to take it out of their hands, and decide it for them.

It suddenly grew dark, and an outcry from the boys interrupted Vinnie. The tornado was coming.

All rose, save Cecie,—who remained seated where she had been placed at the table,—and pressed to the door and windows.

The baby wakened in the next room, and began to cry, and Caroline went to take it up. The boys rushed out of the house. Vinnie turned pale and asked "Where are they? Jack and Link!"

"As well off as they would be here, probably," replied Lord Betterson. "Shut doors and windows fast. That horse should have been taken care of."

"Jack would n't let us put him up. I 'll do it now," cried Rufe.

But he had hardly begun to undo the halter, when he saw the utter impossibility of getting the horse to the stable before the storm would be upon them. So, to prevent Snowfoot breaking away, and dashing the buggy to pieces, he determined to leave him tied to the tree, and stand by his head, until the first whirl or rush should have passed. This he attempted to do; and patted and encouraged the snorting, terrified animal, till he was himself flung by the first buffet of the hurricane back against the pillar of the porch, where he clung.

"Oh! what is that?" screamed Lill, watching with Vinnie, from the window.

Some huge, unwieldy object had risen and rolled for an instant in the dim air, over Peakslow's house, then disappeared as suddenly.

At the same time Jack and Link appeared, half running, half blown by the tempest up the road. Vinnie watched them from the window, and saw the enormous sloping pillar of dust and leaves, and torn boughs, whirling above their heads, and overwhelming everything in its roaring cloud.

The last she remembered was Jack and Link darting by the corner of the house, and Snowfoot tugging at his halter. Then a strange electric thrill shot through her, the house shook with a great crash, and all was dark.

CHAPTER XXXV.

PEAKSLOW IN A TIGHT PLACE.

THE storm could not have been two minutes in passing. Then it suddenly grew light, the tempest lulled, the heavens cleared, and in not more than ten minutes the sunset sky was smiling again, a sea of tranquil gold, over the Western woods.

Fortunately, only the skirt of the storm had

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swept over Betterson's house, doing no very serious damage.

When Vinnie looked again from the window, she saw Snowfoot, still tied by the halter, standing with drooping head and tail, wet with rain. Jack, hat in hand, his hair wildly tumbled, was already at the horse's head, laughing excitedly, and looking back at Rufe and Link, who were coming to his side. The buggy, he noticed, had been whirled half way round by the wind, so that the rear end was turned toward the porch.

Through it all, Lill had clung in terror to Vinnie, whose arms were still about her. Cecie sat in her chair by the supper-table, white and speechless, from the electric shock which all had felt, and she more sensibly than the rest. Caroline was in the next room with the child, whose cries, for a while drowned in the terrible uproar, now broke forth again, strenuous and shrill.

Mr. Betterson, holding the frightened Chokie, opened the door, and calmly asked the boys if they were hurt.

"We are all right, I guess," cried Rufe. "Wad put for the barn, to make room for the horse and buggy, but I did n't have time to get there. I don't know where Rad is."

Wad now appeared; and at the same time the cattle, started homeward by the storm, came cantering down the woodland road, with the rattling cow-bell, and ran for refuge to the barn-yard.

"The big oak behind the house, there,—have you seen it?" cried Wad. "It 's twisted off. And where 's the well-curb?"

THE TORNADO COMING.

"That flew to pieces, and the boards went up into the air like kites,—I saw them," said Link. "Where 's the dog?"

"He 's in the bushes, or under a log somewhere," Jack replied. "He was shot at once, with a gun held close to his head,—luckily, there was no lead in it. For a long time he was afraid of a gun; and thunder, or any big noise, frightens him even now."

"Some of our fences look pretty flat,—rails tumbled every which-way!" said Rufe. "A good

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deal of damage must have been done south of us."

"Something looks odd over there toward Peakslow's,—what is it?" cried Link.

"Some of the tree-tops by the road have been lopped off," replied Jack.

"That is n't all," said Lord Betterson. "Sure as fate, something has happened to Peakslow's buildings."

"That is what I saw!" Vinnie exclaimed. "Something turned over in the air like the roof of a house."

"I thought just now I heard cries in that direction," said Jack. "Hark a moment!"

"There comes somebody," said Rufe, as a girl of twelve years, barefoot, bonnetless, wild with fright, came running up the road. "It's 'Lecty Ann!"

Out of breath, almost out of her wits, the girl ran as far as the door-yard fence, then stopped, as if unable or afraid to go farther, caught hold of the pickets, and, putting her pale face between them, gasped out something which nobody could understand.

"What is it?—what's the matter?" cried Jack, advancing toward her.

"House—blowed down—covered up!" was all she could articulate.

"Who is covered up?"

"Don't know — some of the folks — Pa, I guess."

Jack did not stop to hear more; but, fired with a generous impulse to aid the unfortunate, whoever they might be, gave one backward look, threw up his hand as a signal, shouted "Help, boys!" ran to a length of fence which the wind had thrown down, bounded over like a deer, and was off.

Vinnie followed; but was soon overtaken by Mr. Betterson and the boys, who passed her, as if running a race. Then she heard screams behind; and there was Chokie, sprawling over the prostrate fence, which he had rashly taken, in his eagerness to keep up with Lill.

By the time Chokie was extricated, Mrs. Betterson appeared, babe in arms, tottering out of the door, and hastening, in the excitement of the moment, to learn what dreadful catastrophe had overtaken their neighbors.

"Stay with Arthur and your mother," Vinnie said to Lill; "*I* may do something to help." And away she sped.

'Lecty Ann, met by Mrs. Betterson at the gate, was now able to tell more of her story; and so strange, so tragical it seemed, that Caroline forgot all about her ill-health, the baby in her arms, and Cecie left alone in the house, and brought up the rear of the little procession,—Lill and 'Lecty Ann and Chokie preceding her down the road.

They had not gone far, when Lion came out of the woods, with downcast ears and tail, ashamed of his recent cowardly conduct. And so, accompanied by the dog and the children,—Lill lugging the baby at last,—Caroline approached the scene of the disaster.

The whole force of the tornado seemed to have fallen upon Peakslow's buildings. The stable was unroofed, and the barn had lost a door.

The house had fared still worse: it was—even as 'Lecty Ann had said—almost literally "blowed down."

It had consisted of two parts,—a pretty substantial log-cabin, which dated back to the earliest days of the settlement, and a framed addition, called a lean-to, or "linter." The roof of the old part had been lifted, and tumbled, with some of the upper logs, a mass of ruins, over upon the "linter," which had been crushed to the ground by the weight.

Mrs. Peakslow and the girls and younger children were in the log-house at the time; and, marvelous as it seemed, all had escaped serious injury.

The boys were in the field with their father, and had run a race with the tornado. The tornado beat. Dud was knocked down within a few rods of the house. Zeph was blown up on a stack of hay, and lodged there; the stack itself—and this was one of the curious freaks of the whirlwind—being uninjured, except that it was canted over a little, and ruffled a good deal, as if its feathers had been stroked the wrong way.

Mr. Peakslow was ahead of the boys; and they thought he must have reached the linter.

Zeph, slipping down from his perch in the haystack, as soon as the storm had passed, and seeing the house in ruins, and his mother and sisters struggling to get out, had run screaming for help down the road toward Mr. Wiggett's.

Dud remained; and by pushing from without, while the imprisoned family lifted and pulled from within, helped to move a log which had fallen down against the closed door, and so aided the escape from the house.

'Lecty Ann ran to the nearest neighbors up the river. The rest stayed by the ruins; and there Lord Betterson and Jack—the earliest on the spot—found them, a terrified group, bewildered, bewailing, gazing hopelessly and helplessly at the unroofed cabin and crushed linter, and calling for "Pa."

"Where is your husband, Mrs. Peakslow?" cried Jack.

"O, I don't know where he is, 'thout he's

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there!" said the poor woman, with a gesture of despair toward the ruined linter.

"This rubbish must be removed," said Lord Betterson. "If friend Peakslow is under it, he can't be taken out too soon."

And with his own hands he set to work, displaying an energy of will and coolness of judgment which would have astonished Jack, if he had not once before seen something of what was in the man.

Jack and the boys seconded their father; and now Dud came and worked side by side with Wad and Rufe.

A broken part of the roof was knocked to pieces, and the rafters were used for levers and props. The main portion of the roof was next turned over, and got out of the way. Then one by one the logs were removed; all hands, from Lord Betterson down to Link, working like heroes.

Meanwhile, Vinnie did what she could to aid and comfort Mrs. Peakslow; and Caroline and her little company came and looked on.

Mr. Wiggett also arrived, with Zeph, and helped get away the last of the logs.

Under the logs was the crushed shell of the linter; and all looked anxiously, to see what was under that.

A good many things were under it,—pots and kettles, wash-tubs, milk-pans (badly battered), churn and cheese-press, bed and trundle-bed,—but no Peakslow.

It was a disappointment, and yet a relief, not to find him there, after all. But where was he? Dud ran back to the field, to look for him; while the others rested from their labors.

"Did the wind do you much damage, Mr. Wiggett?" Lord inquired.

"Not so much as it mout," replied the old man. "It was mighty suddent. Banged if I knowed what in seven kingdoms was a-gwine to happen. It roared and bellered that orful, I did n't know but the etarnal smash-up had come."

"It must have passed pretty near your house,—I saw it swing that way," said Jack.

"Wal, I reckon you 're right thar, young man. It jest took holt o' my cabin, an' slewed one corner on 't around about five or six inches; an' done no more damage, in partic'lar, fur 's I can diskiver; only, of course, it discomfusticated that ar' noon-mark. I left the ol' woman mournin' over that!"

Jack laughed, and promised to replace the noon-mark.

"There 's Dud a-yelling!" said Link.

The roof of the shed—which must have been the object Vinnie saw rise and turn in the air—had been taken off very neatly, with the two gable pieces, whirled over once or more, and then landed gently, right side up with care, on the edge of the potato-patch, two or three rods away. Dud, hunting for his father, passed near it, and heard stifled cries come from under it. He was yelling, indeed, as Link said.

In a moment a dozen feet rushed to the spot, and a dozen hands laid hold of one side of the roof, under which Jack thrust a lever. Some lifted on the lever, while some lifted on the edge of the roof itself; and out crawled—bushy head and hooked nose foremost—the shaggy shape of the elder Peakslow.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WHAT HAPPENED WHEN CECIE WAS LEFT ALONE.

THE roof was let down again as soon as Peakslow's legs were well from under it, and a wondering group—men, boys, women and children—gathered round to see if he was hurt.

"Wal!" said Peakslow, getting upon his feet, giving his clothes a brush with his broad hand, and staring about him, "this is a mighty purty piece of business! Did n't none on ye hear me call?"

"Did you call?" said Mrs. Peakslow, trembling with joy and fright.

"Call?" echoed Peakslow, feeling his left shoulder with his right hand. "I believe I b'en callin' there for the last half-hour. What was ye knockin' that ruf to pieces for? I could hear ye, an' see ye, an' I wanted to put a stop to 't. Had n't the wind damaged me enough, but you must pitch in?"

"We thought you were under the ruins," Mr. Betterson replied with dignity.

"Thought I was under the ruins! What made ye think that?" growled Peakslow.

"I thought so—I told them so," Mrs. Peakslow explained; while Lord Betterson walked away with calm disgust.

"Ye might 'a' knowed better 'n that! Here I was under this ruf all the time. It come over on to me like a great bird, knocked me down with a flop of its wing,—mos' broke my shoulder, I believe; an' when I come to myself, and peeked through a crack, there was a crew knockin' the ruf o' the house to flinders. I was too weak to call very loud, but, if you 'd cared much, I should think ye might 'a' heard me. Look a' that house, now! look a' that shed! It 's the blastedest luck!"

Jack could n't help smiling. Peakslow turned upon him furiously.

"You here? So ye think my boy 's a thief, do ye?"

"Come, Lion! come, boys!" said Jack, and

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started to follow Mr. Betterson, without more words.

"Come here and 'cuse my boy o' stealin'!" said Peakslow, turning, and looking all about him, as if he had hardly yet regained his senses. "I had a hat

PEAKSLOW RE-APPEARS.

somewheres. Hundred dollars—no, nor two hundred—wont pay the damage done to me this day."

"But the children, they are all safe," said Mrs. Peakslow, "and we ought to be thankful."

"Thankful! Look a' that linter! *Three* hundred wont do it!"

"O, pa!" cried Zeph, "you 've got a great gash on the back o' your head!"

"Never mind the gash," said Peakslow, putting up his hand. "That 'll heal itself. Holes in the buildin's wont."

Vinnie meanwhile conferred with Jack and Mr. Betterson, as they were about going away; and also called her sister, and afterward Mrs. Peakslow, to the consultation.

"O, I don't know, Lavinia dear!" said Caroline in great distress of mind.

But Lord Betterson spoke out manfully:

"Lavinia is right. Mrs. Peakslow, we have plenty of spare room in our house, which you are welcome to till you can do better."

"O, Mr. Betterson!" the poor woman sobbed out, quite overcome by this unexpected kindness, "you are too good!"

"I beg your pardon," replied Lord Betterson, in his most gracious manner. "We wish simply to do as we might wish neighbors to do by us under similar circumstances. Our boys will help yours get your things over to my house,—whatever you want, Mrs. Peakslow."

Lord did not much mind the woman's outburst of tears and thanks; but when he observed the look of admiration and gratitude in Vinnie's deep eyes, fixed upon him, he felt an unaccustomed thrill.

Mrs. Peakslow went weeping back to her husband.

"I am sorry you spoke as you did," she said. "We all thought you was under the linter; and they was all workin' so hard—as if they had been our best friends—to get you out."

"Best friends!" repeated Peakslow, with a snort of angry contempt.

"Yes, pa; and now, will you believe it,—now that we have n't a ruf to our heads,—they offer us shelter in *their* house!"

"In the castle?—huh!" sneered Peakslow. "I never thought 't would come to that!"

"Where else *can* we go?" said Mrs. Peakslow. "It 's 'most night—nights are beginnin' to be cold—and think o' the children! 'T will be weeks, I s'pose, 'fore ye can rebuild."

"If I could n't rebuild in all etarnity, I would n't set foot in Lord Betterson's castle!" said Peakslow. He looked again at the ruined house, then at the children, and added: "Me an' the boys, we can stop in the stable, or dig holes in the stack, to make ourselves comf'table. Do what you 've a min' ter, for the rest. But don't say *I* told ye to ask or accept a favor of *them*."

The Bettersons, Vinnie, and Jack were waiting between the ruined house and the road; and Mrs. Betterson was saying, "Lillie, you and I *must* be going back; remember, we left Cecie all alone; and the evening air is too chill for the baby," when Link cried:

"Who 's that coming down the road?"

All looked; and Vinnie and Jack and Link ran out to look. They could scarcely believe their eyes.

"It can't be!" said Vinnie.

"Yes, it is," exclaimed Link; "it 's her—it 's her!"

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"Who?" Caroline inquired anxiously, dreading some new calamity.

"Cecie! Cecie! Sure as the world!" said two or three at once.

It was indeed the little invalid, who, though she had scarcely taken a step without help for many months, was actually coming down the road, walking, and walking fast, without even the crutch she had sometimes tried to use!

She was beckoning and calling. Jack and Vinnie and the boys ran to meet her. She was pale and very much excited, and it was some time before she could speak coherently.

"Radcliff!" was almost her first word.

"What about Radcliff? where is he?" Vinnie asked.

"Gone!"

"Gone where?"

"I don't know. He came into the house—he saw the pocket-book and money on the table—I told him he must n't take them!"

"And did he?" said Rufe.

"Yes. He only laughed at me. He said his chance had come."

"Which way did he go?"

"He drove up through the woods."

"Drove?" echoed Jack.

"He took the horse and buggy."

"*My* horse and buggy!"—and Jack, followed by Lion and Rufe and Link, started up the road.

Though shocked at Radcliff's conduct, Vinnie thought less of the loss of the money, and of the horse and buggy, than of the seeming miracle in Cecie's case.

"How could you walk so, Cecie?"

"I don't know. I suppose it was the excitement. Strength came to me. I called, but could not make anybody hear, and I thought you ought to know."

Mr. Betterson would have carried her home in his arms, but she would not let him.

"I can walk better and better! That numbness of my limbs is almost gone. I believe I am going to be cured, after all!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"ON THE WAR TRAIL."

THERE could be no mistake about it—pocket-book and money, and horse and buggy, were gone with Radcliff.

"He has taken the road to Chicago," said Jack, easily tracking the wheels after the recent rain. "But he 'll find it not so easy selling the horse there a second time."

"But he 'll spend all that money," said Rufe. "He 'll find it easy enough to do that. He 's a scamp, if he is my cousin."

"I wish it was n't night," said Jack. "I would track him! And I will as it is. Have you a lantern?"

"Yes—I 'll go with you! Shall we take the mare and one-horse wagon?"

"If you like. But, Rufe, if you go with me, you 'll have to travel all night. I am on the war trail!"

"I 'm with you!" said Rufe, and he gave an Indian war-whoop.

Mr. Betterson, coming up, approved of this resolution. "And, boys," he said, "if you *should* lay hands on Radcliff, you may as well bring him back with you. We 'll try to have a more satisfactory settlement with him this time."

Jack left his friends to harness the mare to the wagon, and went on alone, with Lion and the lantern, up through the woods.

For a while, he had no trouble in following the fresh marks of hoofs and wheels over the wet ground. But when he reached the prairie, an unforeseen difficulty appeared. The rain had not extended so far, and the tracks were not easily distinguished.

It was nearly dark when Rufe, following in the wagon, emerged from the woods. Lonesome and gloomy stretched the great prairie before him, under a sky of flying clouds. The insects of the Autumn night filled the air with their shrill, melancholy notes. An owl hooted in the forest; a pair of whippoorwills were vociferating somewhere in the thickets; and far off on the prairie the wolves howled. Now and then a rift of dark blue sky and a few wildly hurrying stars were visible through the flocking clouds. No other light, or sign of life, until Rufe descried far before him in the darkness a waving, ruddy gleam, and knew it was the ray from the lantern swinging in Jack's hand.

Driving on as fast as the mare's somewhat decrepit paces would allow, he found Jack waiting for him at a point where the road divided, one branch taking a northerly direction, the other trending easterly, toward the great road to Chicago.

"Here 's a puzzle," said Jack, as Rufe drove up. "I 've tracked the fellow as far as here, notwithstanding he has tried the trick of driving off on the prairie in two or three places. But here, instead of taking the direct road to Chicago, as we supposed, he has taken this by-road, if my eyes are good for anything. Lion says I am right; for I believe I 've made him understand we are hunting Snowfoot."

Rufe jumped down from the wagon, and saw by the light of the lantern the imperfect and yet pecu-

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liar marks of Snowfoot's rather smooth-worn shoes, and of the narrow wheel-tires.

"It is a game of his to mislead us," said Rufe. "I believe if we follow him on to where this by-road crosses the main road, we shall find he has there turned off toward the city."

"Go ahead, Lion; find Snowfoot!" cried Jack, and jumped into the wagon with Rufe.

They got on as fast as they could; but the pursuit was necessarily slow, for not only was the mare a creature of very indifferent speed, but the boys found it useful to stop every now and then and examine the tracks by the light of the lantern.

"The dog is right; and we are right so far, sure!" said Jack, after they had proceeded about half a mile in this way. "*Slow and sure* is our policy. We've all the Fall before us, Rufe; and we'll overhaul your pretty cousin, unless something breaks. Now, drive straight on to the main road, and we'll see what we can discover there."

To the surprise of both again, the fugitive, instead of turning cityward, kept the northerly road.

"He is cunning," said Rufe. "He knows Chicago is the first place where one would be apt to look for him; and, besides, I think he is getting too well known in Chicago."

"He is bound for Wisconsin," cried Jack. "Whip along. This road passes through the timber, and brings us to the river again; we shall soon find settlements, where we can inquire for our game."

"If you can speak Dutch, and if it was n't too late when Rad passed through," Rufe replied. "There is a colony of *meinheers* up here; they go to bed a little after sundown."

As they drove on from the crossing, Jack said, "That left-hand road goes to North Mills. But I shan't see North Mills to-night, nor for a good many nights, I 'm afraid."

Jack, however, as we shall see, was mistaken.

The road above the crossing was much more traveled than below; and for a while the boys found it very difficult to make out Snowfoot's tracks. But soon again fortune favored them.

"Rain—it has been raining here!" said Jack, examining the road where it entered the skirts of the timber—"and raining hard! We must be nearing the path of the whirlwind again."

They passed through a belt of woods, where the storm had evidently passed, but without doing much damage; for it was a peculiarity of that elephant of a cloud that it appeared to draw up its destroying trunk once or twice, and skip over a few miles in its course, only to swing it down again with greater fury.

The road was now drenched all the way, and the trail they followed so distinct that the boys did not stop to make inquiries at the log-huts which began to appear before they were well through the woods.

They made comparatively rapid progress up the valley, until they came to a point where the river, in its winding course, was crossed by the road. There, again, the tornado had done a brisk business; the bridge was destroyed, the sides of the road gullied, and the river swollen.

Both boys alighted and examined the track.

"Here is where he stopped and hesitated, finding the bridge gone," said Jack. "And see! here are his own tracks, as if he had got out of the buggy and gone a-head to reconnoiter."

"As well he might," Rufe answered. "Look at these tree-tops, and the timbers of the bridge lodged in the middle of the river."

"He seems to have got through, and I guess we can," said Jack. "I 've forded this stream, below the bridge, before now, when I 've wanted to water my horse; but it was free from all this sort of rubbish then. There must have been a great fall of rain up here!"

(To be continued.)

THERE was a pretty dandelion,
With lovely fluffy hair,
That glistened in the sunshine,
And in the Summer air.
But, oh! this pretty dandelion
Soon grew quite old and gray;
And, sad to tell! her charming hair
Blew many miles away.

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"EL GOOFFAH."

(A Mesopotamian Boat.)

By A. Locher.

THE natives of Mesopotamia possess a kind of boat, used solely for fresh-water navigation, which, for originality of design and manner of construction, is certainly very peculiar. It is probable, too, that the existence of such boats has hitherto scarcely been known beyond the boundaries of the country where they are in use.

"El Gooffah," as the Arabic speaking population of that region commonly calls this peculiar craft, is undoubtedly a boat of very ancient origin, dating its first use but little later than the raft,—the latter being probably the most primitive of all floating structures.

There is proof positive that the gooffah was in use in Assyria many centuries anterior to the birth of Christ, as unmistakable fac-similes thereof, represented on bass-reliefs, inscriptions and other antiquities, unearthed from among the ruins of Nineveh, Babylon and Kufa, attest.

The gooffah is nothing more nor less than a huge, perfectly round basket, of extremely strong and coarse wooden wicker-work.

It is constructed of various sizes, varying between four and eight feet in diameter, and between three and four feet in depth; which size, combined with its spherical shape and slightly rounded bottom, renders it capable of carrying from two to ten tons of dead weight,—a carrying capacity, exceeding that of any other kind of boat of equal dimensions hitherto known.

The huge basket, which constitutes the framework of the craft, is rendered perfectly water-tight by a coat of asphaltum, carefully applied about an inch thick all over the inside and outside of the basket, after having been mixed with some other substance, which latter causes the asphaltum, almost as soon as applied, to become and remain as hard as stone, in spite of the intense heat of the sun.

The sides and bottom of the gooffah are from three to five inches thick, according to the size of the craft, and the rim is nicely rounded off.

As a good breeze is seldom blowing in that region, and the water of the rivers scarcely ever ruffled, the gooffah can be loaded down with safety to within a few inches of the surface of the water, and, as the craft is destitute of a helm or rudder, it is both steered and propelled by means of a light wooden paddle, about five feet long.

For down-river navigation, one man generally constitutes the entire crew, except when the gooffah is deeply loaded, and consequently not as easily managed. When going against the current, however, this paddling is very fatiguing work, even for strong and expert "gooffajees" (Arabic for men who navigate the gooffah). So they prefer to fasten a long tough rope to the boat; and while one of them wades ashore, and pulls it by the rope against the current, the other one, who remains aboard, steers with his paddle, so as to keep the gooffah out of too shallow water, and from running foul of the river bank.

Owing to the total absence of anything like a keel in this truly Oriental craft, it has the somewhat objectionable characteristic of continually twirling slowly round and round on its center of gravity, as well when carried on by the current as when propelled by one paddle only; so much so, indeed, that persons not accustomed to this rotary locomotion are apt to feel dizzy, and sometimes sick in consequence thereof. This inconvenience, however, can be avoided by the employment of two paddlers, instead of only one; who station themselves a little apart from each other, and while one of them sweeps constantly to the right with his paddle, the other one does so continually to the left, by which simple proceeding the gooffah is naturally held in a steady position. By dint of time, however, people get so accustomed to the revolving, above referred to, that they soon begin to consider it rather a convenience, as the rotatory progress of the craft enables them to get a constantly revolving view of the scenery.

Gooffahs are extensively employed as ferry-boats on the rivers Euphrates and Tigris, as well as on their principal tributaries, and are, as such, really very useful in that country, which is so poorly provided with bridges.

Owing to their perfectly spherical shape and gently rounded bottom, it is all but impossible to capsize them; moreover, their draft of water, for the same reasons, is less than that of any other kind of boat, of the same size, in existence.

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Some gooffahs are large enough to carry as many as twenty persons at once, if the latter stand upright. Camels, horses, cattle, sheep, etc., are likewise transported across the rivers by means of gooffahs.

In Mossul, Bagdad, and Bassorah, gooffahs play an important role as pleasure boats, for they are the only craft available there for the purpose. The natives, and residents of all creeds and complexions in those cities, delight in spending a few hours daily, in the morning or evening, or during those justly famous Mesopotamian moonlight nights, in little pleasure trips on the water.

A MESOPOTAMIAN "GOOFFAH."

In their gooffahs they cross, and recross the river in search of the cosiest palm-tree groves along its banks, where they ensconce themselves in numerous picturesque little groups. Then they quietly enjoy themselves—men and women smoke composedly the fragrant "narghileh" (water-bowl-tobacco-pipe), sip rákee (arack) or "shérbet" (lemonade), eat delicious dates, pomegranates, grapes, and other fruit of the country; chat, laugh, sing, relate stories, play cards, chess, and other games, or bathe in the cool waters of the silvery stream.

The sketch accompanying this article represents a Moslem merchant, with two of his wives and a negro slave, enjoying his customary evening excursion in the gooffah, over the smooth waters of the stately Tigris.

Both of the ladies wear the traditional "pagee" (pronounce: page-y), the stiff horse-hair veil worn by the women of the higher class of Moslems, Jews and Christians throughout Mesopotamia. The veil of the fair sex of Persia is composed of embroidered white linen or muslin; that of the women of the east coast of Arabia of dark red silk, and that of the women of Egypt, and certain parts of North Africa, of black cotton or thin woolen cloth of the same color.

The Mesopotamian horse-hair veil has the peculiarity of being utterly impenetrable to the gaze of the outsider, while it is perfectly transparent for the person who wears it. The face of a respectable Moslem female, according to Moslem notions, must never be seen unveiled outside of the threshold of her home.

And so, paddled by the faithful "gooffahjee," they slowly float over the placid waters, and under the evening sky, gently revolving as they go, so that sometimes they look east, and sometimes west, and north, and south. But, so long as the pipe draws well, and the air is cool, and the water feels soft and pleasant to the ladies' fingers, they care not how they float in this boat, without a stern and with never a sign of a bow.

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ECHOES.

By J. P. B.

When out upon a lake, one day,
I listened to the echoes play,
As, wakened from their slumber,
They answered from the rocky wall,
In accents clear, my every call,
In mockeries without number.

"What shall we use to gain the shore?"
Quickly we heard the answer, "Oar!"

"Which wishes first to gain the beach?"
The laughing echo answered, "Each!"

"What shall I use to win the heart
Of her I love?" He shouted, "Art!"

"Ah! you have worldly wisdom, sprite!"
The echo quickly answered, "Right!"

"Where lies her worth if I can win her?"
The clever echo whispered, "In her!"

"Who such a lady's hand would sue?"
The merry fellow shouted, "You!"

"How would she treat love proffered slightly?"
The honest echo answered, "Lightly!"

"How long, by faithfulest endeavor,
Will love respond to kindness?"—"Ever!"

AN INDIAN STORY.

By Kate Foote.

The Bishop children — Ned, Frank, Susie — had gone Indian mad. Ned and Frank, the two oldest, were just beginning United States History, and their imaginations were fired with the Indian stories there found, and they set the fashion among the children at school, until playing Indian became the rage. At recess and noon, divided into parties and painted with poke-berries and huckleberries, they made attacks upon each other with wild war-whoops, hideous enough to make any old Indian, if such there was buried near, turn over in his grave. Susie had a doll with a wig; but in the raids made by adverse Indians upon the party to which she belonged, that doll was always taken and scalped; she got the wig back during the peace times of study-hour, only to have it carried off in the next skirmish. The poor doll was as bald as a glass bottle most of the time. Ned and Frank built wigwams of the most approved pattern, making them to look just like the pictures of Indian towns; and learning that succotash and bear-meat were the principal articles of Indian diet, they lived on those things as much as possible, always calling pork bear-meat, as there was a difficulty about getting the real article.

They became painfully expert with bows and arrows, as was evidenced one day by Ned's sending an arrow rattling through the kitchen window-pane; while Frank, a few days after, making a line-shot at a calf escaped from the stable, which he called a bear, took the hired man *ping!* through his straw-hat crown, making two additional holes to the ventilators already there, and startling the men a good deal.

Susie did her hair *à la* Indian,—with cocks' plumes and beads,—and dressed the scalped doll like an Indian princess. But their crowning delight was to get their grandfather, who, although eighty years old, was so erect and hearty that he looked much younger, to tell them Indian stories.

Grandfather Bishop, when a boy, lived with an uncle, then an old man of ninety; and the father of this uncle had been one of the first settlers, and a fighter of Indians in his day. So the stories came down to the Bishop children with an additional freshness, in that their grandfather knew the man who knew the hero.

Late in August, Mr. Bishop, the father of Ned, and Frank, and Susie, began to think of the patch of salt meadow he owned seven miles away by the sea, and planned to go down the next day in the

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wagon with scythes, and mow it. This was done, and after letting it lie a day or two to dry, there was a grand muster of all the men to go down, shake it, rake it, and finally bring it home.

The big wagon was to go to bring the hay home, and the common wagon to bring the men back. Frank and Ned were to go; and when Susie found that they were saving up their best arrows for it, and had resolved to consider themselves as a party of warriors, on an expedition into the country of another tribe, and that a general rose-colored atmosphere encircled the whole thing, she laid siege to her father that she might go too.

It was an old story to him of a hard day's work, and not an atom of rose-color lay about it. He could not see why she wanted to go. But Susie hung round him, and begged.

"Why, father," said she, "I am six years old, and I have n't been out of North Guilford in my life."

Father and grandfather laughed at the energy with which this was said.

"It 's too bad!" said grandfather. "Lived among the hills and the huckleberry-bushes all her life, and never seen the sea nor the Great Plain! Guess she must go, father."

Susie knew it was decided then, and rushed out to tell her brothers with nearly as wild a yell as they themselves might have given.

The next morning there was racing and chasing under the roof of the Bishops. The boys were so afraid they should not wake up early enough, that they slept on the edge of the bed with their arrows and tomahawks on the floor by the side, and fell out once or twice during the night, which had the desired effect of keeping them lively.

So it was still very early, when, after much packing away of dinner, and pitchforks, and rakes, and jugs of water, they at last rattled off in the warm, red sunlight of a dry August morning.

The boys gave their mother a farewell whoop as they went out of sight, to which Susie added some extra treble squeals. How very jolly it was! Mr. Bishop, and grandfather, and the children, were all in the hay-wagon, the two hired men driving the other wagon behind them.

"There, children!" said grandfather, as they came to the top of Long Hill, "there is the sea and the town."

Susie stared with both her eyes wide open, and wondered whether the sea ran into the sky, or the sky into the sea; for both were so clear and blue, it was hard to trace the dividing line.

A mile or two farther on, they began to get into the little town of Guilford, which is one of those solemn New England towns that dot the shores of Long Island Sound, each one with its white houses close shut, and a white church, also shut.

"There," said grandfather, as they drove through one of the side-streets, and pointing to a rather low but nice-looking farm-house built on a side-hill, with a good deal of the cellar wall visible on the down-hill side, "in that house is the cellar where the regicides were hid."

"Regicides!" said Ned; "what are they? That is a tribe I never heard of before."

Grandfather's eyes twinkled.

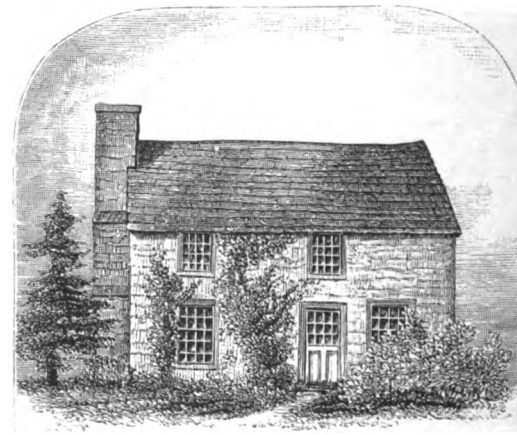
"It was not a very large tribe," said he; "there were not two hundred of them, and they never killed but one man."

"Could n't have been very good Indians," said Ned, with great contempt.

"They were not; I never said they were Indians at all."

"What were they, then?" said Frank — Ned being a little confused.

"Nothing but white men, who thought they



THE OLD STONE HOUSE AT GUILFORD.

had better kill a certain King of others, who would lie and steal in spite of everything they could do to stop him."

"Oh, do tell us about it!" cried all the children.

"Not now," said grandfather, "I want to tell you something else, and you can read all about it in English history. Do you see that house over there?"

The children all looked as he pointed, and saw a house on a slight hill, about a mile away, with the chimney built at one end, on the outside, and with very small, deeply set windows. They all looked at it, and then at their grandfather.

"That was built in 1640," said he, "just twenty years after the first people landed from the 'Mayflower.' You can see how thick the walls are from the way the windows are set in. They meant

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to have them strong, so as to keep out Indian arrows."

The children bristled with interest at the word Indian, and almost fell out of the wagon, trying to crowd round their grandfather.

"Did they have any fights?" said Susie; "did the Indians chase them into the house, and whoop, and pound on the door, and shoot arrows into the windows?"

"They had a good many *frights*" said grandfather, "but the only real fight was three miles away from here, near where we are going to-day, at Sachem's Head."

"What was it? what was it? what was it?" cried Ned, and Frank, and Susie. "Tell us about it, grandpa."

Susie got so excited she stuck her head among the reins, and nearly made the horses go into a ditch.

"Gently, gently," said grandpa; "don't upset us, Susie, and I'll tell you all about it. Uncle Jabez, you see, was in the fight, and he used to tell my Uncle Ebenezer about it, and he told me."

The children felt as though Uncle Jabez himself, fresh from the battle, was talking to them; it brought it so near, to be looking at the very places, and getting the story at third hand.

"You see they had been having a great fight over east, with the Pequots—"

"I know them," put in Frank; "they lived over by New London, and killed lots of people."

"Yes, they killed a great many people, until the English,—you know we were all English then ——"

"Oh, yes," said Ned, "we had not been long enough in this country to be Americans."

"The English," grandpa went on, "had to set to work at last, to kill the Indians, or the Indians would kill them. So there was this great battle at a fort near New London, and a great many hundred Indians were killed. The rest tried to run away. Some of the English soldiers, Uncle Jabez among them, with some Mohegan Indians who hated the Pequots worse than they did white men, followed them on land, and the rest of the English went along in boats on the Sound close to the shore, meaning to land wherever the Indians stopped, and have another fight. Uncle Jabez said they chased the Pequots through Clinton, where there was not a house then, and over the Great Plain of Guilford here, where even that old stone house was not built then, until they got down here to Sachem's Head, where we are coming, pretty soon. The Englishmen and the Indians came across the creeks, and over the hills, covered with big trees, then, until they came out by that long tongue of land. There it is. You can see from this hill how long and narrow it is, and how it runs out into the water; you see it makes a headland on one side of the bay. Well, the Pequots went down on that point, hoping the Mohegans and the English would go by and not notice it. But Uncle Jabez said that Uncas (he was the Mohegan chief) was too crafty to be fooled that way. He called one or two of his men and said something to them in their language, and they went off down the Point. Pretty soon they gave a yell. Then Uncas knew they had found the tracks of the Pequots, and, just as quick as they could, they divided into two parties. Some more of the Indians and the Englishmen hurried down the Point, and Uncas and the rest went round as fast as they could to the other side of the bay. As soon as the Pequots knew they were followed, they ran down to the shore, jumped into the water, and swam across. You see the harbor is not very wide there; but the minute they struck the other shore, Uncas and his men jumped out from behind the trees, and then Uncas drew his bow clear to the arrowhead, and the arrow struck the Pequot sachem in the breast, and he fell over dead; and then Uncas cut off his head, and put it up in a tree."

Susie began to cry a little, and the boys looked a good deal disturbed. But this did not last long.

"Here we are at the meadow," said grandpa, and Mr. Bishop stopped the horses at a fence by the side of the road, and the children sprang out with great delight. They could see the waters of the Sound at the end of the long reach of flat meadow, with headlands of gray rock rising on each side, and wanted to go at once down to the shore. But Ned and Frank had to work a little first, with the promise of play afterward. So, while they tossed the short brown hay in showers into the air, Susie climbed among the rocks of the low ledge which walled the meadow on each side, and made discoveries of new insects and flowers, until dinner time. After dinner, the desired permission was given, and away the children streamed, grandfather Bishop leading, and rested not until they had verified the spot where the Pequot sachem had been killed, and thought they found, at least, the stump of the tree in which his head was put, and had made their grandfather give them the right and wrong, or the moral side of the whole affair, which he did in a very few words.

"The Indians should not have fought the English, for they always bought the Indians' land—did not steal it from them. Perhaps the English were sometimes unjust in other matters, but is it not better, after all, that a people like them should have the country, who could grow to be a great nation, than a few Indians, who were only a little above the bears they killed and ate?"

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The children did not understand this very clearly, but they thought grandpa was always right, and so agreed with him.

Then they acted over the story from the fight at the fort to the final scene at the Bloody Cove, and by the time their father called them to go home, if Frank's head had really been cut off as many times as it had in the character of the Pequot chieftain, he would not have been more than an inch high.

A COUPLE OF WORKERS IN THE HARVEST FIELD.

THAT BIRD.

BY WILLIAM S. WALSH.

BIRD-CATCHING, by means of bird-lime, is one of the great amusements of the Italian boys, who are not Bird-defenders. Although they endeavor merely to catch the birds, and are very careful not to injure them, they could not join the ST. NICHOLAS Army.

The way they practice the sport is as follows: They prepare themselves with leathern sheathes full of twigs which have been smeared with the lime,—each twig being about a foot in length, and having one of its ends whittled down to a sharp point,—together with a cage full of the loudest and noisiest singing-birds they can get. Selecting a large spreading tree, a boy climbs up, cuts a number of small slits in its branches with a penknife, and loosely places the point of one of his twigs into each of these slips, until the tree is fairly bristling all over with them. He then hangs up his cage somewhere in the top of the tree where it will be concealed by the foliage, and descends to the ground. The hubbub created by the cage-birds will attract to the tree all the wild birds flying

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within ear-shot of it. Every now and then an unlucky one will get caught on a limed twig, in its desperate struggles to free itself will loosen the twig, and bird and twig will come tumbling to the ground, where it is readily secured. I have seen as many as fifty birds caught in a single morning in this manner.

My friend and countryman, Jack Hill, used to be exceedingly fond of this sport. He was quite successful, too, and the aviary in the villa where the family resided was full of nightingales, robins, larks, and other trophies of his skill.

In the same aviary were a pair of Virginia mocking-birds, which Jack's father had brought over with him from America, and which were particular pets of the old gentleman's. The male, especially, was a magnificent singer. As you may suppose, it acted as a splendid call-bird, and I am sorry to say that Jack would frequently use it for this purpose against the express command of his father. I remember a queer adventure that once happened to the bird when I was on a visit to Jack. I lived in Florence at the time.

Jack and myself had planned to spend a day in bird-catching, and, as old Mr. Hill chanced to be away from home at the time, Jack took the male mocking-bird along with him, besides a number of other songsters, carrying them in a wicker cage, so large and heavy that each of us had to take an end of it.

About a couple of miles from the house we came upon a large oak-tree which Jack pronounced to be just the thing. Equipping himself with the sheaf of limed twigs, and tying one end of a cord to his wrist and the other to the bird-cage, so that he could readily hoist it up after him to the top of the tree, Jack commenced "shinning" up the trunk. But before he had gone half-way up he missed his hold. Unfortunately, the bird-cage had been placed just at the foot of the tree, and when he fell, he came crashing down upon it. One of the sides burst open,—there was a sudden whirr of wings,—and the next instant the birds had all vanished from sight. A look of blank despair was pictured in Jack's face as he slowly picked himself up, and gazed on the havoc he had made, exclaiming, "Good gracious! what 'll father say?"

I could n't inform him what his father would say, so we both sat down on a smooth piece of rock, and gazed at the toes of our shoes for some time in doleful silence. By and by Jack lifted up his head and continued in the same mournful strain: "That mocking-bird cost father forty dollars, if it cost him a cent!" Another pause. "And I don't believe he 'd have parted with it for a hundred!"

"Well, but, Jack," said I, encouragingly, "perhaps after all the bird is n't lost. It may fly back to its mate."

"That 's so!" cried Jack. "I remember once it did escape from the aviary, and it came back again soon afterward. Let 's hurry home!"

We gathered up our things and trudged hopefully back. But we were doomed to be disappointed. The bird had n't been seen or heard of by anybody at home, as we privately learned from the man-cook, Eugenio, whom we took into our confidence. The latter advised us to see the gardener,—perhaps he would know something about it. After some search, we found Cecco digging in his garden. He paused when he saw us, and, hearing our story, he shook his head.

"No," said he, "I have n't seen anything of it, Signorini;" and he was about to resume his labor, when a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and he paused. "Ah! wait a while!" said he; "you know Carambolo, don't you? Well, I saw him just now, and he told me his son Beppe had been out bird-catching, and had caught such a queer bird, he never saw the like of it before. Who knows? it may have been your bird."

"It *must* have been!" cried Jack. "Come on, let 's go to his house!"

We found old Maria, Carambolo's grandmother, in the front yard, a distaff and a spindle in her hands, crooning away the while in a cracked old voice something about a false cavalier who had left her forlorn. She rose at our approach, courtesied, and glanced at us with some surprise. Jack, who by this time could speak Italian with tolerable fluency, hurriedly explained to her the reason of our coming.

"Ah, yes!" said she, "Beppe was out bird-catching this morning, and he caught some very pretty birds,—some very pretty birds."

"Won't you let us see the birds he caught?" I asked.

"Certainly,—certainly!" And, hobbling into the house, she soon brought out a large cage filled with birds. "Here they are, Signorini,—here they are!" she said.

We eagerly gazed into the cage, and our hearts sank within us when we found that the object of our search was not there.

"Did n't Beppe catch any other birds besides these, Maria?" Jack inquired.

"Eh?" cried Maria. "Yes, he caught another one, Signorini."

"What did he do with it?"

"What did he do with it, eh? O, my poor old head, I can't remember anything now! O yes! he said he was going to Pistoja, to sell it."

Pistoja was the neighboring town. It was about four miles off.

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"Come away!" cried Jack, excitedly; "may be we can catch up with Beppe yet!"

Off again we rushed, and soon reached the public road leading to Pistoja. We had n't gone far down this, when, turning round a sharp corner, we found ourselves face to face with Beppe, on his way back from town, with an empty cage in his hand.

Our inquiries were very hasty, and not very gentle, I am afraid. When Beppe heard that the mocking-bird was Jack's, he declared over and over again that he was very sorry, but that he had sold it to a bird-fancier in Pistoja.

We had no time to waste in useless talk; so, after getting the address of the bird-fancier, we started off again on our journey. It was nearly two o'clock in the afternoon when we reached the city; and when at last we found the bird-fancier, it was only to renew our disappointment. He told us that the bird seemed to be of so rare and so valuable a species (indeed, he had never seen anything of the kind before), that he had sent it off on the twelve o'clock train to his cousin in Florence, where it would be sure to fetch a high price. All that he could do, therefore, under the circumstances, was to take the address of his cousin.

"Now, look here, bub," said Jack, impressively, after we had left the store, "I want to ask a favor of you. Just you go to Florence,—there 's a good fellow,—and hunt up that bird-fancier, and buy or steal the bird from him. Never mind what you have to pay for him,—I 'll give it back to you. I don't want father to know anything about this, else I 'd go myself. Besides, you live in Florence, and know the place better than I do. Wont you go, now?"

Of course I would. I was only too delighted at the idea of such a lark. We learned at the station that the next train would start at 4 P. M., and we spent the mean while in getting a dinner at the chief restaurant of the place.

Compared to our American locomotives, the Italian ones are rather slow affairs; so that it took me about an hour and a-half to reach Florence, although only twenty miles from Pistoja.

I soon found the store to which I had been directed. A snuffy old gentleman with colored spectacles over his eyes, whom I rightly judged to be the proprietor, was walking up and down the store, and to him I addressed myself. Was he the person to whom a bird had been sent to-day from Pistoja?

The old gentleman took off his spectacles, wiped them carefully, placed them on his nose again, took a good look at me, and then said yes, he was the person.

Could he please let me look at it? Certainly not. It had been sold.

"Sold?" I cried aghast.

"Yes, sold," repeated the old gentleman.

"Can you—can you tell me whom you sold it to?" I asked timidly.

"Yes, Signorino,—I sold it to a young foreigner who lives at Number —— Via Larga."

"Number —— Via Larga!" I exclaimed. "What was the name—Jones?"

"Yes, Chones, that was the name. You know him?"

Know him? I should think I did! Why, it was my old friend Tom Jones, whom I had known almost since I could remember anything. I hastily left the store, called a passing cab, and ordered the driver to take me to Number —— Via Larga.

Arriving there, I was ushered into the parlor by the servant, and the next minute was joined by my friend Tom.

"Hello, old boy!" said he (everybody 's an old boy with juvenile John Bulls, or else an "old chap," or an "old fellow"). "Thought you were up at Jack Hill's."

"Yes, so I was," said I, "but——"

"Talking of the Hills," interrupted Tom, "do you know I bought a mocking-bird just like Jack's, to-day, and——"

"A mocking-bird? Just what I 've come to see you about, Tom!"

"What do you mean? Look here, you aint really going to tell me that was Jack's bird, are you?"

"Yes, it was!" I cried eagerly.

"Good gracious! You don't say so! Why, it—it 's gone!"

"Gone!"

"Yes, gone! I 'm afraid you 'll never see that bird again!"

"Why, Tom! what made you—how in the world did it get away?"

"Well, look here, see that cage?"

"Yes, I do; but, O Tom! you did n't put the mocking-bird in there, did you?"

"Yes, I did," said Tom, moodily.

"Why, that must be a poll parrot's cage! See how far apart the wires are. Of course a mocking-bird could squeeze through them!"

"Well, I did n't know. 'T was the only cage I had, and I did n't dream that the bird would get through. It did, though. I 'd no sooner put it into the cage than—than it was out again; and it just whizzed through the open window like lightning."

"Well," said I, after some moments' reflection, "I don't see that there 's anything more to be

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done now. Guess I 'll go home and get my supper."

Tom pressed me to stay and sup with him, but I concluded I 'd go home. I wanted to surprise the folks there. I did n't surprise them, however, as much as I had expected; for, after the first greetings were over, they told me that they had supposed I must be on my way back to Florence, as a telegram had come for me from Jack Hill.

"A telegram from Jack Hill!" I cried,—"let 's see it."

It was handed to me, and I read as follows:

"Bird 's come back. Eugenio caught it in the garden."

I WONDER WHY.

By Mary A. Lathbury.

I wonder why
The white clouds stay up in the sky!
The birds light low that fly so fast;
The downy thistle falls at last;
But the fair clouds are always high.
I wonder why!

I wonder how
The little bird clings to its bough!
Sometimes at night when I awake
And hear the tree-tops moan and shake,
I think, "How sleep the birdies now?"
I wonder how!

I wonder why
We leave the fair earth for the sky!
I wish that we might always stay;
That the dear Lord might come some day,
And make it heaven! Yet we must die.
I wonder why!

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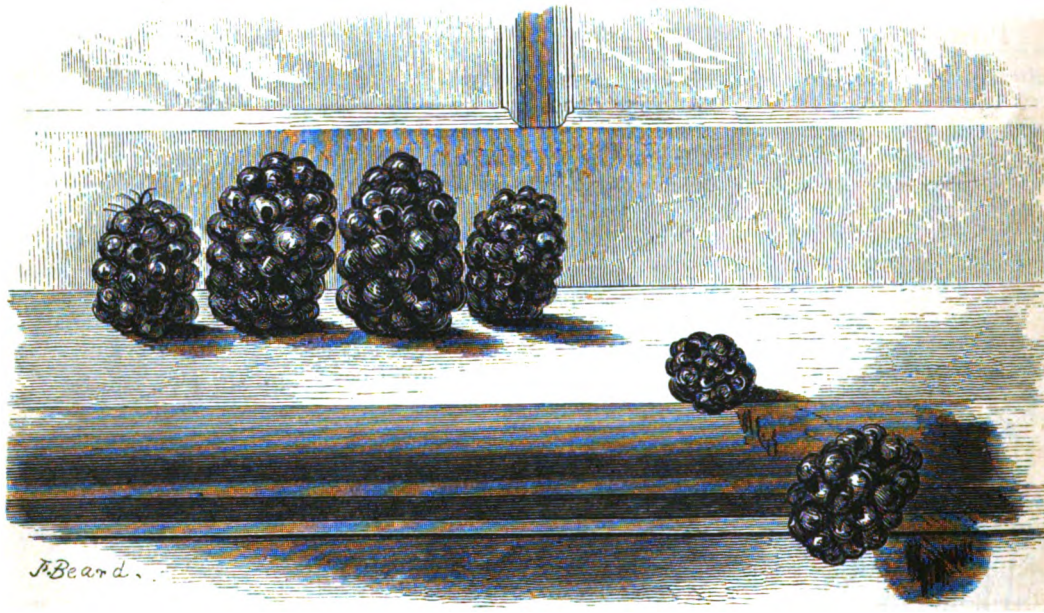
A SHORT-LIVED FAMILY.

By Mary L. B. Branch.

I heard little Gerty talking very earnestly over by the window-seat, and I looked around from my sewing just in time to see six as handsome blackberries as ever grew, standing in a group in the window. Gerty had grouped them. The two biggest and blackest were Mr. and Mrs.



AUNT MARIA FALLS ON THE FLOOR.

Jetty, and one that did not stand straight was Aunt Maria Jetty. Then there were Bob and Tom, and the smallest blackberry, which kept rolling over, was the Baby. Gerty did the talking for all of them. Tom seemed to be a naughty boy.

"I shall have to punish that boy!" said Mr. Jetty, sternly. "He never learns his lessons!"

"O, well!" said Mrs. Jetty, "perhaps the lessons were too hard. Tom, what on earth are you doing now? Pinching the Baby! Mr. Jetty, if you don't whip that boy, I will!"

Here Aunt Maria fell on the floor, and was found to have fainted.

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Great was the outcry among the Jettys, large and small, until she was lifted up and set on her feet again.

"Never—mind—me!" she said, faintly. "Look at—the Baby!"

Sure enough, the Baby had rolled over and over till it was on the very edge of the sill. It was snatched up, and handed to Bob to hold. Bob seemed to be a good boy; he sang "Rockaby, Baby!" all through, while Tom had his ears boxed for tittering.

Then Mr. Jetty said that the family ought to take a walk. They were all formed in a procession, the smallest being last. I watched them as they started off along the window-seat, the first one taking a step, then the next one, and so on. Then I bent my eyes upon my sewing again, but still I heard the play go on.

Presently, in at the sitting-room door came little Susy Blake, a neighbor's child, to play an hour with Gerty. So Gerty told her all about the six blackberries, and what their names were, and what they were doing.

"O, that 's real fun," said Susy; "I can play that too!"

So, then, both little girls went on with the sport, and made the Jetty family say and do all sorts of funny things. Aunt Maria kept fainting away, and the children made a good deal of trouble, so there was a constant excitement. Right in the midst of it, Gerty's mamma called from upstairs:

"Gerty, Gerty, come up here quick, and try on your dress!"

"I 'll be right back in a minute, Susy," said Gerty as she left the room. "You keep on playing till I come back."

So Susy kept on playing, and now she had to do all the talking for the Jetty family herself. They seemed to be having a great dispute about something, but one by one the voices of the younger ones were silenced. Something was said about their being put to bed. Finally, it struck me that I had not heard Aunt Maria make any complaint for a good while. Mr. and Mrs. Jetty seemed to be having it all to themselves, till at last Mr. Jetty stopped, as if tired out, and his wife had the last word.

"I did n't mean to be gone so long," said Gerty, who came back into the room at this moment. "I can't bear to try on dresses. Why—why—why, Susy Blake!"

And then she ran to me, crying.

"O, Cousin Mary!" she sobbed, "she 's eaten them all up! Mr. Jetty and Mrs. Jetty, and Aunt Maria, and Bob, and Tom, and the Baby!"

I turned my eyes toward the window-seat. There was not a blackberry left to tell the tale. But Susy's lips were all stained with purple!

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JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

SCHOOL 'S IN! my dears, or soon will be—and who 's sorry? Not I. Nor are you. For there has been a grand Summer play-time, and now Autumn winds begin to cool the air and flutter the leaves of books invitingly. Your Jack has heard—O, so many wonderful things this Summer! and you shall be told them all, in time. No matter how he has heard them, so that they are true and worth hearing, and the young folk are ready to listen. Dear, dear! What an astonishing world this is, and how busy we Jacks-in-pulpits are from morning till night, with the heaps and heaps that have to be told! Gather close, my chicks, and I 'll tell you about

DUMB DOGS.

WHAT 'S the use of a dog that can't bark? It seems that on the Guinea Coast there is a race of dogs that are absolutely dumb. The bird that told me does not know whether or not they are good watch-dogs. Guesses not. Perhaps they don't bark because they 've nothing to watch! I heard a sailor say that once a few dogs of the barking kind were left on the desert island of Juan Fernandez. Thirty-three years afterward, when the original dogs were dead, and their descendants had all grown wild, not one of the wild dogs could bark. Then some of them were taken away to another country by sailors, and behold! after a time they began to gain their voices, and bark like common dogs. This sounds like a hard story, and I 'll not say yea or nay to it, though it was told to me as a truth that had been endorsed by Mr. Darwin.

ALL SORTS OF HAIRS.

I SUPPOSE you youngsters think that all hairs are alike, except as to color; but that is only because your eyes are not very sharp. If your eyes were as sharp as a microscope, you could tell from the tiniest slice of a hair whether it grew on a boy or a quadruped, and what quadruped. A human hair, I am told, looks, in that searching little instrument, like a hollow tube, quite transparent, and marked with irregular lines around it. On looking very closely, these lines are seen to be the ends of separate surface-coats, or bark of the hair. Think of your hairs having bark! Inside the thin, scaly covering is a fibrous substance, from the bulb where it begins, to the point. The color of the hair is decided by the color of the fluid that fills this transparent tube. A cat's hair looks, under the prying microscope, like the trunk of an old, rough palm-tree; while a bat's hair resembles flowers of a trumpet shape, stuck into each other to form a chain. A bat from India has the trumpet-shaped cups expanded very wide, and notched on the edge. Hair from the head of a bee is pointed and set with short hairs standing straight out from the stem; and the hairs of a caterpillar are like stout, horny rods, drawn to a point and set with spines on each side.

This is very queer; but there 's another thing about it. If the hairs of sheep, and other animals whose hair is used in manufactures, had not rough scales which clasp and mat together, they could not be made into felting. That is what makes broadcloth and other woolen cloth so firm and strong.

DOGS THAT GO "A-CRABBING."

JACK hears all sorts of queer things. Listen to this true story: At low tide, on the coast of Terra del Fuego (and perhaps on some other coasts), crabs hide themselves under the loose stones that are scattered thickly over the beach. Here they lie carelessly, not dreaming of danger, waiting for high tide. In the meantime the dogs come looking for their dinners. With one fore-paw they turn over a stone, and with the other knock out the astonished crab. The dogs have to be quick about it, too, for if the crab has time to think, he grasps the stone so closely with his claws that the dog cannot get him off, without greater trouble than the dinner would be worth.

BIRDS AT SEA.

HERE is something that will specially interest the Bird-defenders. It comes to Jack from a friend of ST. NICHOLAS crossing the Atlantic in the good ship "Wisconsin."

"We are in sight of land," he writes: "it is early morning, and gulls already are coming to meet us—British birds, fresh from the green shores, with a confident, near-home air about them. But it is different with those that venture far out at sea. A few days ago (almost in mid-ocean), a tired land bird lit on the vessel, rested for a few moments, and then resumed his flight. It was plain that the brave little thing knew it had hard work before it. On one trip two small birds followed the ship for days, until one of them dropped exhausted into the sea. Instantly the other flew to the vessel, and fell at the captain's feet. He took it up tenderly, carried it into the cabin, and put it on the table. The passengers gathered around and gave it water; it drank as though famishing with thirst. Then they fed it with bread crumbs; the bird ate eagerly and thrived well, but never from that moment seemed to have the slightest fear of anybody on board. When the ship neared land he flew away.

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"This reminds me of another incident for your young folks. At Lafayette, Indiana, at the beginning of the war, a regiment of soldiers encamped on a hill overlooking the town, and it was found that a sparrow's nest was within the very heart of the camp. Whatever may have become of the male bird, the mother staid and raised her brood. The soldiers put a few stakes around the nest, which was on the ground, and I often saw the mother-bird coming and going, undisturbed by the camp-fires, the roll of the drum, or the discharge of musketry."

Those were brave soldiers, I 'll be bound, or they would not have been so gentle. I like to think of the stanch, gruff fellows with tenderness in their hearts for the helpless little family in their midst—don't you?

As for those little bird-passengers on the great ship, that flew away rejoicing when they saw land, what a good account of mankind they carried into the hedges and tree-tops! How ready they must be, among their fellows, to contradict all evil reports against human beings, and what a lesson they teach us!

We are all sailing along in a sort of ship—the ship of life—and every day, weary souls, worn out in hopeless wandering, are falling upon the deck. If we are kind and gentle, and help them find the way, it may be they will come to be trustful and strong, fearing no one on board, and ready to take wing in joy and thanksgiving when Land comes in sight.

ON THE EDGE OF A SHOWER.

DID any of you ever stand on the edge of a shower? It should not be a very rare event; for, as in these days nobody can say that it ever rains all over the earth at the same time, every shower must have an edge somewhere. Here is a good letter which has just come to me from a New York boy, who knows all about it:

DEAR JACK: Last evening we all witnessed a very beautiful sight. At 6.30, when the sun was about to set, a long, narrow cloud passed across from south to north. Soon it settled in a sullen way, and prepared for business—sending down torrents of rain. West of Avenue A, and reaching to about Third Avenue, the rain was coming down fearfully; beyond that all was clear. The sun shining on the raindrops gave them the appearance of silver; but on the side where we were, the line formed by the rain on the walk all along Avenue A was perfectly straight, and as sharp as one could have made it with a mop and pail. Children standing just outside of the line would run in and out as though it were a shower-bath. This lasted fifteen minutes, while we fellows were all on the street perfectly dry, looking at people up the street cuddling under stoops and umbrellas, or running at full speed. Suddenly the wind changed, and lo! before we dry ones could reach a place of shelter, every one was thoroughly soaked.

Yours, A. R. D.

AMONG THE LEAVES.

WHO can find me, this September, an elm-tree leaf that is of the same size and shape on each side of its center rib? Who can send me two elm-tree leaves, or two oak leaves, exactly alike in size and shape?

NURSE APPLEBY.

SOMEBODY in the South sends your Jack this little picture of an old colored woman, drawn from life:

Dear old Nurse Appleby—with her clean gingham gown, her smooth check apron, and her gay cotton headkerchief tied in a jaunty knot over her forehead! How heartsome, fresh, and proud she looks, sitting there with young Missus's baby in her arms! She and her husband have their own home, now, with their children about them; but she is always ready to lend a hand in sickness or trouble, or when a new baby in "the family" needs her skillful and tender care. She was a slave until the war freed her, but all her life she seems to have seen only the bright side of her condition.

Last evening she sat by our nursery-fire rocking baby to sleep. The door was opened to admit the washerwoman, a very black negress, who entered with a heavy basket on her head, which she wearily deposited on the floor, and then, with a sigh of relief, made her hasty exit. Nursey listened to the retreating footsteps, then turning to me said, "Well ma'm, she's one of *the free-born*. Don't she look like it, poor, worn out, onlikely thing, that never had any massa or missis to take care of her when she was sick, but just bound, best part of her life to the hardest kind of work, to support them lazy husband and children o' hern?

"Yes, she belongs to them kind of stuck up darkies, that holds themselves so proud because they was *always* free, that they call the rest of us, them *cut loose niggers*." Then, with an indignant toss of her turbaned head, Nurse Appleby adds: "Umph! they can talk big, but what kind of raising have they had? Aint they been knocking round all their lives? while we've been dressing decent, and living comfortable, and I'm sure I can count my family for generations back, that 's been born and raised with aristocracy white folks. And old missis is here yet to prove that, and if the property is all gone, aint there enough of *us*, and the white family, still left, to show our raising, and to let folks see what the Macphersons and Creightons have been," and with another lofty toss of her head, she resumed her lullaby, settling herself into a state of complete satisfaction.

A CURRANT BUSH IN A LOCUST TREE.

THERE was once a locust-tree close by our meadow, and in the top of that locust-tree was a fine little currant-bush in full bearing! What do you think of that, my chicks? The birds thought very well of it, I assure you. The fruit was a little sour, to be sure, but then it was their very own. No human hand ever touched it. How it came to be up so high Jack cannot tell you, but he thinks the birds must have carried up the seed one fine day, and, lodging in a crotch of the tree by one of the dead branches, it found there enough mold or dust, or whatever it may be, to give it root-hold and nourishment. At any rate, there it was—a pretty little white currant-bush—till it died a natural death alone in the bleak Autumn wind.

This is not the only instance of the kind. I 'm told that in Massachusetts, not many miles from Boston, there 's a noble elm with a red-currant bush growing high up, just where the branches join the main trunk. It bears fruit every season, bright clusters of rubies glowing in the sun. Just imagine how the Robin-Aladdins feel when they come upon this jewel bush in the early morning!

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THE LETTER-BOX.

TO THE BIRD-DEFENDERS: The names received since our last number (when, you may remember, we published nearly three pages of them) will be printed in our next issue, the October number, which will be the last of the volume. There are no Bird-defenders' names in this number.

Brooklyn, May 21, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In reading the "Letter-Box" of your magazine, I see a variety of questions asked, and so I will ask these two: How do you account for the color of human beings? and, what are the dimensions of the temple of Diana, and where was it situated?

JOHN WARD.

In answer to John's first question, the human skin is composed of three layers, and the cells of the middle layer contain a secretion (or pigment, as it is called) from which the skin takes its color. All the hues of the different races of men depend on the comparative abundance of these cells and on the color of the pigment enclosed by them, This color-layer of the skin is only slightly developed in the white race, but very distinct and thick in the darker ones.

As for the temple of Diana, it was situated at Ephesus, and was justly considered one of the seven wonders of the world, for the magnificent edifice was more than two hundred years in building. Its dimensions were 425 feet long by 200 broad. The roof was supported by 127 columns sixty feet high, and placed there by as many kings. The temple contained immense riches, and the godness to whom it was dedicated was worshiped with great solemnity by the Ephesians.

THIS is such a good rhyming version of "Rhyming Play" that we give it entire:

ANSWER TO "RHYMING PLAY."

With little change of text, I may
Make answer to the rhyming play.

In all varieties, the rose
Is far the queenliest flower that blows.

In fragrance, the sweet garden pink
Is hard to be surpassed, I think.

To find a flower that rhymes with Willie,
We name at once the gorgeous lily.

King Solomon in all his glory
Equals not these, says sacred story.

Fourth, with the handsome, graceful fuchsia,
We rhyme the little Western Jooshia.

And next, the delicate verbena,
So perfectly is rhymed with Lena.

'T is well to seek the mignonette
Where all the sweetest flowers are set.

Beneath the base the flat, square plinth
Is placed, and rhymes with hyacinth.

We start with A and end with L,
To find the yellow asphodel.

The "Ursa Major" of the "Dipper"
Could not put on a lady-slipper.

To find the magic four-leaved clover,
Fair maidens roam the meadows over.

With musk-rose and sweet eglantine,
Shakespeare has linked the rare woodbine.

This also comes from W. S.,
The odd name, love-in-idleness.

I do not find a rhyme for Cyrus,
Unless you will admit the iris.

We fitly rhyme the fair japonica,
Changing the accent in Salonica.

The flower with open mouth, snap-dragon,
Does very well to rhyme with wagon.

It is unwise to pick a thistle,
And hard to make a pigtail whistle.

A Scotchman for our much says muckle
Which is a rhyme for honeysuckle.

In tint the dainty lavender
Matches the gloves that some prefer.

A flower has gained the name pond-lily,
That rises from the waters stilly.

The timid, wild wood violet
Is called the poet's modest pet.

E. S. L.

MR. HASKINS, Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Bird-defenders, sends us a bird's nest which suggests a very peculiar story. The nest itself is an ordinary one, built last year, and in it is a dead bird—nothing now but a skeleton and a few feathers. The cause of its death is very apparent. The nest is partly made of horse-hair and threads, and in these the poor bird had become so entangled that it was impossible for it to get out, and there it staid and died, and there it is yet.

It is not a full-grown bird, but it is not a very small one, and so it is possible that it lived in the nest some time after it became fastened, and that its parents brought it food with the others until they grew large enough to leave the nest, and that they then all left except this poor bird who could not go, and who staid there and died!

Mr. Haskins also writes as follows:

W. F. Bundy, of Jefferson, Wisconsin, says that the rose-breasted grosbeak, whose hard name is *Goniaphea Ludovicianæ*, eats the Colorado bug, and that the farmers hold these birds in great favor, and are very careful to prevent their destruction.

If there had been no quails or prairie-chickens killed in the grass-hopper region for the past two years, would n't the farmers have been much better off?

Bangor, Maine.

DEAR ST NICHOLAS: I would like to know if you give premiums to those who get subscribers to the magazine? "VIRGIL."

Yes, we will send you a premium list if you will send us your name and address.

WE HAVE received a little book about two inches square, called the "Sad Story of Baby Rose," by Bessie R——. The author's mother writes this note about it:

OUR DEAR DELIGHTFUL FRIEND ST. NICHOLAS:

A few weeks ago my little Bessie—eight years old—came shyly bringing me a neat manuscript with ornamented title-page, saying it was a story she had written for papa. Upon inquiring of her little brother and playmate, I found she had written it that afternoon in the nursery, quite "out of her own head," as another and more knowing Bessie has put it. As this is our Bessie's first essay in this kind of composition, her papa printed it on his little office press, and almost overwhelmed the modest authoress a few days thereafter with the view of a real book by her own little self.

We print the contents of the book in full:

Once upon a time, there was a little girl whose mother thought her the best child in all the world. Rose was her name.

Now, my dear little readers, I will begin.

Rose was born on Christmas, in the year 1873. Now, of course, I must tell you that Rose's loving mother thought her a little jewel then as much as your mother did when you were born. When Rose's mamma saw a little baby lying in her lap she jumped for joy. She took her and put on her a white frock and a little embroidered sack, and then she gave her some breakfast.

Now her mamma said that she would teach Rose to be good and truthful. Rose grew and grew every day. When Rose was only two months and one week old her mamma was gone out to visit her grandma and left Rose playing on the bed, with her nurse to look after her. After a little while her nurse put her on the floor to play till she came back from seeing some one in the kitchen. Her nurse ought to have known better than to leave Rose near the stairs, but she did not. So very soon Rose, who did not want to stay at the

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stairs any longer, began to cry, and then the nurse came, took her up, and gave her a cruel whipping as hard as she could with a horse-whip all over her body, having taken off everything Rose had on while she was whipping her, and after the nurse had done whipping her she took baby by the hands and feet and threw her over the staircase. The nurse then put on her hat and went out.

Rose's mamma came in just at this time and saw her darling lying there on the floor, quite dead, as she supposed, and she ran and told her husband. He came and ran for the doctor. The doctor came at once and took Rose upon his knee and said she was fatally injured. Then Rose's loving mamma tenderly washed and bound up her cuts and her bruises and put her into her own soft bed. Then she sat down by her and never left her while she lived. Rose never got well, though she got some better and was able to sit up, but one morning she was very bad and suffered dreadfully.

Toward night Rose lifted up her hands and said "I am dying," and at eleven o'clock that night she died.

It was a great grief to her mamma, and after the funeral her mamma took sick and died of grief.

My little readers, you ought to be glad that you did not die so young, and be glad that you did not have such a wicked nurse that caused first the death of pretty little Rose, and second her dear mamma's death, who, as I said before, died of grief at losing her darling baby Rose.

My little readers, I will now tell you what became of Rose's ugly and wicked nurse. One day Rose's father met the nurse in the street, and spoke kindly, and he said to her, "Miss Miller, I am very sorry you killed my little darling child and caused the death of my dear wife. I ask you now to come home with me." And Miss Miller said, "I will, my dear Mr. Lane," and so she did. Then Mr. Lane went right off and called a policeman and brought him home, and the policeman took Miss Miller and led her off to prison, where she was to be beheaded the next day, and when the morning dawned she was very much frightened, but they came up to her and took her to a room and laid her down, then they lifted the axe and let it fall and she was dead. And that was the end of that wicked nurse.

Soon afterward Mr. Lane married again and had many other little girls and boys, but he never forgot, in all his life, either his own darling baby Rose or her dear and loving mother.

Highland Park, Ill., July 1st, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read "Jack-in-the-Pulpit's" article on Gray's telephone, in which I was very much interested, as Mr. Gray lives next door to me, and I am well acquainted with him and his family. I have heard the telephone, and I can tell you it is splendid. —Yours always, K. E. B.

K. E. B. also sends a poem.

A LAMENT.

I have a dog—
From very shame
I hesitate
To tell his name.

His form is lean,
And slim and tall;
His lungs are very
Far from small.

This dreadful cur,
I'd have you know,
Doth follow me
Where'er I go.

To church, to school,
At play, at home,
Until I vow
I'll no more roam.

O, prithee show
To me the spot
Where I can be
And he cannot.

Philadelphia, June 16, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I heard recently a remarkable and beautiful bird-story, which I thought you might deem worth giving to your young readers, especially the Bird-defenders. Its truth is vouched for by a gentleman who saw the proceeding.

On a large tree near a country-house, a pair of robins had built a nest, and were caring for four little robins, whose heads could often be seen above the edge of the nest. One morning, from some unknown cause, both the parent birds were found dead at the foot of the tree, and away up in the nest the little orphans were lifting up their heads and "piping," as if asking for food. What could be done for them? Though in full view, it was almost impossible to reach the nest. While the folks of the house were trying to solve the problem, a wren was seen to light on the edge of the nest, and, after remaining apparently just long enough to take in the "situation," fly away. A watch was kept, and the wren soon returned with some food in its mouth, and fed the four helpless robins. It returned during the day on the same mission, and from that time until the birds were able to leave the nest it was often observed ministering to their wants.

"NORTH."

CAN any of our boys or girls tell us why a ship crossing the Atlantic, and sailing in a straight line from New York to Liverpool, would sail one hundred miles farther than a ship sailing from New York to Liverpool on a *curved line* curving up toward the north?

JAMES S. wants to know why Baltimore was so called, and if there is any other Baltimore in the Old World? Some of you surely can tell him.

F. R. F., who for many years has lived in the East, writes as follows about kites in that part of the world:

Kite-flying is not a boyish sport in Eastern lands, but a pastime of the fathers, while the sons look on and enjoy merely seeing the fun. Rich old merchants, dignified judges, and gray-haired grandfathers will spend whole afternoons guiding the ascent of their kites, while their boys are the most interested spectators, looking yearningly forward to the period when they shall inherit, with other honors of maturity, the privilege of flying their own kites.

But, then, these Oriental kites are not ordinary affairs of paste and paper, such as make glad the hearts of our juveniles. They are very marvels of skill and inventiveness, and of every conceivable form, size, and material. Their forms are those of all manner of insects, flowers, birds, fishes, and reptiles, as well as of gods and goddesses, angels and demons, while not a few represent beings unknown in air, earth, or sea, heaven or hell. Some are of huge dimensions, composed of oiled silk painted in various shades to depict stone, slate, tiles, brick, wood, iron, glass, and silver; and are fashioned in the form of castles, palaces, or pagodas, adorned with spires and turrets, vaulted domes, arches and lofty windows. These are lighted by tapers or miniature lamps, that frequently set fire to the thin, combustible material, and ultimately consume these fairy palaces, or "air castles," as they may well be called. The conflagration occupies but a few minutes, but it is beautiful while it lasts.

Occasionally, a group of kites will be seen as an immense bird surrounded by a whole train of hawks, and all skillfully guided by a single string. Some represent an immense bouquet of flowers; some a tree with foliage, blossoms and fruit, all true to nature—the fruit containing rockets that explode with a loud report; and some make their appearance as lanterns, balloons, or fire-wheels, the spokes of the last being lighted by transparencies in which are confined living fire-flies. Others are in the form of huge dragons, eagles, vultures, flying serpents, and such like monsters, real and imaginary. Even our own species has its representatives in kites, sometimes as a fierce-looking giant armed with spear or battle-axe, and again as a beautiful maiden in shining robes and flowing hair. So very skillfully are these enormous kites managed, that a sort of aërial game is sometimes played, in which three, four, or perhaps twice that number of kites are engaged.

Kites are in vogue at only one season of the year; but then there is a perfect rage for them, and the number that go whizzing past one's ears, or soaring gallantly in the clouds, would seem incredible to one who had never witnessed the novel spectacle of a thousand huge kites floating simultaneously above the spires and turrets of a great city. Occasionally, even princes and nobles condescend to indulge in this exhilarating sport; but in such cases, the kites are always sent up from the domes or turrets of their own palaces, and they so far excel in size and splendor those of the common people as to prove that, even in his amusements, the man of rank does not forget the wide distance between a prince and a peasant.

Stamford, June 11.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will I have to kill my cats if I am a Bird-defender? If so, I will not be one. If not, will you please to put my name down on your list.—Your gratified reader,

KITTIE WARREN.

All right, Kittie, keep your cat.

HERE is an account of an old church from a little girl in Arizona. We have so few ancient buildings in our country that we ought to take an interest in this.

SAN XAVIER.

Now, I am afraid some of your readers will look at the heading of this and say, "Oh, that is not worth reading. Arizona is only made of Indians and sand!"

It is true Arizona has a great deal of sand, and a great many Indians; but there are other things there too. Oh, my, yes! a great many interesting things there, among which is San Xavier. San Xavier, you must first know, was built many, many years before you, or your father, or even his father, were born—in fact, almost two hundred years ago—by a company of Jesuit missionaries from Spain, who came and settled in Arizona, where they built a great many of these missions (as they are called), and some of them are very handsome, but with only one, however, have we anything to do. This one is situated nine miles from Tucson. On approaching it from that quarter it looks very pretty, with its tall unfinished domes (for it was never finished), of stone and red brick—the latter brought from Spain—extending high up in the sunlight.

Now, walk with me up to the door, where a dozen or so half-dressed Appapagoes stand asking for "muckamuck" (something to eat). You enter, and you feel almost as though you were going into some vault, it is so cold and damp. On taking a few steps forward, that feeling changes to one of wonder and awe. You find yourself

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in a large room, where the stone floor is painted in curious style. The ceiling where you stand is about forty feet, for over your head is a place for the choir. On going further we come upon a figure of Christ in the sepulchre, with the crown of thorns on his head, and the blood trickling down his face. It looks very life-like. All around this are pictures of the saints. Over the altar is one of St. Peter, which looks very ludicrous. He has on a long cloak which comes down to his feet, and a small hat on his head.

Now, after looking at these things, step with me into the vestry. Here are robes that were worn two hundred years ago by priests who have long since turned to dust. Here also are the silver pitcher and plate for holding the blessed sacrament. Now, come back through the church, climb the old dark stairs, go into the belfry, and look upon those ancient chimes whose tones rang out on the still Summer morning two hundred years ago, calling to mass the builders of this ancient pile of masonry. S. L. R.

THE translation of the Latin story in our July number will appear next month. We give plenty of time to our young Latin translators.

A LADY sends us the following account of a little bird-mother who suffered death rather than desert her children:

A little bird (a wren) built its nest in a rose-bush by the piazza, at the corner of the house near the eave-spout. It had laid its eggs and hatched them, when one night there came up a rain, which, running from the spout, drowned the bird—as she, rather than forsake her duty, had staid to shield her brood. In the morning, when the lady went to look at the nest, there sat the bird motionless, with wings outspread in protection over it, both the mother-bird and little ones dead!

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I know a great many stories about chickens—true ones I mean. Once we had an old turkey gobbler and some hens. One of the hens had young ones—I don't remember how many, but she had quite a good many. Well, in some way she got killed, and there were all those little turkeys! We did n't know what to do; but the old gobbler came to the rescue. He took care of them until they grew so large that they only could stand around him and poke their heads under him.

Once there was a hen with chickens, and she saw a fish-line standing by the kitchen door, and swallowed the hook. They had to kill her, and a rooster took care of the little chicks.

There were two hens sitting on one nest. Well, they came off with only one chicken. By and by, these hens got tired of running around with that one chick, and so they went off. I suppose one hen thought the other could take care of it, and the other thought so too, if hens think at all. They had a hen in a coop, shut up because they did n't want her to set. She took that little chicken, and took care of it. I know of a rooster that took care of chickens, too.

FANNIE HUNT.

IN addition to that published last month, we here give another list of names of boys and girls who have sent answers to the Rhyming Play in the June number: Horace P. Taylor, Mary Brodnax, Anna Palen, Mark W. C., Amy Waters, Cora Mabel Wesley, Leilly B. Dresser, Mary F. Wallace, Alice T. Walker, Cora E. Everett, Winnie Gould, Mary Billin, Hannah Rollins, Edith S. Tufts, Harry Thiers, Nellie C. Beckwith, Willie M. Burton, Frances Hersh, Gracie Bigelow, Julia Reno, Julia Sanford, Mollie Willett, Fannie Lelloir Russell, John R. Eldridge, Louise R. Canby, Nettie Starkweather, Ida Cronsch, Nellie Chase, Dollie Carrick, Violet Beach, Mary Morris Jones, Hattie M. Newton, Amy Hicks, and George Hicks.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

EASY METAGRAM.

WHOLE, I am a drunkard. Change my head, and I am a bed; change again, and I am a man mentioned in the Bible; again, and I am to decay; again, and I am a negative; again, and I am warm; again, and I am a small mark; again, and I am to write down hastily.

M. A. J.

BEHEADED RHYMES.

As Kate was just about to ——,
She found she 'd quite forgot her ——.
Made with all culinary ——
By her old friend the cook.

So catching it from off her ——,
In fear lest she should be ——,
All down the street she ran, and ——.
How greedy she did look! A. B. C.

RIDDLE.

MY whole is the name of a bird. From it make (1) the generic name of the animal it lives on; (2) the name of one species of it; (3) an organ of its body; (4) the state it must be in when cooked for man, unless packed for market, and then (5) the name of a vessel it is often packed in; (6) an instrument used in preparing it for the cook; (7) what the cook does to it, and (8) what it is done over; (9) what the man is called who obtains it; and (10) something he frequently uses in taking it.

J. P. B.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

HERE are some of the signs in a certain queer little village. Who can read them?

1. Lairot. 2. Stinted. 3. Torcod. 4. Nelmiril. 5. Gurd-Tores. 6. Ricesorge. 7. Toifecopsf. 8. Hacs-Rotes. 9. Ryd-Dogos. POLK.

ENIGMA.

I AM composed of fourteen letters. My 2, 5, 1, 9 is to incline. My 3, 1, 10 is an article used by ladies. My 11, 8, 1, 4 is a period of time. My 7, 5, 1 is what some people drink. My 13, 10, 8 is a number. My 3, 1, 14, 10, 11 is a girl's name. My 11, 13, 9, 6, 8, 4 is an adverb. My 7, 5, 14 is a number. My 12, 11, 9, 13, 6 is a kind of council. My 7, 11, 4, 13, 2 is a small province in Europe. My 7, 11, 4, 1, 14, 7 is a cruel ruler. My whole is a distinguished poet. M. A. J.

CHARADE, No. 1.

MY first once roamed where grows my whole,
Brave, warlike, wild and free;
Often my second served for food,
In Winter you may see.

My whole (that part beneath the ground)
Once taste, and you will say
The horrid thing had better be
A thousand miles away.

Yet, from the earth, in beauty rare,
Its blossom greets your eye,
And 'neath a broidered canopy
Welcomes the passer-by.

And seek it (with its prettier name),
Your fireside it will greet,
And once a month will bring to you
A sure and pleasant treat. B.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

FOUNDATION words: A continent and a monarchy. Cross words: 1. A fruit. 2. A biped. 3. Stopping. 4. Name of a great painter. 5. One of the United States. 6. A country in Asia. 7. A conjunction. D. H.

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REBUS.

(The solution consists of a few lines from Tennyson's poem of "The Princess.")

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A MODEST flower. 2. A sweet perfume. 3. An order of column in architecture. 4. A worker in metal. 5. A small boat. POLK.

CHARADE, No. 2.

THREE little words, if rightly used,
Will most correctly tell
For what I long, when thinking of
The maid I love so well.

And should that wish be gratified,
Those three words, joined in one,
Will show you what my love and I
Would be, ere set of sun. A. S.

ELLIPSES.

FILL the blanks with the same word, one of which is a girl's name:

1. —— spent six months in ——. 2. —— screwed up her face as she ate a pickled ——. 3. When —— was in India she bought a toy for an ——. 4. —— went with a nun through the entire ——. 5. —— always —— early. 6. —— was shown to her room by the ——. 7. —— dyed her ribbons with ——. 8. —— replied with a brilliant —— that charmed him. 9. —— was fond of cloves, but she did not know the tree that produced them belonged to the genus ——. 10. —— remembered hearing her father play the ——. 11. —— consulted the —— secretly. 12. —— presented the crown to the May queen with exquisite ——. 13. —— rode to the park in a ——. B.

DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.

(LARGEST EVER MADE.)

ACROSS: 1. A consonant. 2. A household god. 3. Equaled. 4. Existing only in name. 5. Arched. 6. Taken by robbery. 7. Luxurious food. 8. Conducted. 9. A consonant.

DOWN: 1. A consonant. 2. A spigot. 3. To imitate for sport. 4. Pertaining to the side. 5. Filled to repletion. 6. Told. 7. Fruit much used for food in Arabia. 8. A color. 9. A consonant. HYPERION.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

MY first is in goblet, but not in cup;
My second is in drink, but not in sup;
My third is in whirl, but not in spin;
My fourth is in needle, but not in pin;
My fifth is in dunce, but not in fool;
My sixth is in rule, but not in school;
My seventh is in frolic, and also in fun;
My eighth in example, but not in sum;
My ninth is in woman, and also in man;
My tenth is in dish, but not in pan;
My eleventh is in even, but not in straight;
My twelfth is in door, but not in gate;
My thirteenth is in wasp, but not in bee;
My whole is what girls and boys ought to be.
L. G. M.

HIDDEN SQUARE.

1. Is Idaho merely a territory? 2. This crop always is a failure. 3. The comma I leave out frequently. 4. He fell at his post bravely. J. P. B.

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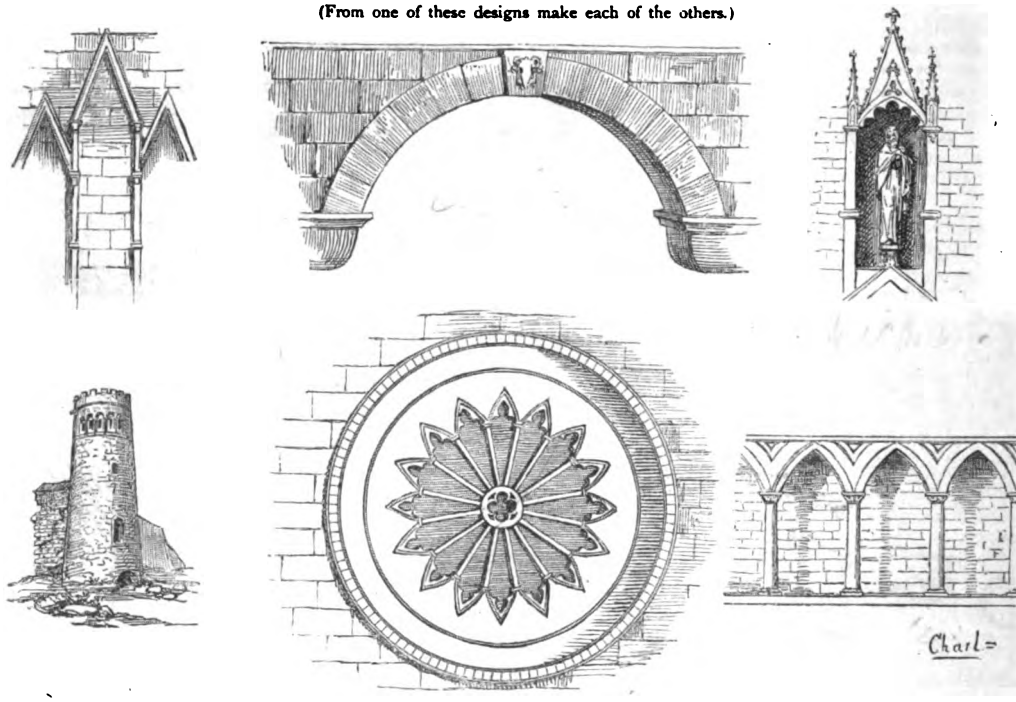
ARCHITECTURAL PUZZLE.

(From one of these designs make each of the others.)



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN AUGUST NUMBER.

LINEADUCTIONS.—1. Lane, Lame. 2. Sane, Same. 3. Dane, Dame.

CHARADE, No. 1.—Dumb-bell.

TRANSPOSITIONS (RIVERS).—1. Crime mar—Merrimac. 2 Home along an—Monongahela. 3. Nile—line. 4. Ripened—Dneiper. 5. Hounds—Hudson. 6. Oriel—Loire. 7. I miss our—Missouri. 8. Heron—Rhone. 9. Them as—Thames. 10. See in—Seine.

HIDDEN BIRDS.—1. Heron. 2. Robin. 3. Turkey. 4. Wren.

REBUS.—"Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once."

BEHEADED RHYMES.—Languish, anguish. Basking, asking. Fable, able. Plighted, lighted.

ENIGMA.—"Procrastination is the thief of time."

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

R
S A P
R A V E N
P E N
N

RIDDLE.—Olive (the tree, the fruit, and the name).

WORD-SQUARE.—

T E P I D
E L A T E
P A T E N
I T E M S
D E N S E

BEHEADED RIVERS.—1. Don. 2. Pruth. 3. Red. 4. Rhone. 5. Osage. 6. Nile.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. 1.—Leopard, Panther.

L —am— P
E —ll— A
O —di— N
P —ar— T
A —lla— H
R—escu—E
D —ee— R

NAMES OF TOWNS AND CITIES.—1. Savannah. 2. Berkeley. 3. Philadelphia. 4. New Haven.

PREFIX PUZZLE.—Prefix: "Trans."—Scribe, fur, form, figure, sit, parent, plant, port, fuse, spire, mit, verse, pose.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No 2.—Round-robin.—(RolleR, OliO, UnaU, NipperkiN, DepenD, RobbeR, OkrO, BarB, IndrI, NapkiN.)

SQUARE-WORD.—

P E A C H
E A R L Y
A R M E D
C L E A R
H Y D R A

DECAPITATIONS.—1. Stop, top. 2. Bold, old. 3. Said, aid. 4. Supper, upper. 5. Scold, cold. 6. Meat, cat.

CHARADE.—Anaximander.

EASY ENIGMA.—Lemonade.

TRANSPOSITIONS (CITIES).—1. Cannot—Canton. 2. Devonshire—hired ovens. 3. New York—key worn. 4. Tried to—Detroit. 5. Crop in ten Princeton. 6. Philip had ale—Philadelphia.

THE EMIGRANT PUZZLE.—1. Shrouds (ropes from the mast to the side of the vessel). 2. Shades (or shadows). 3. Alas! (a lass). 4. A gull (bird). 5. Trunk. 6. Chest. 7. Cover (of the chest). 8. Top (of the chest). 9. Address (a dress). 10. Buoy (boy). 11. Hares (hares). 12. Calves. 13. Wraps, or wrappings (rappings). 14. Rings and buckle (on trunk). 15 Stays (ropes). 16. Temples. 17. Block. 18. Wings. 19. Foot. 20. Ears 21. Lock (on the trunk). 22. Face and hands. 23. Guard (the outer rail). 24. Ocean (the letters of "canoe" transposed). 25. Deck. 26. Tulips (two lips). 27. Box. 28. Pears (pairs of boots and shoes). 29. Palm (the date tree). 30. Steam (the letters of "mates" transposed). 31. Ayes and noes (eyes and nose). 32. Lien (lean on a support). 33. Profiles (files—pro). 34. Skye (sky). 35. Twelve feet. 36. Heal (heel). 37. Choler (collar). 38. Railing. 39. Lap. 40. Cape. 41. Mouth and arm. 42. Foremen (four men). 43. A pipe (smoke-pipe). 44. Sole. 45. Hood. 46. Boot. 47. Folds (on the woman's dress). 48. Crown (on the man's hat).

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JULY NUMBER were received, previous to July 18, from Thomas P. Sanborn, Fannie S. Humphrey, "Grace and Maddie," Josie R. Ingalls, Launcelot M. Berkeley, "Nimpo," Chas. G. Rupert, S. Frankie Rupert, Minnie M. Tooker, Helen Reese, Lilla M. Hallowell, Robt. M. Reese, Charles Baldwin, "Pearl," Edward H. Rudd, Reinette L. Ford, Willie L. Young, Frank H. Belknap, Willie A. Lewis, Louella Palmer, Cora Mabel Wesley, Victor Grant Beebe, Annie Donaldson, Willie Dibblee, Alexander Wiley, Mary H. Wilson, "Lillie" Lester Woodbridge, Fred B. Crowell, "Little Nell," Mamie L. Lane, and Alice Richards.

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THE BATTLE OF THE ESSEX AND THE PHŒBE.

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ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. II. OCTOBER, 1875. NO. 12.

CAPTAIN PORTER AND THE ESSEX; OR, THE FIRST BATTLE OF ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.

BY S. G. W. BENJAMIN.

THE Essex was a small frigate, built on Winter Island in Salem harbor in 1799. She was rated as a thirty-two, though mounting in reality forty thirty-two pound carronades and six long twelves. After various noteworthy cruises, in one of which she first carried the pennant of a United States ship-of-war beyond the Cape of Good Hope, she was placed under command of Captain David Porter, a young officer who was first lieutenant of the Philadelphia at Tripoli, and was already distinguished for his daring and skill. She was assigned in the Summer of 1812 to the squadron of Commodore Bainbridge, who had been appointed to the Constitution after her famous fight with the Guerriere, and had made her his flagship. In pursuance of his orders, the Essex, Captain Porter, sailed October 28 from the Delaware, with a full crew of three hundred and nineteen souls, and a large supply of stores which made her deep and impeded her speed. She was to meet the Commodore at Porto Praya St. Jago, in the Cape De Verde Islands, but failing to reach there in season, then continued on to the second rendezvous at Fernando de Noronha, off Brazil.

During this long cruise, the Essex had fallen in with but one of the enemy's vessels, the brig Noctau, which surrendered at the first fire. The prize was sent to the States with a prize crew, but was recaptured; however, $55,000 in specie found on board of her had luckily been transferred to the Essex.

At Fernando de Noronha, Captain Porter received a letter from Commodore Bainbridge directing him to lie off Cape Frio to the southward for the Constitution. But he was disappointed again, and after beating against violent head winds and chasing some of the enemy's merchantmen, the Essex put into St. Catherine's for a supply of water. As it had now become useless for Captain Porter to search farther for the Constitution, he was obliged to devise some new plan of action for his further movements. As the English influence was so great in the ports of South America as to make them hostile to American ships, he was unable to revictual on that coast, and, apparently, would be forced to return to the United States. But with enterprise and courage characteristic of his ardent nature, Captain Porter resolved, instead of returning to the States, to weather Cape Horn and ravage the Pacific, destroying the whale-ships of the enemy and living on the stores with which he knew they would be abundantly provided.

It was a daring, but, as the event proved, a practicable scheme. The voyage around the Horn was of the roughest sort. The spirit of the black, rocky, inhospitable Cape gave the adventurous little frigate a rude greeting. For many days she buffeted adverse seas, and when, after the weary voyagers thought themselves at last clear of the land and that the violence of the winds was abated, a gale of tremendous fury suddenly arose, and the exhausted crew were again clinging to the slanting yards, furling and reefing the flapping sails. But an ocean current setting to leeward obliged them

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to keep a press of sail on the laboring vessel in order to claw off the land, and about midnight she plunged her head into a sea which swept the decks, and rushed below in such floods that all on board thought she was foundering; but, staggering under the blow, the Essex retained her buoyancy, and her bow lifted once more on the surge. It was a narrow escape, and had the force of the gale not blown itself out soon after, the ship must have been lost.

On the 15th of March the Essex ran into the port of Valparaiso and cast anchor. To the surprise and joy of the crew, Chili had lately revolted from the rule of Spain, and was therefore friendly to the United States, so that a very cordial reception was given to Captain Porter and his crew, and all facilities were afforded them for laying in the stores of which they were in such pressing want. After obtaining considerable valuable information from American whaleships in port concerning the English privateers and whalers in the Pacific, Captain Porter put to sea, heading northward.

The first prize taken was the Peruvian privateer Nereyda, cruising after American whalers. Her guns and ammunition were thrown overboard, and she was then released. After recapturing the American whaler Barclay, the Essex gradually cruised to Charles Island, where was a box among the rocks, called "a post-office," in which the whalers left accounts of their luck and future movements. A curious post-office was this in mid-ocean, without post-master or postage, whose contents could be read by all whether friend or foe, and foe did sometimes read the "Pacific mail," for Captain Porter found in it information that proved of much value. Continuing his cruise among the Gallipagos Islands, he chased and captured three large whalers, which made considerable show of resistance. They were all well armed and provisioned. Of these, the Georgiana was turned into a cruiser; guns from the other ships were put into her, which, with those she had, made a battery of sixteen guns; she was manned by a prize crew from the Essex of forty-one men, and was then sent off to capture whalemen in her turn. After taking two more prizes, the Essex put in at Tumbez, on the coast of Ecuador, with six prizes in company, where she was soon joined by the Georgiana, which in her independent cruise had captured three of the enemy's ships. At Tumbez the largest of the prizes was turned into a sloop-of-war, twenty guns were mounted on her deck, a crew of sixty men manned her, and she was named the Essex, Junior. After a general salute, the Essex, with all her prizes,—quite a fleet,—put to sea, when the Essex, Junior, with five of the prizes in company, sailed for Valparaiso.

One of the prizes captured by the Essex was taken in a calm by means of drags invented by Captain Porter. They were triangular pieces of canvas stretched on a frame, weighted on one side, and were dropped in the water from the sprit sail-yard on the bowsprit. By pulling on them from the stern, then dropping them again ahead, the ship was forced through the water at the rate of two miles an hour. At Banks Bay the frigate was joined by the Essex, Junior, which brought the important information that the Chilian Government was becoming hostile toward the United States, and that the British Government, alarmed by the news of Captain Porter's depredations among their shipping, had dispatched several ships-of-war to the Pacific in pursuit of the Essex. Accordingly, he concluded to refit at the Marquesas Islands, and anchored in the bay of Nookaheevah with all his fleet. Up to this time the Essex had taken fourteen vessels, several of which had letters of marque, comprising in all four thousand tons and about four hundred prisoners; and a year after sailing from the Chesapeake, she was lying safely in a beautiful island port in the Central Pacific surrounded by a fleet of her prizes, attended by a consort, and well provided with all the needful stores.

The long cruise was now varied by a stay at Nookaheevah, where the crew luxuriated in its lovely valleys, under its groves of cocoas, and mingled harmoniously with the naked, tattooed islanders, who swam off in crowds to meet the ships as they entered the harbor. One adventure gave a temporary excitement to the crew. The natives were divided into rival tribes, Typees and Happars, who dwelt in separate valleys, and were often at war with each other. The Happars being enemies to the Typees, who had received the Essex with such hospitality, showed hostilities toward the Americans in so decided a manner that Captain Porter was obliged to send a large detachment on shore to chastise them. Joined by their manly but savage allies, the sailors, after a severe fight, succeeded in entering the hostile district, and inflicting such injuries on the Happars as secured themselves from further molestation.

After lying some weeks at Nookaheevah, the Essex and the Essex, Junior, sailed for Valparaiso, where Captain Porter was desirous of meeting the English frigate Phœbe, which had been sent in search of him; but when that vessel at last appeared off the port, she was, most unexpectedly to Captain Porter, accompanied by the Cherub, a sloop-of-war, of twenty-eight guns and one hundred and eighty men, while the Phœbe carried forty-six guns and a crew of over three hundred men.

The Phœbe dropped into the harbor with a light

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breeze. Captain Porter had ranged his men at quarters in full preparation for an attack, as he was aware that, although Valparaiso was a neutral port, the English would not hesitate to open fire if it were of advantage for them to do so. An exciting episode now ensued, for as the Phœbe glided to her anchorage she passed very near to the Essex, and, as her commander hailed the American ship and inquired after Captain Porter's health, the latter replied that he would not answer for the consequences if the vessels should come foul of each other. Captain Hillyar replied that he did not intend to attack; but just at that instant the wind took the Phœbe aback, and she fell aboard of the Essex, her bowsprit swinging over the quarter-deck of the latter. Captain Porter called away his boarders, and would have been perfectly justified in raking the English ship with his guns, but Captain Hillyar warmly protested that the collision was purely accidental, and by trimming his sails succeeded in backing his ship out of her awkward position. Had Captain Porter opened fire at that critical moment, there is little doubt that he would have achieved a result entirely different to that which befell him in the fight that afterward followed.

For six weeks the hostile ships maneuvered in and around the port of Valparaiso, the Essex being found to outsail the enemy, so that she could easily have escaped, but Captain Porter preferred instead to fight the Phœbe, if he could engage her singly; this, however, Captain Hillyar carefully avoided, being evidently under orders not to engage the American ship except with the aid of the Cherub, a fact which shows with what respect English seamen now regarded the American navy, for never before this war had such a thing been known as that an English ship should avoid a fight with an enemy of equal force. But in this case the importance of capturing the Essex, and the doubtful result of meeting her with a single ship and equal force, were so apparent, that the enemy showed a wariness very rare in the English marine.

After waiting several weeks for a fair fight, and learning that a number of English men-of-war were daily expected at Valparaiso, Captain Porter finally concluded to sail; but before he was quite ready to put to sea, a heavy wind from the south made the Essex drag her anchors to the mouth of the harbor, which runs north and south. Nothing remained but to make sail, with the hope of clearing the enemy's ships, which were lying near the point of angles at the western extremity of the port. But this is a very dangerous headland, squalls often coming off in heavy puffs, and just as the Essex was shortening sail when passing the bluff, a squall struck the ship, carrying away the maintopmast, throwing a number of the crew overboard, and effectually crippling the vessel.

Under these severe circumstances, Captain Porter could only stand before the wind to the northeastern side of the harbor, where he cast anchor within half-a-mile of a Chilian battery, thus being in neutral water and protected from attack, as one would think, by the law of nations. But Captain Hillyar, entirely regardless of this circumstance, or of the honor shown by Captain Porter in not attacking him on a similar occasion, at once took advantage of the disabled condition of the Essex to place his vessel astern of the American frigate, where he could pour in a terrific raking fire, and at the same time be scarcely touched by her guns. The Cherub also hauled across the bow of the Essex, but finding that the forward guns of her antagonist could play upon her, took up a position near the Phœbe. The most Captain Porter could do was to run three long twelves through the stern ports, and these were trained with such effect on the enemy, that in half an hour they were obliged to move out of range to repair the injuries received. Three times during this first fight the Essex was veered around by springs or hawsers drawing on the cable from the stern, with the purpose of getting her broadsides to bear, but in each case the springs were shot away, and the batteries of the Essex proved of little use.

After repairing, the English ships sailed down and took position on the quarter of the Essex, where she could not get any of her guns to bear. To stand their fire without making any return was very galling, and although, such were the injuries she had suffered in her rigging, the flying-jib was the only sail that could be hoisted on the Essex to make her pay off before the wind, it was spread, and the ship gradually bore down to board the Phœbe. The American crew, under the perfection of discipline, and not in the least disheartened, now opened a tremendous fire, which soon drove the Cherub out of range of her guns and forced her to remain at a distance. The Phœbe also kept out of reach of the Essex, having a leading wind and content to blaze away with her long eighteens, which wrought great execution on the decks of the American ship. Fifteen men fell in succession at one of the guns of the Essex.

Every expedient for saving the vessel had now been tried in vain. She was helpless before the tremendous fire of the Phœbe, unable to return the fire on account of her position, and, in addition to all these horrors, the flames were bursting from her hatches. Captain Porter, still unwounded and resolute to fight it out to the last, finally listened to the entreaties of his crew, who represented that

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further resistance was worse than useless, and he reluctantly ordered the colors to be struck.

No more desperate and bloody combat is recorded in the annals of modern naval history. The battle was fought by the Essex against great odds, for not only did she have to combat two ships, one her superior and the other a respectable antagonist, the Essex, Junior, being altogether unfit to engage in such a conflict, but during nearly the entire contest she could make only six of her guns available, besides having all her top hamper so damaged as to render it next to impossible to work the ship. How great were the disadvantages under which she was fought is evident by the losses she sustained. In the naval actions of that war the losses of the English ships were almost always greater than those of the Americans, owing, among other reasons, to the superior gunnery of the latter. But in the fight off Valparaiso, the Essex, out of a total of two hundred and fifty-five souls on board, lost one hundred and fifty-two, while the enemy's crews, numbering just five hundred men, sustained a loss of only fifteen killed and wounded! This fact alone, considering the length, skill and desperation of the battle, shows conclusively under what disadvantages Captain Porter fought, and what credit he deserved for maintaining the unequal contest so long.

Captain Hillyar permitted the Essex, Junior, to be turned into a cartel-ship, or vessel for carrying prisoners destined to be exchanged, and allowed the surviving crew of the Essex to sail in her for the United States. Off New York, the Essex, Junior, was overhauled by an English frigate, and for fear he should be detained by her, Captain Porter, while still thirty miles from shore, made his escape in a whale-boat, being assisted in the attempt by a fog which concealed him from the English vessel. However, the Essex, Junior, was soon allowed to proceed, and the gallant survivors of the crew of the ill-fated but glorious frigate Essex once more stepped gladly forth upon their native land.

Captain Porter afterward published an account of his famous cruise, in two volumes, which contains many interesting details, and is well worth perusal. Among other matters he mentions the circumstance that there was on board a young midshipman who was very desirous of engaging in the foray in the Marquesas Islands, but was prevented on account of his youth; he afterward distinguished himself for his unflinching courage during the trying scenes of the fight at Valparaiso, and would, for his conduct at that time, have been recommended for promotion if his extreme youth had not hindered such a reward of merit, he being but little over twelve years of age. This young hero lived to our day, and won immortal fame in the naval operations of the late war, being no other than David C. Farragut, who, for some time before his death, held the highest position in the American navy. He went to school in his profession early, and, although it was a rough training, its results proved invaluable to the country.

BUSY SATURDAY.

BY FANNY PERCIVAL.

WHAT a busy day for little May
  Every Saturday is!
There 's so much to do, enough for two,
And how she ever can get through
  Is one of the mysteries.

You 'd think she 'd desire some help to hire,
  But times are hard, you know,
And she hardly knows how to get the clothes
For her two dollies, Lou and Rose—
  Her bank funds are so low.

The washing comes first, and that 's the worst—
  The clothes for Rose and Lou;
She puts them in tubs, and hard she rubs,
And with her little fist she scrubs
  Till she thinks that they will do.

Then she ties a line of stoutest twine
  From the door-knob to a chair;
Then quickly wrings the tiny things,
And in a little basket brings,
  And hangs them up with care.

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Now while they dry, her hands must fly,
  And busy her feet must be;
First she must make some rolls and cake,
And put them in her stove to bake,
  For company 's coming to tea.

Now her clothes are dry, and she must try
  To iron them very soon;
For there 's sweeping to do, and mending too,
And then her children, Rose and Lou,
  She must dress for afternoon.

And then in haste, no time to waste,
  Her children's beds she makes;
Then she must see that the dishes for tea
Are washed as clean as they can be,
  And with these great pains she takes.

Should you not think that she would sink
  With so much work to do?
But, strange to say, throughout the day,
Many an hour she 'll find to play,
  And help her mamma too.

THE FRIGATE-BIRD.

By John Lewees.

Here is a pirate of the air. He is found, far out at sea, in tropical regions, and alas for any respectable sea-bird that he may spy carrying home a small cargo of freshly caught fish to its expectant family.

Down sweeps this swift robber, and before the poor gull or tern can make up its mind about terms of surrender, the frigate-bird has forced it to drop its fish, which is swooped after and caught up by the pirate before it so much as touches the water.

It would be a difficult thing for any bird, respectable or otherwise, to fly faster than the frigate-bird, which has longer and more powerful wings, in proportion to its size, than any other bird. If, in the picture, its wings were stretched out, you would see this for yourselves. The whole bird does not weigh more than three pounds and a-half, and yet its wings often measure more than seven feet from tip to tip. These birds are so strong and swift upon the wing, that they are often seen out at sea a thousand miles from land, and they will fly straight into the eye of the wind, and, when they choose, can rise high above the hurricane and the storm.

They live principally on fish, and, when they cannot overhaul a weaker and slower bird and steal his hard-earned prize, they will take the trouble to fish for themselves. But they seldom dive for their

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prey. They can see a fish from an immense height; and when an unfortunate fellow happens to be swimming near the top of the water, a frigate-bird, floating in the air so high up as to be almost invisible, will suddenly drop down, and with a skim over the surface of the water will scoop Mr. Fish out of the waves before he has time to flap a fin.

Sometimes, you know, flying-fish try their hands, or rather their wing-fins, at flying; and at such times, if there happens to be a frigate-bird about, he generally lays in a pretty good stock of fish. He catches the flying-fish as easily as you would pull up radishes.

One of the most contemptible practices of this bird is that of stealing the young ones from the nests of other birds. Nothing pleases a frigate-bird better than a diet of tender, unfledged nestlings.

He makes rather a poor figure on land; and as he is not a good swimmer, he spends most of his time in the air, where he certainly shows to great advantage, as far as gracefulness and power are considered.

THE FRIGATE-BIRD AT SEA.

But, as we see, this bird which is capable of such grand flights, living almost entirely in the air, skimming along over the beautiful ocean waves or soaring high up into the upper air above the storms and clouds, makes no better use of its advantages than to become a thief and a pirate whenever a chance occurs.

But it will not do to expect too much of birds. Even the dear little downy chickens will steal from each other, whenever they have a chance. If one of them finds a fat grasshopper, or a particularly big piece of bread, how the others will run after him and chase him up and down and around the yard! And if one of them overtakes him, how quickly will he snatch at the tempting morsel, and if he gets it, how soon he will find all the others after him! A canary-bird, now, is generally quite honest—but then he lives in a cage.

So, after all, the frigate-bird is not so much worse than many of his feathered relations, but his depredations are carried on so boldly, and on such a large scale, that we take more notice of his piratical disposition than is, perhaps, quite just to him.

The frigate-bird is often found as far north as Charleston, S. C., but in the Gulf States and California it is abundant, and on the Florida keys, in the Spring, are to be found thousands of its nests.

SAID a very small wren
To a very large hen:
"Pray, why do you make such a clatter?
I never could guess
Why an egg more or less
Should be thought so important a matter."

Then answered the hen
To the very small wren:
"If I laid such small eggs as you, madam,
I would not cluck loud,
Nor would I feel proud.
Look at these! How you 'd crow if you had 'em!"

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EIGHT COUSINS.

By Louisa M. Alcott.

Chapter XXII.

SOMETHING TO DO.

Whatever danger there might have been from the effects of that sudden chill, it was soon over, though of course Aunt Myra refused to believe it, and Dr. Alec cherished his girl with redoubled vigilance and tenderness for months afterward. Rose quite enjoyed being sick, because as soon as the pain ended the fun began, and for a week or two she led the life of a little princess secluded in the Bower, while every one served, amused, and watched over her in the most delightful manner. But the Doctor was called away to see an old friend who was dangerously ill, and then Rose felt like a young bird deprived of its mother's sheltering wing; especially on one afternoon when the aunts were taking their naps, and the house was very still within while snow fell softly without.

"I 'll go and hunt up Phebe, she is always nice and busy, and likes to have me help her. If Dolly is out of the way we can make caramels and surprise the boys when they come," Rose said to herself, as she threw down her book and felt ready for society of some sort.

She took the precaution to peep through the slide before she entered the kitchen, for Dolly allowed no messing when she was round. But the coast was clear, and no one but Phebe appeared, sitting at the table with her head on her arms, apparently asleep. Rose was just about to wake her with a "Boo!" when she lifted her head, dried her wet eyes with her blue apron, and fell to work with a resolute face, on something she was evidently much interested in. Rose could not make out what it was, and her curiosity was greatly excited, for Phebe was writing with a sputtering pen on some bits of brown paper, apparently copying something from a little book.

"I *must* know what the dear thing is about, and why she cried, and then set her lips tight and went to work with all her might," thought Rose, forgetting all about the caramels; and going round to the door, she entered the kitchen, saying pleasantly:

"Phebe, I want something to do. Can't you let me help you about anything? or shall I be in the way?"

"Oh, dear no, miss; I always love to have you round when things are tidy. What would you like to do?" answered Phebe, opening a drawer as if about to sweep her own affairs out of sight; but Rose stopped her, exclaiming, like a curious child:

"Let me see! What is it? I wont tell, if you 'd rather not have Dolly know."

"I 'm only trying to study a bit; but I 'm so stupid I don't get on much," answered the girl, reluctantly permitting her little mistress to examine the poor contrivances she was trying to work with.

A broken slate that had blown off the roof, an inch or two of pencil, an old almanac for a Reader, several bits of brown or yellow paper ironed smoothly and sewed together for a copy-book, and the copies sundry receipts written in Aunt Plenty's neat hand. These, with a small bottle of ink and a rusty pen, made up Phebe's outfit, and it was little wonder that she did not "get on," in spite of the patient persistence that dried the desponding tears and drove along the sputtering pen with a will.

"You may laugh if you want to, Miss Rose. I know my things are queer, and that 's why I hide 'em; but I don't mind since you 've found me out, and I aint a bit ashamed except of being so backward at my age," said Phebe humbly, though her cheeks grew redder as she washed out some crooked capitals with a tear or two not yet dried upon the slate.

"Laugh at you! I feel more like crying to think what a selfish girl I am, to have loads of books and things and never remember to give you some. Why did n't you come and ask me, and not go struggling along alone in this way? It was very wrong of you, Phebe, and I 'll never forgive you if you do so again," answered Rose, with one hand on Phebe's shoulder while the other gently turned the leaves of the poor little copy-book.

"I did n't like to ask for anything more when you are so good to me all the time, miss, dear," began Phebe, looking up with grateful eyes.

"Oh, you proud thing! just as if it was n't fun to give away, and I had the best of it. Now, see here, I 've got a plan and you must n't say No, or I shall scold. I want something to do, and I 'm going to teach you all I know; it wont take long," and Rose laughed as she put her arm around Phebe's neck, and patted the smooth dark head with the kind little hand that so loved to give.

"It would be just heavenly!" and Phebe's face shone at the mere idea; but fell again as she added wistfully, "Only I 'm afraid I ought not to let you do it, Miss Rose. It will take time, and may be the Doctor would n't like it."

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"He did n't want me to study much, but he never said a word about teaching, and I don't believe he will mind a bit. Any way, we can try it till he comes, so pack up your things and go right to my room and we 'll begin this very day; I 'd truly like to do it, and we 'll have nice times, see if we don't!" cried Rose, eagerly.

It was a pretty sight to see Phebe bundle her humble outfit into her apron, and spring up as if the desire of her heart had suddenly been made a happy fact to her; it was a still prettier sight to see Rose run gayly on before, smiling like a good fairy as she beckoned to the other, singing as she went:

"The way into my parlor is up the winding stair,
And many are the curious things I 'll show you when you 're there.
Will you, will you walk in, Phebe dear?"

"Oh, wont I!" answered Phebe fervently, adding as they entered the Bower, "You are the dearest spider that ever was, and I 'm the happiest fly."

"I 'm going to be very strict, so sit down in that chair and don't say a word till school is ready to open," ordered Rose, delighted with the prospect of such a useful and pleasant "something to do."

So Phebe sat demurely in her place while her new teacher laid forth books and slates, a pretty inkstand and a little globe; hastily tore a bit off her big sponge, sharpened pencils with more energy than skill, and when all was ready gave a prance of satisfaction that set the pupil laughing.

"Now the school is open, and I shall hear you read, so that I may know in which class to put you, Miss Moore," began Rose with great dignity, as she laid a book before her scholar, and sat down in the easy chair with a long rule in her hand.

Phebe did pretty well, only tripping now and then over a hard word, and pronouncing identical "iden-tickle," in a sober way that tickled Rose, though never a smile betrayed her. The spelling lesson which followed was rather discouraging; Phebe's ideas of geography were very vague, and grammar was nowhere, though the pupil protested that she tried so hard to "talk nice like educated folks" that Dolly called her "a stuck-up piece who did n't know her place."

"Dolly 's an old goose, so don't you mind *her*, for she will say 'nater,' 'vittles,' and 'doos' as long as she lives, and insist that they are right. You do talk very nicely, Phebe; I 've observed it, and grammar will help you, and show why some things are right and others aint—are not, I mean," added Rose, correcting herself, and feeling that she must mind her own parts of speech if she was to serve as an example for Phebe.

When the arithmetic came the little teacher was surprised to find her scholar quicker in some things than herself, for Phebe had worked away at the columns in the butcher's and baker's books till she could add so quickly and correctly that Rose was amazed, and felt that in this branch her pupil would soon excel the teacher if she kept on at the same pace. Her praise cheered Phebe immensely, and they went bravely on, both getting so interested that time flew unheeded till Aunt Plenty appeared, exclaiming, as she stared at the two heads bent over one slate:

"Bless my heart, what is going on now?"

"School, aunty. I 'm teaching Phebe, and it 's great fun!" cried Rose, looking up with a bright face.

But Phebe's was brighter, though she added, with a wistful look:

"May be I ought to have asked leave first; only when Miss Rose proposed this, I was so happy I forgot to. Shall I stop, ma'am?"

"Of course not, child; I 'm glad to see you fond of your book, and to find Rose helping you along. My blessed mother used to sit at work with her maids about her, teaching them many a useful thing in the good old fashion that 's gone by now. Only don't neglect your work, dear, or let the books interfere with the duties."

As Aunt Plenty spoke, with her kind old face beaming approvingly upon the girls, Phebe glanced at the clock, saw that it pointed to five, knew that Dolly would soon be down, expecting to find preparations for supper under way, and, hastily dropping her pencil, she jumped up, saying:

"Please can I go? I 'll clear up after I 've done my chores."

"School is dismissed," answered Rose, and with a grateful "Thank you, heaps and heaps!" Phebe ran away singing the multiplication table as she set the tea ditto.

That was the way it began, and for a week the class of one went on with great pleasure and profit to all concerned; for the pupil proved a bright one, and came to her lessons as to a feast, while the young teacher did her best to be worthy the high opinion held of her, for Phebe firmly believed that Miss Rose knew *everything* in the way of learning.

Of course the lads found out what was going on, and chaffed the girls about the "Seminary," as they called the new enterprise; but they thought it a good thing on the whole, kindly offered to give lessons in Greek and Latin gratis, and decided among themselves that "Rose was a little trump to give the Phebe-bird such a capital boost."

Rose herself had some doubts as to how it would strike her uncle, and concocted a wheedlesome speech which should at once convince him that it was the most useful, wholesome and delightful plan ever devised. But she got no chance to deliver

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her address, for Dr. Alec came upon her so unexpectedly that it went out of her head entirely. She was sitting on the floor in the library, poring over a big book laid open in her lap, and knew nothing of the long-desired arrival till two large, warm hands met under her chin and gently turned her head back, so that some one could kiss her heartily on either cheek, while a fatherly voice said, half reproachfully, "Why is my girl brooding over a dusty Encyclopedia when she ought to be running to meet the old gentleman who could n't get on another minute without her?"

"Oh, uncle! I 'm so glad! and so sorry! Why did n't you let us know what time you 'd be here? or call out the minute you came? Have n't I been homesick for you? and now I 'm so happy to have you back I could hug your dear, old curly head off," cried Rose, as the Encyclopedia went down with a bang, and she up with a spring that carried her into Dr. Alec's arms, to be kept there in the sort of embrace a man gives to the dearest creature the world holds for him.

Presently he was in his easy chair with Rose upon his knee smiling up in his face and talking as fast as her tongue could go, while he watched her with an expression of supreme content, as he stroked the smooth round cheek, or held the little hand in his, rejoicing to see how rosy was the one, how plump and strong the other.

"*Have* you had a good time? *Did* you save the poor lady? *Aren't* you glad to be home again with your girl to torment you?"

"Yes, to all those questions. Now tell me what you've been at, little sinner? Aunty Plen says you want to consult me about some new and remarkable project which you have dared to start in my absence."

"She did n't tell you, I hope?"

"Not a word more except that you were rather doubtful how I 'd take it, and so wanted to 'fess' yourself and get round me as you always try to do, though you don't often succeed. Now, then, own up and take the consequences."

So Rose told about her school in her pretty, earnest way, dwelling on Phebe's hunger for knowledge, and the delight it was to help her, adding with a wise nod:

"And it helps me too, uncle, for she is so quick and eager I have to do my best or she will get ahead of me in some things. To-day, now, she had the word "cotton" in a lesson and asked all about it, and I was ashamed to find I really knew so little that I could only say it was a plant that grew down South in a kind of a pod, and was made into cloth. That's what I was reading up when you came, and to-morrow I shall tell her all about it, and indigo too. So you see it teaches me also, and is as good as a general review of what I've learned, in a pleasanter way than going over it alone."

"You artful little baggage! that's the way you expect to get round me, is it? That's not studying, I suppose?"

"No, sir, it's teaching; and please, I like it much better than having a good time all by myself. Besides, you know, I adopted Phebe and promised to be a sister to her, so I am bound to keep my word, am I not?" answered Rose, looking both anxious and resolute as she waited for her sentence.

Dr. Alec was evidently already won, for Rose had described the old slate and brown paper copybook with pathetic effect, and the excellent man had not only decided to send Phebe to school long before the story was done, but reproached himself for forgetting his duty to one little girl in his love for another. So when Rose tried to look meek and failed utterly, he laughed and pinched her cheek, and answered in that genial way which adds such warmth and grace to any favor:

"I have n't the slightest objection in the world. In fact I was beginning to think I might let you go at your books again, moderately, since you are so well; and this is an excellent way to try your powers. Phebe is a brave, bright lass, and shall have a fair chance in the world, if we can give it to her, so that if she ever finds her friends they need not be ashamed of her."

"I think she has found some already," began Rose, eagerly.

"Hey? what? has any one turned up since I've been gone?" asked Dr. Alec quickly, for it was a firm belief in the family that Phebe would prove to be "somebody" sooner or later.

"No, her best friend turned up when *you* came home, uncle," answered Rose with an approving pat, adding gratefully, "I can't half thank you for being so good to my girl, but she will, because I know she is going to make a woman to be proud of,—she 's so strong and true and loving."

"Bless your dear heart, I have n't begun to do anything yet, more shame to me! But I 'm going at it now, and as soon as she gets on a bit, she shall go to school as long as she likes. How will that do for a beginning?"

"It will be 'just heavenly' as Phebe says, for it is the wish of her life to 'get lots of schooling,' and she will be *too* happy when I tell her. May I, please?—it will be so lovely to see the dear thing open her big eyes and clap her hands at the splendid news."

"No one shall have a finger in this nice little pie; you shall do it all yourself, only don't go too fast, or make too many castles in the air, my dear;

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for time and patience must go into this pie of ours if it is to turn out well."

"Yes, uncle, only when it *is* opened wont 'the birds begin to sing?'" laughed Rose, taking a turn about the room as a vent for the joyful emotions that made her eyes shine. All of a sudden she stopped and asked soberly:

"If Phebe goes to school who will do her work? I'm willing, if I can."

"Come here and I'll tell you a secret. Dolly's 'bones' are getting so troublesome, and her dear old temper so bad that the aunts have decided to pension her off and let her go and live with her daughter, who has married very well. I saw her this week, and she'd like to have her mother come, so in the spring we shall have a grand change, and get a new cook and chamber girl if any can be found to suit our honored relatives."

"Oh, me! how can I ever get on without Phebe? Could n't she stay, just so I could see her? I'd pay her board rather than have her go, I'm *so* fond of her."

How Dr. Alec laughed at that proposal, and how satisfied Rose was when he explained that Phebe was still to be her maid, with no duties except such as she could easily perform between school hours!

"She is a proud creature, for all her humble ways, and even from us would not take a favor if she did not earn it somehow. So this arrangement makes it all square and comfortable, you see, and she will pay for the schooling by curling these goldilocks a dozen times a day if you let her."

"Your plans are always *so* wise and kind! That's why they work so well I suppose, and why people let you do what you like with them. I really don't see how other girls get along without an Uncle Alec!" answered Rose, with a sigh of pity for those who had missed so great a blessing.

When Phebe was told the splendid news, she did not "stand on her head with rapture," as Charlie prophesied she would, but took it quietly, because it was such a happy thing she had no words "big and beautiful enough to thank them in" she said; but every hour of her day was brightened by this granted wish, and dedicated to the service of those who gave it.

Her heart was so full of content that it overflowed in music, and the sweet voice singing all about the house gave thanks so blithely that no other words were needed. Her willing feet were never tired of taking steps for those who had smoothed her way; her skillful hands were always busy in some labor of love for them, and on the face fast growing in comeliness there was an almost womanly expression of devotion, which proved how well Phebe had already learned one of life's great lessons, gratitude.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PEACE-MAKING.

"STEVE, I want you to tell me something," said Rose to Dandy, who was making faces at himself in the glass, while he waited for an answer to the note he brought from his mother to Aunt Plenty.

"P'r'aps I will, and p'r'aps I wont. What is it?"

"Have n't Arch and Charlie quarreled?"

"Dare say; we fellows are always having little rows you know. I do believe a stye is coming on my starboard eye," and Steve affected to be absorbed in a survey of his yellow lashes.

"No, that wont do; I want to know all about it; for I'm sure something more serious than a 'little row' is the matter. Come, please tell me, Stenie, there's a dear."

"Botheration! you don't want me to turn telltale, do you?" growled Steve, pulling his top-knot, as he always did when perplexed.

"Yes, I do," was Rose's decided answer—for she saw from his manner that she was right, and determined to have the secret out of him if coaxing would do it. "I don't wish you to tell things to every one, of course, but to me you may, and you must, because I have a right to know. You boys need somebody to look after you, and I'm going to do it, for girls are nice peace-makers, and know how to manage people. Uncle said so, and he is never wrong."

Steve was about to indulge in a derisive hoot at the idea of her looking after them, but a sudden thought restrained him, and suggested a way in which he could satisfy Rose, and better himself at the same time.

"What will you give me if I'll tell you every bit about it?" he asked, with a sudden red in his cheeks, and an uneasy look in his eyes, for he was half ashamed of the proposition.

"What do you want?" and Rose looked up rather surprised at his question.

"I'd like to borrow some money. I should n't think of asking you, only Mac never has a cent since he's set up his old chemical shop, where he'll blow himself to bits some day, and you and uncle will have the fun of putting him together again," and Steve tried to look as if the idea amused him.

"I'll lend it to you with pleasure, so tell away," said Rose, bound to get at the secret.

Evidently much relieved by the promise, Steve set his top-knot cheerfully erect again, and briefly stated the case.

"As you say, it's all right to tell *you*, but don't let the boys know I blabbed, or Prince will take my head off. You see, Archie don't like some of the fellows Charlie goes with, and cuts 'em. That

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makes Prince mad, and he holds on just to plague Arch, so they don't speak to one another, if they can help it, and that 's the row."

"Are those boys bad?" asked Rose, anxiously.

"Guess not, only rather larky. They are older than our fellows, but they like Prince, he 's such a jolly bird; sings so well, dances jigs and breakdowns, you know, and plays any game that 's going. He beat Morse at billiards, and that 's

STEVE SHOWS HOW HE SETTLES QUARRELS.

something to brag of, for Morse thinks he knows everything. I saw the match, and it was great fun!"

Steve got quite excited over the prowess of Charlie, whom he admired immensely, and tried to imitate. Rose did not know half the danger of such gifts and tastes as Charlie's, but felt instinctively that something must be wrong if Archie disapproved.

"If Prince likes any billiard-playing boy better than Archie, I don't think much of his sense," she said severely.

"Of course he does n't; but, you see, Charlie and Arch are both as proud as they can be, and wont give in. I suppose Arch *is* right, but I don't blame Charlie a bit for liking to be with the others sometimes, they are such a jolly set," and Steve shook his head morally, even while his eye twinkled over the memory of some of the exploits of the "jolly set."

"Oh, dear me!" sighed Rose, "I don't see what I can do about it, but I wish the boys would make up, for Prince can't come to any harm with Archie, he's so good and sensible."

"That 's the trouble; Arch preaches and Prince wont stand it. He told Arch he was a prig and a parson, and Arch told him he was n't a gentleman. My boots! were n't they both mad though! I thought for a minute they 'd pitch into one another and have it out. Wish they had, and not gone stalking round stiff and glum ever since. Mac and I settle our rows with a bat or so over the head, and then we are all right."

Rose could n't help laughing as Steve sparred away at a fat sofa-pillow, to illustrate his meaning; and having given it several scientific whacks he pulled down his cuffs and smiled upon her with benign pity for her feminine ignorance of this summary way of settling a quarrel.

"What droll things boys are!" she said, with a mixture of admiration and perplexity in her face, which Steve accepted as a compliment to his sex.

"We are a pretty clever invention, miss, and you can't get on without us," he answered, with his nose in the air. Then taking a sudden plunge into business, he added: "How about that bit of money you were going to lend me? I 've told, now you pay up."

"Of course I will! How much do you want?" and Rose pulled out her purse.

"*Could* you spare five dollars? I want to pay a a little debt of honor that is rather pressing," and Steve put on a mannish air that was comical to see.

"Are n't all debts honorable?" asked innocent Rose.

"Yes, of course; but this is a bet I made, and it ought to be settled up at once," began Steve, finding it awkward to explain.

"Oh, don't bet, it 's not right, and I know your father would n't like it. Promise you wont do so again, please promise!" and Rose held fast the hand into which she had just put the money.

"Well, I wont. It 's worried me a good deal, but I was joked into it. Much obliged, cousin, I 'm all right now," and Steve departed hastily.

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Having decided to be a peace-maker, Rose waited for an opportunity, and very soon it came.

She was spending the day with Aunt Clara, who had been entertaining some young guests, and invited Rose to meet them, for she thought it high time her niece conquered her bashfulness, and saw a little of society. Dinner was over and every one had gone. Aunt Clara was resting before going out to an evening party, and Rose was waiting for Charlie to come and take her home.

She sat alone in the elegant drawing-room, feeling particularly nice and pretty, for she had her best frock on, a pair of gold bands her aunt had just given her, and a tea-rose bud in her sash, like the beautiful Miss Van Tassel, whom every one admired. She had spread out her little skirts to the best advantage, and leaning back in a luxurious chair, sat admiring her own feet in new slippers with distracting rosettes almost as big as dahlias.

Presently, Charlie came lounging in, looking rather sleepy and queer, Rose thought. On seeing her, however, he roused up and said, with a smile that ended in a gape:

"I thought you were with mother, so I took forty winks after I got those girls off. Now, I 'm at your service, Rosamunda, whenever you like."

"You look as if your head ached. If it does, don't mind me. I 'm not afraid to run home alone, it 's so early," answered Rose, observing the flushed cheeks and heavy eyes of her cousin.

"I think I see myself letting you do it. Champagne always makes my head ache, but the air will set me up."

"Why do you drink it, then?" asked Rose, anxiously.

"Can't help it, when I 'm host. Now, don't *you* begin to lecture; I 've had enough of Archie's old-fashioned notions, and I don't want any more."

Charlie's tone was decidedly cross, and his whole manner so unlike his usual merry good nature, that Rose felt crushed, and answered meekly:

"I was n't going to lecture, only when people like other people, they can't bear to see them suffer pain."

That brought Charlie round at once, for Rose's lips trembled a little, though she tried to hide it by smelling the flower she pulled from her sash.

"I 'm a regular bear, and I beg your pardon for being so cross, Rosy," he said in the old frank way that was so winning.

"I wish you 'd beg Archie's too, and be good friends again. You never were cross when *he* was your chum," Rose said, looking up at him as he bent toward her from the low chimney-piece, where he had been leaning his elbows.

In an instant he stood as stiff and straight as a ramrod, and the heavy eyes kindled with an angry spark as he said in his high and mighty manner:

"You 'd better not meddle with what you don't understand, cousin!"

"But I do understand, and it troubles me very much to see you so cold and stiff to one another. You always used to be together, and now you hardly speak. You are so ready to beg my pardon I don't see why you can't beg Archie's, if you are in the wrong."

"I 'm not!" this was so short and sharp that Rose started, and Charlie added in a calmer but still very haughty tone: "A gentleman always begs pardon when he has been rude to a lady, but one man does n't apologize to another man who has insulted him."

"Oh, my heart, what a pepper pot!" thought Rose, and, hoping to make him laugh, she said, slyly: "I was not talking about men, but boys, and one of them a Prince, who ought to set a good example to his subjects."

But Charlie would not relent, and tried to turn the subject by saying gravely, as he unfastened the little gold ring from his watch-guard:

"I 've broken my word, so I want to give this back and free you from the bargain. I 'm sorry, but I think it a foolish promise, and don't intend to keep it. Choose a pair of ear-rings to suit yourself, as my forfeit. You have a right to wear them now."

"No, I can only wear one, and that is no use, for Archie will keep *his* word I 'm sure!" Rose was so mortified and grieved at this downfall of her hopes that she spoke sharply, and would not take the ring the deserter offered her.

He shrugged his shoulders, and threw it into her lap, trying to look cool and careless, but failing entirely, for he was ashamed of himself, and out of sorts generally. Rose wanted to cry, but pride would not let her, and being very angry, she relieved herself by talk instead of tears. Looking pale and excited, she rose out of her chair, cast away the ring, and said in a voice that she vainly tried to keep steady:

"You are not at all the boy I thought you were, and I don't respect you one bit. I 've tried to help you be good, but you wont let me, and I shall not try any more. You talk a great deal about being a gentleman, but you are not, for you 've broken your word, and I can never trust you again. I don't wish you to go home with me. I 'd rather have Mary. Good-night."

And with that last dreadful blow, Rose walked out of the room, leaving Charlie as much astonished as if one of his pet pigeons had flown in his face and pecked at him. She was so seldom angry, that when her temper did get the better of her it

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made a deep impression on the lads, for it was generally a righteous sort of indignation at some injustice or wrong-doing, not childish passion.

Her little thunder-storm cleared off in a sob or two as she put on her things in the entry-closet, and when she emerged she looked the brighter for the shower. A hasty good-night to Aunt Clara —now under the hands of the hair-dresser—and then she crept down to find Mary the maid. But Mary was out, so was the man, and Rose slipped away by the back-door, flattering herself that she had escaped the awkwardness of having Charlie for escort.

There she was mistaken, however, for the gate had hardly closed behind her when a well-known tramp was heard, and the Prince was beside her, saying in a tone of penitent politeness that banished Rose's wrath like magic:

"You need n't speak to me if you don't choose, but I must see you safely home, cousin."

She turned at once, put out her hand, and answered heartily:

"*I* was the cross one. Please forgive me, and let 's be friends again."

Now that was better than a dozen sermons on the beauty of forgiveness, and did Charlie more good, for it showed him how sweet humility was, and proved that Rose practiced as she preached.

He shook the hand warmly, then drew it through his arm and said, as if anxious to recover the good opinion with the loss of which he had been threatened:

"Look here, Rosy, I've put the ring back, and I 'm going to try again. But you don't know how hard it is to stand being laughed at."

"Yes, I do! Ariadne plagues me every time I see her, because I don't wear ear-rings after all the trouble I had getting ready for them."

"Ah, but her twaddle is n't half as bad as the chaffing *I* get. It takes a deal of pluck to hold out when you are told you are tied to an apron-string, and all that sort of thing," sighed Charlie.

"I thought you had a 'a deal of pluck,' as you call it. The boys all say you are the bravest of the seven," said Rose.

"So I am about some things, but I *cannot* bear to be laughed at."

"It *is* hard, but if one is right wont that make it easier?"

"Not to me; it might to a pious parson like Arch."

"Please don't call him names! I guess he has what is called moral courage, and *you* physical courage. Uncle explained the difference to me, and moral is the best, though often it does n't look so," said Rose, thoughtfully.

Charlie didn't like that, and answered quickly, "I don't believe he 'd stand it any better than I do, if he had those fellows at him."

"Perhaps that 's why he keeps out of their way, and wants you to."

Rose had him there, and Charlie felt it, but would not give in just yet, though he was going fast, for, somehow, in the dark he seemed to see things clearer than in the light, and found it very easy to be confidential when it was "only Rose."

"If he was my brother, now, he 'd have some right to interfere," began Charlie, in an injured tone.

"I wish he was!" cried Rose.

"So do I," answered Charlie, and then they both laughed at his inconsistency.

The laugh did them good, and when Prince spoke again, it was in a different tone,—pensive, not proud nor perverse.

"You see, it 's hard upon me that I have no brothers and sisters. The others are better off and need n't go abroad for chums if they don't like. *I* am all alone, and I 'd be thankful even for a little sister."

Rose thought that very pathetic, and, overlooking the uncomplimentary word "even" in that last sentence, she said, with a timid sort of earnestness that conquered her cousin at once:

"Play I was a little sister. I know I 'm silly, but perhaps I 'm better than nothing, and I 'd dearly love to do it."

"So should I! and we will, for you are not silly, my dear, but a very sensible girl, we all think, and I 'm proud to have you for a sister. There, now!" and Charlie looked down at the curly head bobbing along beside him, with real affection in his face.

Rose gave a skip of pleasure, and laid one seal-skin mitten over the other on his arm, as she said, happily:

"That 's so nice of you! Now, you need n't be lonely any more, and I 'll try to fill Archie's place till he comes back, for I know he will, as soon as you let him."

"Well, I don't mind telling *you* that while he was my mate I never missed brothers and sisters, or wanted any one else; but since he cast me off, I 'll be hanged if I don't feel as forlorn as old Crusoe before Friday turned up."

This burst of confidence confirmed Rose in her purpose of winning Charlie's Mentor back to him, but she said no more, contented to have done so well. They parted excellent friends, and Prince went home, wondering why "a fellow did n't mind saying things to a girl or woman which they would die before they'd own to another fellow."

Rose also had some sage reflections upon the subject, and fell asleep thinking that there were a

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great many curious things in this world, and feeling that she was beginning to find out some of them.

Next day she trudged up the hill to see Archie, and having told him as much as she thought best about her talk with Charlie, begged him to forget and forgive.

"I've been thinking that perhaps I ought to, though I *am* in the right. I'm no end fond of Charlie, and he's the best-hearted lad alive; but he can't say No, and that will play the mischief with him, if he does not take care," said Archie in his grave, kind way. "While father was home, I was very busy with him, so Prince got into a set I don't like. They try to be fast, and think it's manly, and they flatter him, and lead him on to do all sorts of things—play for money, and bet, and loaf about. I hate to have him do so, and tried to stop it, but went to work the wrong way, so we got into a mess."

"He is all ready to make up if you don't say much, for he owned to me he *was* wrong; but I don't think he will own it to you, in words," began Rose.

"I don't care for that; if he'll just drop those rowdies and come back, I'll hold my tongue and not preach. I wonder if he owes those fellows money, and so does n't like to break off till he can pay it. I hope not, but don't dare to ask; though, perhaps, Steve knows, he's always after Prince, more's the pity," and Archie looked anxious.

"I think Steve does know, for he talked about debts of honor the day I gave him ——." There Rose stopped short and turned scarlet.

But Archie ordered her to "fess," and had the whole story in five minutes, for none dared disobey the Chief. He completed her affliction by putting a five-dollar bill into her pocket by main force, looking both indignant and resolute as he said:

"Never do so, again; but send Steve to me, if he is afraid to go to his father. Charlie had nothing to do with that; *he* would n't borrow a penny of a girl, don't think it. But that's the harm he does Steve, who adores him, and tries to be like him in all things. Don't say a word; I'll make it all right, and no one shall blame you."

"Oh, me! I always make trouble by trying to help, and then letting out the wrong thing," sighed Rose, much depressed by her slip of the tongue.

Archie comforted her with the novel remark that it was always best to tell the truth, and made her quite cheerful by promising to heal the breach with Charlie, as soon as possible.

He kept his word so well that the very next afternoon, as Rose looked out of the window, she beheld the joyful spectacle of Archie and Prince coming up the avenue, arm-in-arm, as of old, talking away as if to make up for the unhappy silence of the past weeks.

Rose dropped her work, hurried to the door, and opening it wide stood there smiling down upon them so happily, that the faces of the lads brightened as they ran up the steps eager to show that all was well with them.

"Here's our little peace-maker!" said Archie, shaking hands with vigor.

But Charlie added, with a look that made Rose very proud and happy, "And *my* little sister."

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHICH?

"UNCLE, I have discovered what girls are made for," said Rose, the day after the reconciliation of Archie and the Prince.

"Well, my dear, what is it?" asked Dr. Alec, who was "planking the deck," as he called his daily promenade up and down the hall.

"To take care of boys," answered Rose, quite beaming with satisfaction as she spoke. "Phebe laughed when I told her, and said she thought girls had better learn to take care of themselves first. But that's because *she* has n't got seven boy-cousins as I have."

"She is right nevertheless, Rosy, and so are you, for the two things go together, and in helping seven lads you are unconsciously doing much to improve one lass," said Dr. Alec, stopping to nod and smile at the bright-faced figure resting on the old bamboo chair, after a lively game of battledore and shuttlecock, in place of a run which a storm prevented.

"Am I? I'm glad of that; but really, uncle, I do feel as if I *must* take care of the boys, for they come to me in all sorts of troubles, and ask advice, and I like it *so* much. Only I don't always know what to do, and I'm going to consult you privately, and then surprise them with my wisdom."

"All right, my dear; what's the first worry? I see you have something on your little mind, so come and tell uncle."

Rose put her arm in his, and, pacing to and fro, told him all about Charlie, asking what she could do to keep him straight, and be a real sister to him.

"Could you make up your mind to go and stay with Aunt Clara a month?" asked the Doctor, when she ended.

"Yes, sir; but I should n't like it. Do you really want me to go?"

"The best cure for Charlie is a daily dose of Rose water, or Rose and water; will you go and see that he takes it?" laughed Dr. Alec.

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"You mean that if I 'm there and try to make it pleasant, he will stay at home and keep out of mischief?"

"Exactly."

"But *could* I make it pleasant? He would want the boys."

"No danger but he'd have the boys, for they swarm after you like bees after their queen. Have n't you found that out?"

"Aunt Plen often says they never used to be here half so much before I came, but I never thought *I* made the difference, it seemed so natural to have them round."

"Little Modesty does n't know what a magnet she is; but she will find it out some day," and the Doctor softly pinched the cheek that had grown rosy with pleasure at the thought of being so much loved. "Now, you see, if I move the magnet to Aunt Clara's, the lads will go there as sure as iron to steel, and Charlie will be so happy at home he wont care for these mischievous mates of his; I hope," added the Doctor, well-knowing how hard it was to wean a seventeen-year-old boy from his first taste of what is called "seeing life," which, alas! often ends in seeing death.

"I 'll go, uncle, right away! Aunt Clara is always asking me, and will be glad to get me. I shall have to dress and dine late, and see lots of company, and be very fashionable, but I 'll try not to let it hurt me; and if I get in a puzzle or worried about anything I can run to you," answered Rose, good-will conquering timidity.

So it was decided, and, without saying much about the real reason for this visit, Rose was transplanted to Aunt Clara's, feeling that she had a work to do, and very eager to do it well.

Dr. Alec was right about the bees, for the boys did follow their queen, and astonished Mrs. Clara by their sudden assiduity in making calls, dropping in to dinner, and getting up evening frolics. Charlie was a devoted host and tried to show his gratitude by being very kind to his "little sister," for he guessed why she came, and his heart was touched by her artless endeavors to "help him be good."

Rose often longed to be back in the old house, with the simpler pleasures and more useful duties of the life there; but, having made up her mind, in spite of Phebe, that "girls *were* made to take care of boys," her motherly little soul found much to enjoy in the new task she had undertaken.

It was a pretty sight to see the one earnest, sweet-faced girl, among the flock of tall lads, trying to understand, to help and please them with a patient affection that worked many a small miracle unperceived. Slang, rough-manners, and careless habits were banished or bettered by the presence of a little gentlewoman, and all the manly virtues cropping up were encouraged by the hearty admiration bestowed upon them, by one whose good opinion all valued more than they confessed. While Rose tried to imitate the good qualities she praised in them, to put away her girlish vanities and fears, to be strong and just, and frank and brave as well as modest, kind and beautiful.

This trial worked so well that when the month was over, Mac and Steve demanded a visit in their turn, and Rose went, feeling that she would like to hear grim Aunt Jane say, as Aunt Clara did at parting, "I wish I could keep you all my life, dear."

After Mac and Steve had had their turn, Archie & Co. bore her away for some weeks; and with them she was so happy, she felt as if she would like to stay forever, if she could have Uncle Alec also.

Of course, Aunt Myra could not be neglected, and, with secret despair, Rose went to the "Mausoleum," as the boys called her gloomy abode. Fortunately, she was very near home, and Dr. Alec dropped in so often, that her visit was far less dismal than she expected. Between them, they actually made Aunt Myra laugh heartily, more than once; and Rose did her so much good by letting in the sunshine, singing about the silent house, cooking wholesome messes, and amusing the old lady with funny little lectures on physiology, that she forgot to take her pills, and gave up "Mum's Elixir," because she slept so well after the long walks and drives she was beguiled into taking, that she needed no narcotic.

So the winter flew rapidly away, and it was May before Rose was fairly settled again at home. They called her the "Monthly Rose," because she had spent a month with each of the aunts, and left such pleasant memories of bloom and fragrance behind her, that all wanted the family flower back again.

Dr. Alec rejoiced greatly over his recovered treasure; but as the time drew near when his year of experiment ended, he had many a secret fear that Rose might like to make her home for the next twelvemonth with Aunt Jessie, or even Aunt Clara, for Charlie's sake. He said nothing, but waited with much anxiety for the day when the matter should be decided; and while he waited he did his best to finish as far as possible the task he had begun so well.

Rose was very happy now, being out nearly all day enjoying the beautiful awakening of the world, for Spring came bright and early, as if anxious to do its part. The old horse chestnuts budded round her windows, green things sprung up like magic in the garden under her hands, hardy flowers bloomed as fast as they could, the birds

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sang blithely overhead, and every day a chorus of pleasant voices cried, "Good-morning, cousin, is n't it jolly weather?"

No one remembered the date of the eventful conversation which resulted in the Doctor's experiment (no one but himself at least); so, when the aunts were invited to tea one Saturday, they came quite unsuspiciously, and were all sitting together having a social chat, when Brother Alec entered with two photographs in his hand.

"Do you remember that?" he said, showing one to Aunt Clara, who happened to be nearest.

"Yes, indeed; it is very like her when she came. Quite her sad, unchildlike expression, and thin little face, with the big, dark eyes."

The picture was passed round, and all agreed that "it was very like Rose a year ago." This point being settled, the Doctor showed the second picture, which was received with great approbation, and pronounced a "charming likeness."

It certainly was, and a striking contrast to the first one, for it was a blooming, smiling face, full of girlish spirit and health, with no sign of melancholy, though the soft eyes were thoughtful, and the lines about the lips betrayed a sensitive nature.

Dr. Alec set both photographs on the chimney-piece, and, falling back a step or two, surveyed them with infinite satisfaction for several minutes, then wheeled round, saying briefly, as he pointed to the two faces:

"Time is up; how do you think my experiment has succeeded, ladies?"

"Bless me, so it is!" cried Aunt Plenty, dropping a stitch in her surprise.

"Beautifully, dear," answered Aunt Peace, smiling entire approval.

"She certainly *has* improved, but appearances are deceitful, and she had no constitution to build upon," croaked Aunt Myra.

"I am willing to allow that, as far as mere health goes, the experiment *is* a success," graciously observed Aunt Jane, unable to forget Rose's kindness to her Mac.

"So am I; and I 'll go farther, for I really do believe Alec has done wonders for the child; she will be a beauty in two or three years," added Aunt Clara, feeling that she could say nothing better than that.

"I always knew he would succeed, and I 'm so glad you all allow it, for he deserves more credit than you know, and more praise than he will ever get," cried Aunt Jessie, clapping her hands with an enthusiasm that caused Jamie's little red stocking to wave like a triumphal banner in the air.

Dr. Alec made them a splendid bow, looking much gratified, and then said soberly:

"Thank you; now the question is, Shall I go on?—for this is only the beginning. None of you know the hinderances I 've had, the mistakes I 've made, the study I 've given the case, and the anxiety I 've often felt. Sister Myra is right in one thing, Rose *is* a delicate creature, quick to flourish in the sunshine, and as quick to droop without it. She has no special weakness, but inherits her mother's sensitive nature, and needs the wisest, tenderest care to keep a very ardent little soul from wearing out a finely organized little body. I think I have found the right treatment, and, with you to help me, I believe we may build up a lovely and a noble woman, who will be a pride and comfort to us all."

There Dr. Alec stopped to get his breath, for he had spoken very earnestly and his voice got a little husky over the last words. A gentle murmur from the aunts seemed to encourage him, and he went on with an engaging smile, for the good man was slyly trying to win all the ladies to vote for him when the time came.

"Now, I don't wish to be selfish or arbitrary, because I am her guardian, and I shall leave Rose free to choose for herself. We all want her, and if she likes to make her home with any of you rather than with me, she shall do so. In fact, I encouraged her visits last winter, that she might see what we can all offer her, and judge where she will be happiest. Is not that the fairest way? Will you agree to abide by her choice, as I do?"

"Yes, we will," said all the aunts, in quite a flutter of excitement, at the prospect of having Rose for a whole year.

"Good! she will be here directly, and then we will settle the question for another year. A most important year, mind you, for she has got a good start and will blossom rapidly now, if all goes well with her. So I beg of you, don't undo my work, but deal very wisely and gently with my little girl, for if any harm come to her, I think it would break my heart."

As he spoke, Dr. Alec turned his back abruptly and affected to be examining the pictures again; but the aunts understood how dear the child was to the solitary man who had loved her mother years ago, and who now found his happiness in cherishing the little Rose who was so like her. The good ladies nodded and sighed, and telegraphed to one another that none of them would complain if not chosen, or ever try to rob Brother Alec of his "Heart's Delight," as the boys called Rose.

Just then a pleasant sound of happy voices came up from the garden, and smiles broke out on all serious faces. Dr. Alec turned at once, saying, as he threw back his head, "There she is; now for it!"

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The cousins had been a-Maying, and soon came flocking in laden with the spoils.

"Here is our bonny Scotch rose with all her thorns about her," said Dr. Alec, surveying her with unusual pride and tenderness, as she went to show Aunt Peace her basket full of early flowers, fresh leaves and curious lichens.

"Leave your clatter in the hall, boys, and sit quietly down if you choose to stop here, for we are busy," said Aunt Plenty, shaking her finger at the turbulent clan, who were bubbling over with the jollity born of Spring sunshine and healthy exercise.

"Of course, we choose to stay! Would n't miss our Saturday high tea for anything," said the Chief, as he restored order among his men with a nod, a word, and an occasional shake.

"What is up? a court-martial?" asked Charlie, looking at the assembled ladies with affected awe and real curiosity, for their faces betrayed that some interesting business was afloat.

Dr. Alec explained in a few words, which he made as brief and calm as he could; but the effect was exciting nevertheless, for each of the lads began at once to bribe, entice and wheedle "our cousin" to choose his home.

"You really ought to come to us for mother's sake, as a relish you know, for she must be perfectly satiated with boys," began Archie, using the strongest argument he could think of at the moment.

"Oh, do! we'll never slam, or bounce at you or call you 'fraid cat,' if you only will," besought Geordie and Will, distorting their countenances in the attempt to smile with overpowering sweetness.

"And I 'll always wash my hands 'fore I touch you, and you shall be my dolly, 'cause Pokey's gone away, and I 'll love you *hard*," cried Jamie, clinging to her with his chubby face full of affection.

"Brothers and sisters ought to live together; especially when the brother needs some one to make home pleasant for him," added Charlie, with the wheedlesome tone and look that Rose always found so difficult to resist.

"You had her longest and its our turn now; Mac needs her more than you do, Prince, for she's 'the light of his eyes,' he says. Come, Rose, choose us and I 'll never use the musky pomade you hate again as long as I live," said Steve, with his most killing air, as he offered this noble sacrifice.

THE RETURN FROM THE MAYING.

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Mac peered wistfully over his goggles, saying in an unusually wide-awake and earnest way:

"Do, cousin, then we can study chemistry together. My experiments don't bust up very often now, and the gases are n't at all bad when you get used to them."

Rose meantime had stood quite still, with the flowers dropping from her hands as her eyes went from one eager face to another, while smiles rippled over her own at the various enticements offered her. During the laugh that followed Mac's handsome proposition, she looked at her uncle, whose eyes were fixed on her with an expression of love and longing that went to her heart.

"Ah! yes," she thought, "*he* wants me most! I've often longed to give him something that he wished for very much, and now I can."

So, when, at a sudden gesture from Aunt Peace, silence fell, Rose said slowly, with a pretty color in her cheeks, and a beseeching look about the room, as if asking pardon of the boys:

"It's very hard to choose when everybody is so fond of me; therefore I think I'd better go to the one who seems to need me most."

"No, dear, the one you love the best and will be happiest with," said Dr. Alec quickly, as a doleful sniff from Aunt Myra, and a murmur of "My sainted Caroline," made Rose pause and look that way.

"Take time, cousin; don't be in a hurry to make up your mind, and remember, 'Codlin's your friend,'" added Charlie, hopeful still.

"I don't want any time! I *know* who I love best, who I'm happiest with, and I choose uncle. Will he have me?" cried Rose, in a tone that produced a sympathetic thrill among the hearers, it was so full of tender confidence and love.

If she really had any doubt, the look in Dr. Alec's face banished it without a word, as he opened wide his arms, and she ran into them, feeling that home was there.

No one spoke for a minute, but there were signs of emotion among the aunts, which warned the boys to bestir themselves before the water-works began to play. So they took hands and began to prance about uncle and niece, singing, with sudden inspiration, the nursery rhyme—

"Ring around a Rosy!"

Of course that put an end to all sentiment, and Rose emerged laughing from Dr. Alec's bosom, with the mark of a waistcoat button nicely imprinted on her left cheek. He saw it and said with a merry kiss that half effaced it, "This is my ewe lamb, and I have set my mark on her, so no one can steal her away."

That tickled the boys and they set up a shout of

"Uncle had a little lamb!"

But Rose hushed the noise by slipping into the circle, and making them dance prettily—like lads and lasses round a May-pole; while Phebe, coming in with fresh water for the flowers, began to twitter, chirp and coo, as if all the birds of the air had come to join in the Spring revel of the Eight Cousins.

THE END.

A LITTLE TRUTH-TELLER.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

YES, Mrs. Brown, I've had a lovely visit;
  I always have, whenever I come here.
Your Katy entertains so very nicely—
  I mean it, 'pon my honor, Katy dear!

I truly don't know where the time has vanished;
  It gave me quite a funny sort of shock
To find my visit done, and find, moreover,
  There was n't any trouble with your clock!

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So now I think I'd better get my things on.
  Yes, Katy, I must go; for don't you see,
Mamma this morning told me when I started:
"Bessie, you'd better be at home by three."

You ask me if I'd like to stay to dinner?
  (I knew that nice smell came from roasting meat.)
Oh, no, I thank you, Mrs. Brown, I could n't.
  (They *do* have such delightful things to eat!)

You say you're sure mamma will not be worried?
  And Katy wants me so? and little Will?
You really wish I'd stay? Well, since you urge me,
  Why, thank you, Mrs. Brown, I think I will.

I hope my conduct does n't seem peculiar—
  But, then, mamma said, when I went away:
"Now mind that you don't stay to dinner, Bessie,
  Unless they urge you *very much* to stay."

SOME QUEER ANIMALS.

By Ella Rodman Church.

Before Columbus sailed so bravely off out of sight of land, to discover the half of the world that he felt *sure* was on the other side, people had very queer ideas about the countries that were beyond Europe. Animals so strange were thought to inhabit them, that almost any story a traveler chose to tell would be believed.

Such creatures as Basilisks, Griffins, Mermaids, Sirens, Harpies, Centaurs, Unicorns, Phœnixes and Dragons, were never seen by any one; but they were written about in poems and stories, and some of them were used in this way to express various symbolic meanings, so that, in writing at least, it seemed difficult to get on without them. One of the most absurd of these animals was

The Basilisk.

This was a most unpleasant creature in every way, and not one that could possibly be made a pet of. People were silly enough to believe that it came from an egg laid by a very old cock and hatched by a toad, and that it had a cock's head and wings, a lizard's body and tail, eight feet, and wore a kingly crown as monarch of all the serpents and dragons, who ran away whenever it came near them. It's breath was poison, and the fearful glare of its eyes killed both animals and men whenever they encountered it.

The Basilisk, sometimes called the Cockatrice,

THE BASILISK.

lived in the deserts of Africa; it could only live in a desert, for its dreadful breath burned up everything that grew, and no animal would venture near it except the weasel, who would bravely fight with it. The weasel got the better of the Basilisk by eating

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an herb called rue, which poisoned the monster when it bit him—but the poor little weasel always died too.

When the Basilisk was dead and burned to ashes, people took a little comfort in it, for the ashes were said to turn all kinds of metal into gold; and it would seem almost worth while to have a live Basilisk about for the chance of getting a dead one.

THE UNICORN.

This animal was more absurd than frightful, and looked very much like a large horse, with one immense horn on its forehead. This horn was white at the bottom, black in the middle, and red at the tip. The Unicorn's beauty was further improved by having a white body, a red head, and blue eyes.

It was said to run faster than any horse; and in

THE UNICORN.

spite of its queer appearance, it was a very aristocratic quadruped and a stanch supporter of the British crown.

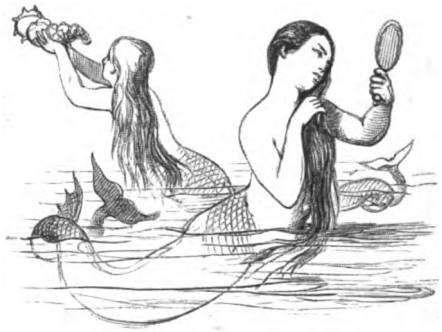
In the arms of Great Britain it stands on one side and the lion on the other. The Unicorn has appeared in poetry, too—for we all know the famous lines:

> The lion and the unicorn
> Were fighting for the crown;
> The lion beat the unicorn
> All about the town.

MERMAIDS.

These were even more agreeable objects to look upon than Unicorns; and in pictures they generally have a comb in one hand and a mirror in the other, as if they were always "doing up" their long hair—which never gets done up after all, but hangs down their backs. Sailors and fishermen always believed in Mermaids—who were supposed to live in the sea, and to have bodies that were half woman and half fish. But a long, scaly, forked tail is not very ornamental, and they always tried to keep this out of the way.

The faces of these strange creatures were said



MERMAIDS.

to be very beautiful, and the fishermen of those early times often declared that they had seen and talked with Mermaids, who would invite them to go with them to their homes at the bottom of the ocean. But those who went were always drowned of course.

Their cousins, the Sirens, were more dangerous than the Mermaids, for they sang such exquisite melodies that whoever heard them had to follow whether he would or not; and down in their ocean caves were said to be many bones whitening among the corals—all that remained of the poor dazed sailors and fishermen who had thrown themselves overboard at the sound of that strange melody.

THE HARPY.

This is another creature with the head of a woman, but with the body, legs and wings of a vulture, which is the most hateful of birds. The Harpies were always hungry, and were not at all

THE HARPY.

particular as to how they got their food; there is a story of a poor blind man, named Phineas, whose meals were snatched away by these ravenous thieves

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as soon as they were spread for him. But when he promised to join the Argonauts, who were going in quest of the Golden Fleece, they drove the Harpies away.

These Harpies were very disagreeable in every way, and in Greece it was believed that the gods sent them forth to punish people for their sins.

The Roc.

This was a monstrous bird which was said to inhabit an island in the Chinese sea. In the "Arabian Nights" Sinbad the Sailor has a great deal to say about this strange creature, whose size and strength were so great that it could carry one elephant in its beak and another in each of its talons. Pictures generally represent it in this way; and the elephants look as meek as kittens, sailing through the air in this unpleasant style. The three were probably devoured in the course of the day. A Roc egg was said to be like an enormous white dome, and as firm as a mountain.

The Dolphin.

The Dolphin made a very pleasant variety in the list of unreal creatures—as it was delightful in every way. Very much larger than the common dolphin or porpoise, the Dolphin of fable was thoroughly good-natured and obliging, and always swimming about and showing its pretty colors. These colors were said to be brighter than ever when it was dying, and some poet has written of "the hues of the dying Dolphin."

The supposed home of the Dolphins was in the Grecian seas; they were said to have many human tastes, as they were very fond of music, could be easily tamed, and became very fond of their masters. They would let children ride on their backs;

THE DOLPHIN.

and this must have been even more exciting than riding on an elephant, or driving a pair of goats. These Dolphins were very affectionate; and a story is told of one, in the reign of the Emperor Augustus, which carried a boy to school every morning. But after a while the lad died, and the faithful Dolphin watched for him on the shore day after day—until, finding that he did not come, it pined away and expired of grief.

The Centaur.

The Centaur, or bull-killer, was half man and half horse; and pictures usually represent it shooting with a bow and arrow. They were said to be wild and savage, of a great size, covered with hair, and living in the forests and mountains.

THE ROC.

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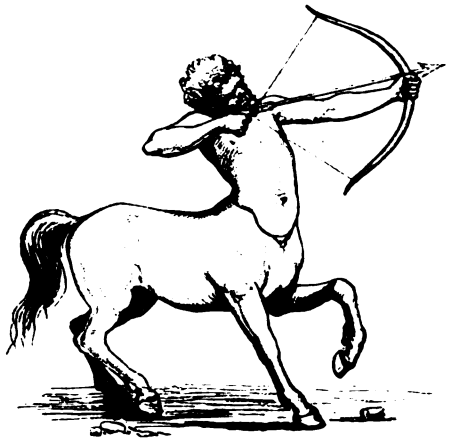
There were real men in Thessaly, a province of Greece, who spent most of their time on horseback hunting bulls; and it is thought that the fable of the Centaurs had its origin in them.

Although a great improvement on the Harpy and some other monsters, the Centaur could not be a very agreeable companion; and no one will be sorry that there never was such a creature.

The Dragon.

Nothing can be said in favor of this ugly-tempered monster. It was always in a passion, and had a most unpleasant habit of vomiting fire from its head and its tail—which prevented its ever being crowded for room, as no creature cared to go near it. It seemed to be a sort of live volcano; in form very much like a crocodile, with the addition



THE CENTAUR.

of wings, collar and ears. Its neck, however, was long and snake-like, and it had the feet of a lizard, with claws.

These horrible monsters went about destroying everything in their path, and would often lay a whole country desolate, so that brave knights sometimes set forth to slay them and rid the land of such a pest. They were terrible enemies to fight with, and only *good* men could overcome them.

You remember hearing of St. George, the patron saint of England, and of the ferocious Dragon which he killed after a hard battle. One of these creatures in Africa was said to have driven back the whole Roman army.

It is thought that the Dragon was a type of Satan, or the power of evil.

The Gryphon, or Griffin.

How do you like its picture?

It ought to have had a long name like "Ichthyosaurus" or "Megatherium," or some of those other great creatures that lived before the flood;

THE DRAGON.

for one Griffin was said to be larger and stronger than a hundred eagles, so that it could carry, while flying to its nest, a large horse or even two oxen yoked together as they stood at the plow. Its claws were as large as the horns of oxen, so that drinking-cups were made of them. Its head, wings and feet were those of an eagle, and its body that of a lion.

Stone Griffins are often seen in old churches, and on the pillars of old gate-ways; for a place that was guarded by such a powerful creature was in no danger of being invaded. So the figure of a Griffin came to represent strength and vigilance.

Griffins' eggs were considered very valuable, and were made into large goblets; but it is probable that these eggs were really laid by ostriches.

The Phœnix.

But the most interesting of all these fabulous creatures is the Phœnix—a bird, but very differ-

THE GRYPHON.

ent from the Roc. It was exceedingly beautiful, as large as an eagle, with a plumage that shone

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like gold around its neck, a purple body, and a tail of blue and rose-colored feathers. It had a cock's comb under its neck, and a magnificent crest. This splendid-looking bird was supposed to live five hundred years, and then burn itself, to rise from the ashes young, strong, and more beautiful than ever.

THE PHŒNIX.

An old writer gives a long account of this new birth of the Phœnix, which always took place at Heliopolis, the City of the Sun. A priest made a fire of spices on the altar, and the bird flew into the flames and was burned with the spices. A small worm would then be found in the ashes on the altar, and on the second day after it appeared it would be transformed into a bird, and in one day after that, or the third day after the burning, the Phœnix would be itself again and would go off in fine spirits, and in new clothes that were warranted to last for five hundred years.

These are a few of the more common animals of fable; there were a great many others, for, after beginning to invent such creatures, it was very easy to create new ones, but for the present we will take our leave of un-natural history.

HOW IT WENT.

By Sarah Winter Kellogg.

Wyatt and Snaps were cousins—their fathers were brothers. Snaps' real name was Horace Brownell; but when he was a very little fellow without suspenders, he took to living almost entirely on ginger-snaps.

So his papa, who was a joker, began calling him Snaps; and then his mother took to calling him Snaps, because she was very apt to do what his papa did. Then his sisters, Mamie and Fanny, commenced calling him Snaps, because they always tried to imitate mamma, except when she did such things as mending and dusting. Then Mamie's and Fanny's playmates said Snaps instead of Horace; and so the matter grew until everybody called him Snaps, and almost nobody remembered that he had any other name.

The Winter that Snaps was twelve years old, his father agreed to pay him eight dollars for the job of keeping the walks about the house cleared of snow. When Snaps told his cousin Wyatt about this agreement, Wyatt insisted upon making with his father a like arrangement.

Thus it came to pass, that about the last of March each of the cousins had the magnificent sum of eight dollars. The question for us to consider is, how it went.

Of course, some of it—not much, however—went on April-fools' day. Then some of it went kiting. Spring brings kites just as surely as it brings swallows. Snaps and Wyatt undertook to get up some fancy rigs—"Great Easterns" they were to be among kites. They were to be nearly as large as Mr. Showers' barn-door, which was a very large door. The boys got a carpenter to make the kite-frames. Then they bought some strong, handsome paper, some gum-stick-'em (as they called the mucilage), and a great deal of strong string. I don't know but that they expected their kites to fly to the moon. They were very handsome affairs when finished. Wyatt's had a gilt star blazing like gold in the center; while Snaps' carried a crescent moon in silver.

The flying of the kites took place one bright Saturday morning at nine o'clock, amid the assembled boys and girls of the village. You would have thought, from the eager talk and the eager faces, that two balloons were going up from the Square, for the spectators were by no means confined to children. Men stood in their shop-doors, and even on the Square; while women waited on the side-walks or gazed from their windows.

The kites behaved beautifully. They rose grace-

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fully and steadily up and up and up, looking, with their scarlet and gold, like two magnificent tropical birds. One could scarcely put his head out-doors that day without seeing those bright wings sailing against the sky, and each time, doubtless, at the end of the string was a different pair of hands—now a boy's, now a girl's—for Snaps and Wyatt let all the children take turns, until all had felt the strong pull of the monsters.

When I tell you how Wyatt and Snaps spent the next money, I think you will laugh. They invested it in a razor and some shaving-soap. What for? Well, they wanted some whiskers, you see.

After this investment, each of the capitalists bought a bottle of cologne. The following day, Wyatt said, as the two were walking home from school: "I say, Snaps, is n't that Bob Davidson the leanest, hollow-eyedest feller that your eyes ever lit on?"

"He is so; and I 'll tell you what 't is, Wyatt," Snaps said, "I don't believe he gets enough to eat. He always looks hungry to me."

"Let 's treat him," said Wyatt, briskly.

"Say we do," Snaps answered just as briskly.

"Hello, Bob! come here!" Wyatt called back to Bob, who was walking behind them. "Come into this grocery; we 're going to treat you."

"Law! is yer?" said Bob, coming up on a trot, grinning all over. "You all 's mighty commerdatin'."

Bob Davidson was a black boy, you understand.

The three boys stepped into the store.

"What 'll you take?" Wyatt asked. "What do you like best?"

Bob rolled his great white eyes all about the store, among the boxes and barrels and baskets. Then he turned them up to the ceiling in profound meditation. Then he studied the floor, and again looked all around the store, his lank body slowly revolving as on a pivot.

"What 'll you take?" Snaps repeated. "What do you like best?"

Bob, as if about to take a fatal plunge, drew a long breath, rolled his eyes from the boys to the smiling shopman, smacked his lips, giggled, and answered, "'Lasses."

Wyatt and Snaps burst out laughing; but they had the grocer fill Bob's dinner-pail with the thing he liked best.

This brings us to the grand speculation. One Saturday morning, the cousins were on the Square playing marbles, when they saw a farm-wagon passing with ever so many baskets of strawberries.

"How do you sell your strawberries?" Wyatt called. The man did not hear, but went rattling on.

"Ho, there!" shouted Snaps; "what 's the price of your berries?"

Both boys now ran after the farmer, calling for him to stop, which he did after a time.

"Twenty cents the basket," replied the farmer, lifting the grape-leaves from one basket and another of the scarlet beauties. "Just picked this morning," he added.

The boys climbed upon the wheels, and looked longingly at the fruit.

"Let you have three baskets for half-a-dollar.'

BOB DAVIDSON.

"What 'll you take for the lot?" Wyatt could n't have told to save his teeth why he asked this question. He had no more thought of buying the whole lot than he had of buying out the circus that was expected next week.

"Well, let 's see," said the farmer; but instead of seeing, he shut his eyes up close, and bent his forehead on his hand. "They 's thirty-five baskets. I 'll let ye hev the hull uv um fer four dollars, seein' it 's you; that 's less 'n a shillin' the basket. That 's

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dreadful cheap, an' I would n't let ye hev um fer no sich money ef ye wus men an' women. But bein' ye 're boys, ye kin take um. Ye kin easy git twenty-two cents the basket. I 'd git that ef I had time to wait on the sales; but, ye see, I want to git back to hum. I 've got a lot uv young beets that 's that full uv weeds they 're nigh choked to death. I want to git hum to weed um 'fore Sunday, else the weeds 'll git clean the start uv me. Weeds don't keep no Sunday, ye know; 'pears like they growed twice't as fast Sunday as week-days, anyhow. Ye kin hev the hull lot fer four dollars," he repeated, "an' that 's just givin' um away. Ye 'll double your money 'fore sundown."

"Say we take 'em," said Wyatt.

"All right," was Snaps' answer.

Then the subject of the baskets came up; so the boys promised solemnly to leave them, when emptied, at Mr. Nodler's grocery, where the farmer would call for them. Then Wyatt ran over to the savings bank to draw the money.

Well, the money was paid, and the strawberries were delivered on the side-walk. After discussing matters, the boys agreed, in the first place, to eat each a basket of the berries. Then they decided to set up a stand on the corner of the Square for the sale of the remainder. Wyatt borrowed one chair from his father's office, which was near at hand, and another from his mother's kitchen, which was quite removed.

By the way, while at home he offered his mother the whole or any part of the thirty-three baskets at twenty-two cents. But she had already bought six baskets that day at eighteen cents. Then Wyatt offered his at eighteen cents for canning; but it was baking-day and churning-day, and the mother decided that she could not possibly take any additional work. This was a disappointment to Wyatt, for he had confidently reckoned on disposing of a dozen baskets to his mother. Snaps' mother was out of town.

The speculators borrowed a plank; this, resting on the chairs, made the stand for the baskets. These were speedily put in artistic and tempting array. Then the boys wiped their hands and faces, combed their hair with their fingers, touched up their neck-ties, straightened themselves up, and made ready for the rush of customers with which they would be assailed. They sauntered about the plank, sniffing at the berries, occasionally eating one, looking meanwhile up and down the street for customers. A half-hour went slowly by.

"Yonder comes Billy Barlow," said Snaps. "I'll bet he 'll want to trade his old barlow-knife for some berries. He 's been tryin' for a year to get somebody to trade something or other for that old broken-bladed, rickerty knife."

Billy Barlow's right name was William Williams, but, as Snaps had said, he had a barlow-knife. It was the only thing in the world over which he had undisputed control. The one blade was broken and the rivets were loose. But Billy ever had it on display, and was ever trying to trade it for any conceivable boy-property. Hence his schoolmates had given him the name of Billy Barlow.

"Why, what sights of strawberries!" exclaimed B. B. "Are they your 'n?"—and he ran his hungry eye up and down the double line of baskets.

"Of course they 're ours," replied Snaps, with quiet superiority.

"Goin' to sell 'em?"

"Of course," said Snaps, in like superiority. "We did n't buy them to give away," he added, by way of forestalling a possible request.

"How much are they?" asked Billy Barlow, with his hand in his ragged pocket.

"Twenty-two cents a basket," and then Snaps winked at Wyatt, as much as to say, "Look out now for the barlow-knife."

"That 's what I ask for a knife I 've got," said B. B., rummaging around for the said article, amid the balls and strings and marbles and slate-pencils which a boy's pocket is sure to hold.

"Here 't is," he said, directly holding out the knife before Snaps' eyes.

"I 've seen it before," said Snaps coolly, looking away down the street.

"I 'll swop it for one of them baskets of strawberries."

"I don't think you will," Wyatt answered.

"It 's a first-rate knife," said B. B., with the sad light of disappointment in his eyes.

Snaps whispered a few words in the ear of his partner.

"All right," Wyatt answered aloud.

"Look here, Barlow," Snaps said; "I don't want your knife—I would n't give it pocket-room. You 've tried to trade it to every boy in this town. We 're all tired hearing about that old barlow. Now, if you 'll throw it as far as you can send it, we 'll give you a basket of berries."

"It 's a bargain," said Billy Barlow.

He placed himself in position, and threw the knife half-way across the Square.

"All right; take your basket," Snaps said, with a good feeling at his heart.

Billy walked down one side of the plank and up the other. Then he picked out the basket which seemed the nearest full and to have the largest, ripest berries. With this he walked off in the direction in which his knife had gone. A few days after, he was discovered trying to trade it to a little girl for a half-stick of liquorice.

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But that Saturday morning he met, a little way on his walk (or run, rather), Bob Davidson. Of course, he told Bob about the strawberries, and, of course, Bob took a bee-line across the Square for the strawberry plank.

It was during the war, and Bob Davidson had been from the South only a few weeks. All the schooling with which the town had been able to inoculate him during that period had not sufficed to cure his Southern dialect.

"Law! what 's you all got dar?" Bob asked, his hungry eyes looking hungrier than ever Billy's had looked, as they ran along the bright line of

BILLY BARLOW.

baskets. "Law! is you all gwine to hab a strawberry festibul fer Mass Linkum's soldiers an' de countryban's?"

"No, we aint," Wyatt answered in a bluff way. "We 're goin' to sell 'em for twenty-two cents a basket."

"Strawberries would tas' mighty good 'long wid dem dar 'lasses you all gim me. You all 's de p'lites' boys in town, show 's I 's baun."

Here Snaps said in an undertone to Wyatt: "I never saw anybody want strawberries so bad in my life. Let 's give him a basket."

Bob's great eyes. rolling from one face to the other, plainly discerned that the boys were pleased with his compliment.

"I aint got no money dis berry minit, but ef you all gim me some strawberries, I 'll gim you all sumpum—will so."

"What 'll you give us?" Wyatt asked.

Bob thrust one hand in his one pocket, and assumed the meditative attitude of a philosopher.

"What 'll you give?" urged Wyatt, after a pause long enough for Bob to make an inventory of a very extensive personal property.

"Sumpum mighty good," said the non-committal Bob.

"But what?" persisted Wyatt. "You must tell us, or we can't trade."

Bob took another meditative attitude, and rolled his eyes in a frantic way, as if he was trying to see something very difficult to find.

"What 'll you give us?" This question again urgently assailed him.

"I tell yer," said Bob, with the air of one who has reached the solution of a difficult problem. "I 'll take de berries long to de house" (to his home, he meant); "den I 'll fotch de what-you-may-call-it straight back,—wish I may die ef I don't!"

The boys had soft places in their hearts for Bob; they were aching to give him a basket, so they agreed to his proposal, and he bore away the berries.

The next customer was Miss Burchett. She was a tall, thin woman, with steel-colored eyes and iron-gray hair. She wore a Shaker bonnet with a brown silk skirt to it, and her calico dress was very stiffly starched.

"I heard you had strawberries; are they perfectly fresh and perfectly ripe?"

She asked this much as a lawyer would cross-examine a witness. Both boys were scared and subdued by her manner.

"Yes, ma'am," Wyatt meekly answered to her question.

"How do you know they are?" she asked in the same lawyer-like tone.

"The man said they were."

All this time, Miss Burchett was turning one basket and another against a plate she carried, inspecting the berries through her gold-bowed glasses, smelling at each lot, and doing what seemed to the boys a most unnecessary amount of tasting.

"What man?" she asked.

"The man we bought them from," Wyatt answered.

"And who is he? What 's his name?"

"I don't know, ma'am."

"Then I don't want your berries," Miss Burchett

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said with emphasis. "I never buy any berries unless I know who picked them; nor any butter, or milk, or sausages, or anything, unless I know who made it. I 'm very particular about my eating. I do wish I did n't ever have to eat any victuals that other folks had been performing over."

With this speech, she transferred a few other fine berries from the baskets to her mouth, and took her departure.

"I wonder if she has to be introduced to the hens before she 'll eat their eggs?" Snaps said, with a petulant sneer.

"She yarns, anyhow," Wyatt suggested, "'cause how can she know who makes the sugar and coffee, and tea and flour, and lots of things she eats? She kept eatin' strawberries all the while, anyhow. She 's mean and stuck-up, too."

"Here comes Mrs. Pulsifer," said Snaps. "She 's deaf, you know; you 'll have to split your throat to make her hear."

"How d' ye do, little dears?" said Mrs. Pulsifer, smiling and giving a funny little curtsy.

"We 're well." Wyatt delivered this reply with such a shout, that a man across the street turned and stared about.

"She talks as if we were babies," Snaps said in an undertone of contempt to Wyatt, thinking, meanwhile, of the razor and shaving-soap hid away in his chamber-closet.

"How do you sell your berries?" asked Mrs. Pulsifer, still smiling, and hollowing her hand to her ear to receive the answer.

"Twenty-two cents," Wyatt said, with more moderation of tone.

"Thirty-two cents? I 'll give you thirty," said the smiling old lady.

"I said twenty-two cents," said Wyatt.

"Oh! twenty-two cents! I 'll give you twenty."

Mrs. Pulsifer delighted above all things on earth to make a bargain—to get things for less than other people gave.

When the boys had agreed to her offer, she proposed to take two baskets for thirty-five cents, and, when they had again acceded, she offered sixty cents for four baskets. The partners accepted this offer, and then she was afraid, as it was Saturday, that she could n't use more than one basket.

"Four baskets at sixty will make fifteen for one." She opened her purse. "I 've just got fourteen cents in change," she said; "but you don't mind about one cent, I know," and she smiled blandly as she laid the money on the plank. Then she helped herself to the best basket she could pick out.

Snaps felt mad enough to cry, and might have cried if two boys and a small girl had n't just then come on the ground. These were soon joined by two girls and a small boy. Things began to look brisk—business prospects to brighten. Indeed, the children generally had got wind of the strawberry-stand on the Square, and they were beginning to gather from all quarters, like yellow-jackets about a molasses-jug. Big boys were seen hurrying toward the attractive spot, with their little brothers running and crying in the vain endeavor of keeping up; large girls came, impatiently tugging their little sisters. Soon there were assembled over two dozen children about the strawberry-stand.

"Now we 'll begin to haul in the money," Snaps thought.

The children gazed and talked, and walked around the plank, and counted the baskets, and "hefted" them, and tasted the berries to see if they were fresh, and to see if they were ripe, and to see if they were sweet, and to see if they were tart, and to see if they would make good short-cake, and if they would make good pies, and if they were good for jam, and if they were good for strawberry-vinegar, and to see if they were "as good as some we bought," and for a dozen other reasons.

Snaps and Wyatt inwardly chafed, but they felt ashamed to complain of their friends for taking a few berries.

After an impatient while, the noon-bell rang. There were some farewell peckings at the baskets, and then the flock of black-birds flew away, and left the two speculators to survey the ground. They walked along the side of their plank, each mentally taking stock. There was not a full basket left. Not one had escaped depredations—some were nearly empty.

"They 're thieves and robbers," said Snaps, indignantly. "I wish I 'd called a policeman."

"Snaps," Wyatt said, "we 're busted. No use dodging; we 're busted. There aint more 'n seven baskets left. What 're we going to do about it?"

"Let 's sell out," Snaps flashed brightly.

"Sell out to who?" Wyatt asked, in a tone of infinite contempt.

"Let 's eat 'em," said Snaps.

"That would bust us sure," Wyatt replied, attempting a joke.

"It 's 'most dinner-time at our house," Snaps said, in a discouraged tone.

"And it 's 'most dinner-time at our house," Wyatt added, impatiently; "but I aint goin' to whine about it."

He felt sore about his speculation, and he was glad of a chance to scold at somebody.

"The last of our money 's in them berries." Snaps looked mournfully at the baskets.

Wyatt answered shortly: "Well, can't we earn some more?"

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"I don't think we got much good out of our money." Snaps felt very melancholy.

Then both boys fell to thinking how the money had gone.

"We aint got anything to show for it but them two empty cologne-bottles, and that old razor that we dare n't let anybody see," said Snaps.

"We 've had lots of fun, though."

"And lots of other folks have had fun out of it, too. And we 've treated. Seems to me I 'd rather treat than do anything else. Don't it make you feel good to treat?"

"Yes; I always feel like whistling when I treat," Wyatt said. "But I do wish I knew what to do with these miserable old strawberries." He was getting hungry, and wanted his dinner.

"Let 's treat with them," Snaps brilliantly suggested. He, too, wanted his dinner; he 'd been hankering after it for an hour.

"Who 'll we treat?"

"I 'll tell you; we 'll take 'em to Africa, and give 'em to the little darkies."

"Say we do," Wyatt assented.

Africa was that part of the town where the colored people were congregated.

The boys borrowed a pail of Mr. Nodler, in which they emptied all the berries. The baskets were stacked and taken to the grocery, according to agreement with the farmer. After eating their dinners, they proceeded together to Africa. Here they went from shanty to shanty, distributing the berries, and almost laughing themselves wild at the funny little negroes. As they suddenly turned a corner, they collided with Bob Davidson.

"Laws a massy!" said Bob; "I wus jis gwine to fotch it to you all. Here 't is," and he extended before the boys' eyes a bottle with about a gill of some dark liquid in it.

"What is it?" said Wyatt.

"What in the world is it?" said Snaps.

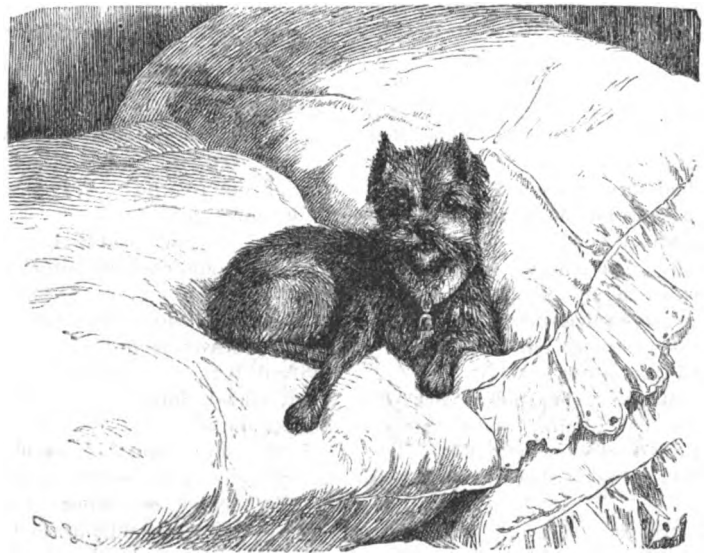
"Mammy did n't hab nuffin else nice nuff to pay you all fer dem dar strawberries. Yer see, we all los' all our prop'ty by dem rebul soldiers."

"But tell us what 't is," Wyatt said, turning the bottle over and examining it in every light.

"Law! don't you all know? It 's jis a few uv dem dar 'lasses," said Bob, grinning and licking out his tongue.

You ought to have seen those boys laugh! Snaps said, in telling of it afterward, that he really thought at one time that he was splitting.

The boys gave the bottle back to Bob, and delivered to him also the remainder of the berries; and with these went the last of their money.



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A POTATO STORY WHICH BEGINS WITH A BEAN-POLE.

By Abby Morton Diaz.

R. Rockaway, being asked to tell one of his "ten-minute" stories, said: "If it will content you, I will tell you a Potato story which begins with a Bean-pole.

"Once there was a Bean-pole which was stuck into the ground by the side of a Potato-hill.

"'Dear me!' cried a young Cabbage growing near, 'what a stiff, pokey thing that is! And of no earthly use, standing there doing nothing!'

"But very soon a Scarlet Bean, running about in search of something to climb upon, found this same Bean-pole.

"'All right!' cried the happy little Bean. 'You are the very thing I want. Now I'll begin my Summer's work.'

"'Well, to be sure!' cried young Cabbage. 'Everything comes to some use at last. But who would have thought it?'

"The Scarlet Bean was a spry little thing. She ran up that pole just as easy! Being of a lively turn, she began, at last, to make fun of the Potato-plant.

"'How sober you are!' said she. 'Why don't you try to brighten up and look more blooming?'

"The poor Potato-plant, though doing her best, could only show a few pale blooms.

"'You don't mean to call those things flowers?' cried the frisky Bean. 'Just look at my beautiful blossoms!'—and she held up a spray of bright scarlet.

"The Potato-plant kept quiet.

"'What stupid, useless things,' said young Cabbage, 'those Potato-plants are! and how much room they take up!'

"Summer passed. The Bean began to fill her pods, and proud enough she was of them.

"'Why don't you do something?' she cried to the Potato-plant, down below. 'Only see what I've done! There's a Summer's work for you!' And sure enough she had hung her full pods all up and down the pole.

"'Yes, why don't you do something?' cried Cabbage. 'Your Summer is gone, and nothing done! Can't you come to a head? Anything but idleness!'

"The Potato-plant still kept quiet. But when digging-time came, and the hill was opened, and the pile of 'Long Reds' appeared, her neighbors could hardly believe their senses.

"'Dear me! what a surprise!' cried the Bean. 'So we can't always tell by appearances!'

"'I declare!' cried Cabbage. 'Then you were doing something all that time! But how could I know? There's that Bean—she hung her pods up high, so that everybody could see. Well, well, well!—after this, I'll always say of a plant which makes but little show: "Wait, Potatoes inside there, may be."'

"There are a great many Scarlet Beans among the people I know," said Mr. Rockaway, "and some Potato-plants, too."

"And perhaps a few young Cabbage-heads," said Uncle Peter, looking slyly around at the children.

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LORD CORNWALLIS'S DAY.

By C. C.

I WILL tell you, my children, about a day they used to celebrate when I was a boy, called "Lord Cornwallis's Day." It was the anniversary of the day—October 19, 1781—when Lord Cornwallis surrendered with the British army to General Washington, which ended the Revolutionary War, and left us a free country, to be no more troubled by England on the ground that we belonged to her.

Well, when I was a little boy I lived in the town of W——, very near Concord and Lexington, where the Centennial celebrations took place last June, and there they were accustomed to make a good deal of this day, though it is given up now.

They used to celebrate in a large field back of a hotel and at the foot of a mountain, and the woods on the mountain came down to the edge of this field. Here there would be a grand mock fight, between men dressed as Continental soldiers and others dressed as British soldiers and Indians, till, finally, the victory would be won by the Continentals, and then there would be great cheering. I will describe one of these days just as I recollect it, when I was about five years old.

The first event of the day, that filled me with admiring awe, was the fixing up of an elder brother to look like an Indian. He was dressed in a frock with a belt about his body, into which was stuck a tomahawk and a knife. The handles of both were painted red, and the blades blue. Over his shoulder was slung a quiver filled with arrows. I don't recollect the color of the quiver, but I can see the red tips of the arrows as plain in my mind's eye as if it were yesterday, as they peeped over his shoulder. Then in his hand he carried a bow. This also had a good deal of red about it.

And his face! I confess I was a little scared at first, when he came grinning and scowling at a brother, just as big as I was, and me, and flourished his tomahawk over our heads. His eyebrows and lashes were stained black, and his face red; and I rather think there were streaks of other colors about his fierce visage, though I can't remember distinctly. He had moccasins on his feet, and wore I forget just what on his legs.

Well, he started off in the morning, and we (my companion brother and myself) soon after followed. We went up to the field, which I judge was nearly a mile from our house, and there we found old men and old women, middle-aged men and middle-aged women, young men and young maidens, and big and little boys and girls. And there were men selling everything that tasted good to youngsters like ourselves; but we had no money to buy, so we could only stand and watch others buy, and eat and drink.

Presently we heard a distant war-whoop, and, running with all the rest, we saw the Indians approaching. They were dressed in all sorts of colors —blue, red, yellow, green, white, and I could n't now say what else, with their faces painted in every sort of way; and as they advanced with an Indian trot, they kept making the war-whoop, by patting their mouths with the palms of their hands as they let their voices out in cries and yells.

I stood near a stone wall, and as they passed over it in their moccasined feet, one stone after another would roll or tumble to the ground, until, by the time the last Indian had passed, very little of the wall was left at that place.

Then they crossed the field, and ran into the woods at the foot of the mountain.

Soon after there came from the other end of the field, with martial music and stately, regular tread, the British army, dressed in red coats and buff waistcoats and breeches, with epaulets on their shoulders, bright brass buttons, and plumes in their hats. They marched slowly into the woods and joined the Indians, who were occupying a fort that had been built for the occasion.

Now came the music of the drum and the fife, playing "Yankee Doodle," and up marched the Continental boys, in their blue coats, with buff lappets, waistcoats and breeches, their knee-buckles glistening in the sunlight, and their plumes waving from their cockade hats, while their epaulets seemed proud to be on their shoulders, as the spectators cheered and cheered again. I 'll not be sure, but I rather think, to my boyish fancy, the Yankee soldiers had more *shoot* in their looks than the British.

Well, they filed into the woods, and presently the battle commenced. Volleys of musketry rang through the forest, and we could see the arrows of the Indians fly through the air. The yells of the soldiers mingled constantly with the Indian war-whoop, and now and then a shout arose from the field.

At length, the smoke of battle hid almost everything from view; and then a sort of dread came over the hearts of us youngsters, for it began to seem like a real battle, and the war-whoops began to have a terrific sound. But all at once there was

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one great shout, and the air was filled with loud cheering, and the cry arose: "The Yankees have whipped! The British are beaten!"

And sure enough, as the smoke cleared away, we could see the Continental Blue-coats had won the victory. There was a grand surrender of the Red-coats and Indians, and with that the great event of Lord Cornwallis's day was ended.

Then I, with my little companion brother, wended my way home, but half-awake to the commonplace realities of the empty streets through which we passed; and along in the evening came our big Indian brother, who washed himself at the sink, making the water in the wash-bowl all of a streaked purple, as the red and black mingled together from his hands and face.

THE "MISS MUFFETT" SERIES.

(No. IV.)

LITTLE Peeky-Wang-Foo, with her chopsticks so new,
Sat eating her luncheon of rice,
When a rat running by,
On the rice cast his eye,
And Peeky ran off in a trice.

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ONE BOY'S OPINION OF THE "GOOD OLD TIMES."

BY MRS. JULIA A. CARNAY,

Author of "Deal Gently with the Erring" and "Little Drops of Water."

How glad I am that I was n't a boy
  In the days of Adam and Eve!
For weeding the garden is not good fun,
And if I had been the oldest one,
  'T would be lonesome, you 'd better believe.

I don't believe I should ever have liked
  Their strange, old-fashioned ways;
Then Mother Eve was not "used to noise,"
And Cain and Abel were not good boys,
  For they quarreled, the Bible says.

O dear! I don't wonder, for only think,
  There were only those two together!
And who ever heard of two boys who could
Agree with each other, through every mood
  And every kind of weather?

No boots to stamp with! no "very first pants,"
  To turn little boys to men!
No drum, or whistle, or kite, or ball!
No grandma with doughnuts! and, worse than all,
  They had no ST. NICHOLAS then!

BIRDS THAT BUILD PLAY-HOUSES.

(Translation of Latin Sketch in July Number.)

BY JAMES C. BEARD.

WE are so accustomed to the ingenious construction of ordinary birds' nests, that we are not surprised that such an airy and pleasant home should be made of such various materials, collected from such various places, and joined in such cunning ways by the little birds, with no tools but their own beaks and claws. But what would you say if a crowd of these little birds should begin work, some fine morning in Spring, not on their nests, but on a play-house; and should assemble, a few days afterward, to dance and frolic together in this play-house, built by them for this very purpose, and with great care and skill? Surely that would be a marvel indeed!

But such birds really exist, and just such play-houses are really built by them.

Where? In Australia, and nowhere else. And as it is probable, for this reason, that you will never see them, they have sent a likeness of themselves, and have requested to be introduced to you, in this way, through the pages of ST. NICHOLAS.

They are named Bower-birds, and are divided into two species. Those shown in the illustration are called Spotted Bower-birds, and are of a rich brown color, varied with spots of a golden-buff shade, and have upon the back of the neck a ruff or collar of long pink-colored feathers.

The play-house, or bower, is generally about a foot and a-half in height, and from three to four feet in length. A platform of several inches in thickness is first constructed, being woven or plaited like basket-work. The bower is then formed of long grass twined over a frame-work of twigs, fixed in the sides of the platform or mat; and the result is a covered passage-way, open at both ends, and sheltered above and on the sides.

But this is not all. The birds now proceed to decorate the play-house, using for that purpose shells, clean white bones, bits of colored cloth, broken glass and chinaware, and any other shining objects which they can obtain. It is said that a tobacco-pipe and a lady's thimble have been found in one of these bowers; and a leading naturalist tells us that when the native Australians lose any small, portable ornament, they always search the bowers of the neighborhood, where the missing article is often found.

These bowers become dilapidated with long use, and the twigs burst apart by exposure to the wind and rain, thus making the bower resemble an old, worn-out basket. The birds will sometimes repair a bower; but they generally prefer to build a new one—and for such industrious and ingenious architects this is no arduous task.

[Names of translators will be found in the Letter-Box.]

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THE YOUNG SURVEYOR.

By J. T. Trowbridge.

Chapter XXXVIII.

THE MYSTERY OF A PAIR OF BREECHES.

Jack went out with the lantern upon the ruined abutment of the bridge, and showed a space beside the drift-wood, in the turbid and whirling current, where fording seemed practicable.

FOLLOWING THE WAR-TRAIL UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Then the boys got into the wagon again, and the mare was driven cautiously forward by the glimmering light which the lantern shed faintly before and around them. Lion swam ahead, throwing up his muzzle and barking loudly, like a faithful pilot showing the safest way. The wheels went in over the hubs; the water came into the bottom of the wagon-box; the flood boiled and plashed and gurgled, and swept away in black, whirling eddies; and Jack said:

"This would n't be a very nice place to break down, eh—would it?"

But they got safely through; and on the farther bank they were pleased to find again the trail of the horse and buggy.

They were now in high spirits. The whirlwind having passed up the river, the road lay aside from its direct path, but still within the area of rain.

"This is gay!" said Jack. "He thinks he has baffled us; and he will put up somewhere for the night; and we wont! We shall circumvent Master Radcliff!"

But soon the boys were again puzzled.

Reaching another cross-road, and bringing the lantern to bear upon the trail, they found that, instead of continuing northward toward Wisconsin, or turning to the right in the direction of Chicago, it turned at a sharp angle to the left, in the direction of North Mills.

"This move is a perfect mystery to me!" Jack

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exclaimed. "It seems as if he had thought the thing all over, and finally chosen the very last place one would expect him to make for."

"Are you sure this road leads to North Mills?"

"Perfectly sure; I've been this way three or four times. But another road branches from it, and passes a mile north of the Mills; he has probably taken that."

But no; after a good deal of trouble—the road appearing once more dry and much trodden—they discovered that the horse and buggy had not taken the branch, but kept the direct route to the Mills!

"It does n't seem possible! there must be some mistake here," said Jack; and every rod of their progress seemed now to increase the boys' doubts.

The road, long before they reached the Mills, became a mere bed of brown dust, in which it required a pretty vivid imagination to distinguish one track from another. The boys' spirits sank accordingly. Lion still led them boldly on; but his guidance could no longer be trusted.

"He 's bound for home now," said Jack, "and he 'll go straight there."

"If Rad *did* come this way," said Rufe, "he was shrewd, after all. He knew that by passing through a busy place like the Mills, he would hide his tracks as he could n't in any other way."

"To find 'em again," Jack replied, rather gloomily, "we shall have to examine every road going out of this place."

It must have been near midnight when they entered the village. The houses were all dark and still; not a ray at a window, not even the bark of a dog, gave sign of life as they passed.

"This looks discouraging," said Jack.

"A needle in a haystack is no comparison," replied Rufe. "The lantern is almost out."

"I can get another at our house," said Jack. "We may as well follow the dog now. What did I tell you? He is going straight home!"

The dog trotted up to the gate before Mr. Lanman's cottage, and the wagon turned up after him.

"What 's that ahead of us?" said Jack, as the mare came to a sudden stop.

"Seems to be a wagon standing," said Rufe, shading his eyes from the lantern and peering into the darkness.

Jack jumped out, ran forward, and gave a shout. The wagon was a buggy, and the horse was Snowfoot, standing before the gate, waiting patiently to be let in.

Quite wild with delight and astonishment, Jack took the lantern and examined horse and vehicle.

"Old Lion! you were right," he exclaimed. "The scamp must have let the horse go, and taken to his heels."

"The most he cared for was to get off with the money," said Rufe, not quite so abundantly pleased as his friend. "What 's this thing under the seat?"

"The compass!" said Jack,—if possible, still more surprised and overjoyed. "Which I accused poor Zeph of stealing!"

Rufe continued rummaging, and, holding the lantern with one hand, lifted up a limp garment with the other.

"What in thunder? A pair of breeches! Rad's breeches! Where can the scamp have gone without his breeches? See what 's in the pocket there, Jack."

Jack thrust in his hand, and brought out some loose bank-notes. He thrust in his hand again, and brought out a pocket-book, containing more bank-notes. It was Mr. Betterson's pocket-book, and the notes were the stolen money.

Jack was hastily turning them over—not counting them, he was too much amazed and excited to do that—when the candle in the lantern gave a final flicker and went out, leaving the boys and the mystery of the compass and the money and Rad's pantaloons enveloped in sudden darkness.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE MORNING AFTER.

BRIGHT rose the sun the next morning over the leafy tops of Long Woods, and smiled upon the pleasant valley.

It found many a trace of the previous day's devastation,—trees uprooted or twisted off at their trunks, branches and limbs broken and scattered, fences blown down, and more than one man's buildings unroofed or demolished.

It found Peakslow, accompanied by the two older boys, walking about his private and particular pile of ruins, in a gloomy and bewildered state of mind, as if utterly at a loss to know where the repair of such tremendous damages should begin. And (the sun itself must have been somewhat astonished!) it found Mrs. Peakslow and the younger children, five in number, comfortably quartered in Lord Betterson's "castle."

It also had glimpses of Rufe, with light and jolly face, driving home by prairie and grove, alone in the one-horse wagon.

Link ran out to meet him, swinging his cap, and shouting for the news.

"Good news!" Rufe shouted back, while still far up the road. "Tell the folks!" and he held up the pocket-book.

It was good news indeed which he brought; but the mystery at the bottom of it all was a mystery still.

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The family gathered around, with intense interest, while he told his story and displayed Rad's pantaloons.

"The eighty dollars, which you had counted out,—you remember, father,—was loose in the pocket. I left that with Jack; he will send it to Chicago to-day. The rest of the money, I believe, is all here in the pocket-book."

"And you 've heard nothing of Radcliff?" said Mr. Betterson.

"Not a word. Jack made me stop with him overnight; and I should have come home the way we went, and looked for Rad, if it had n't been so far; we must have driven twelve or fifteen miles in that roundabout chase."

"Some accident must certainly have happened to Radcliff," said Mr. Betterson; and much wonder and many conjectures were expressed by the missing youth's not very unhappy relatives.

"I bet I know!" said Link. "He drove so fast he overtook the tornado, and it twisted him out of his breeches, and hung him up in a tree somewhere!"

An ingenious theory, which did not, however, obtain much credence with the family.

"One thing seems to be proved, and I am very glad," said Vinnie. "It was not Zeph who took Jack's compass."

"Rad must have taken that, to spite Jack, and hid it somewhere near the road in the timber, where it would be handy if he ever wanted to make off with it; that 's what Jack thinks," said Rufe. "Then, as he was driving past the spot, he put it into the buggy again."

"May be he intended to set up for a surveyor somewhere," Wad remarked. "He must have taken another pair of trousers with him."

"I am sure he did n't," said Cecie.

"And even if he did," said Rufe, "that would n't account for his leaving the money in the pocket."

The family finally settled down upon a theory which had been first suggested by Jack,—that in fording the river, Rad had caught his wheels in the tree-tops or the timbers of the ruined bridge, and, to keep his lower garments dry, had taken them off and left them in the buggy, while he waded in to remove the rubbish, when the horse had somehow got away from him, and gone home. It also seemed quite probable that Rad himself had become entangled in drift-wood, and been drowned.

"Feed the mare, boys," said Lord Betterson. "As soon as she is well rested, I 'll drive up to the broken bridge, and see if any discoveries can be made."

Meanwhile, whatever Radcliff's fate, it did not prevent the family from rejoicing over the recovery of the lost money. And now Rufe's attention was called to another happy circumstance, one which promised to be to them a source of deeper and more lasting satisfaction.

Cecie could walk!

Yes, the marvelous effects of the previous day's events were still manifest in the case of the little invalid. Either the tremendous excitement, thrilling and rousing her whole system, or the electric shock which accompanied the whirlwind, or the exertions she felt compelled to make when Rad ran off with the money,—or all combined (for the doctors I have talked with are divided in opinion on the subject),—had overcome the paralysis of her limbs, which a long course of medical treatment had failed to remove.

The family physician, who chanced to come over from the Mills that day, maintained that what he had been doing for the injured spine, the source of Cecie's troubles, had prepared the way for this result; while neighbor Peakslow, when he heard the news, grunted, and said he "guessed the gal could 'a' walked all the time if she had only thought she could, or wanted to very much." All which made Cecie smile. She only knew that she was cured, and was too proud and glad to care much what was said of her.

CHAPTER XL.

FOLLOWING UP THE MYSTERY.

IN the course of the day, Mr. Betterson and Rufe visited the supposed scene of Rad's disaster, and there met by chance Jack and his friend Forrest Felton, who for a similar object had driven up from North Mills.

The river had gone down almost as rapidly as it had risen, and fording it now by daylight was no such difficult matter. But there still were the timbers and tree-tops, amidst which the vehicles had passed the night before.

Jack showed marks on one of his wheels where the spokes had been sharply raked, and told how, examining Snowfoot by daylight, he had found muddy splashes on his flank, as if he had been struck there by a bough or branch drenched in turbid water.

"I think," said he, "that as Rad was getting the buggy clear, the limb of a tree turned over and hit the horse. That started him, and away he went. I don't believe Rad is drowned."

Search was made among the rubbish at the bridge, and for some distance down the river; but no traces of Rad were discovered.

"May be he has gone home by water," was Rufe's rather too playful way of saying that the drowned body might have floated down stream.

"If he got out alive," said Jack's friend Felton,

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"he must have found his way to some house near by, in quest of pantaloons." And the party now proceeded to make inquiries at the scattered huts of the Dutch—or rather German—settlers along the edge of the timber.

At the first two doors where they stopped they found only women and children, who could speak no English. But at the next house they saw a girl, who eagerly answered "Yah! yah!" to their questions, and ran and called a man working at the back door.

He was a short, thick-set man, with a big russet beard and serious blue eyes.

"Goot morgin," he said, coming to the road to greet the strangers. "Der been some vind dis vay—you see some?—vas las' ebening."

The strangers acknowledged that they had experienced some effects of the wind the night before, and repeated their questions regarding Radcliff.

"Young man—no priches—yah! yah!" replied Meinheer. "He come 'long here, vas 'pout nine hours, may pe some more."

"A little after nine o'clock last night?" suggested Jack.

"Yah, yah! I vas bed shleepin', somebody knock so loud, I git some candle light, and make de door open, and der vas some young feller, his face sick, his clo'es all so vet but his priches,—his priches vas not vet, for he has no priches, only some shoes."

"Where did he come from?"

"He say he come from up stream; he pass de pridge over, and der vas no pridge; and he dhrive 'cross de vaser, and he cannot dhrive 'cross; so he git out, only his priches not git out, for de vaser vas vet, and his priches keeps in de vagon, vile he keeps in de vaser; he make some lift on some logs, and someding make de hoss fright, and de hoss jump and jerk de vagon, and de vagon jerk someding vat jerk him; and he priches rides off, and he shtop in de vaser, and dhink some, and git sick, and he say de log in his shtomach and so much vaser was pad, and I mus' give him some dhink viskey and some dry priches, and I gives 'em."

"A pair of *your* breeches?" cried Rufe, eying the baggy proportions of Meinheer's nether garments.

"I have no oder; I fetch 'em from faderland; and I gives him some. He stick his legs in, and some of his legs come too much under; de priches vas some too vide, and some not long genoof. He dhink more viskey, and feel goot, and say he find his team and bring back my priches to-morrow, and it is to-morrow yet, and he not come."

Even the grave uncle of the luckless nephew had to laugh as he thought of the slim legs pursuing their travels in the short but enormous "priches" fetched from fatherland.

"How much were your breeches worth?" Lord said, taking out some money.

"I don't know—I don't keeps priches to sell; may pe vun tollar."

Betterson gave the German a dollar, saying:

"Allow me to pay for them; for, if I mistake not, you will never see the young man or your breeches again."

He was quite right—the German never did.

Neither—it may as well be said here—did Radcliff's own relatives see him again for many years. What various adventures were his can only be surmised, until one of the "Philadelphia partners," settling up his accounts with the world, left him a legacy of six thousand dollars, when he once more bloomed out as a fine gentleman, and favored his Western friends with a visit.

He ran through his little fortune in a few months, and once more disappeared from view, to turn up again, five or six years later (when Jack and Vinnie saw him for the last time), as a runner for one of the great Chicago hotels.

CHAPTER XLI.

PEAKSLOW'S HOUSE-RAISING.

"MERCY on me!" said Caroline, hearing an unusual noise in the front part of the house; "now we are to have the racket of those Peakslow children! What could you have been thinking of, Lavinia dear? I 'm sure *I* did n't know what I was saying when I gave *my* consent to their coming. The idea of their turning our library into a kitchen! Not that I blame *you*, Lavinia dear. *I* ought to have considered."

"Surely you would n't have denied the houseless family a shelter?" Vinnie replied. "That would have seemed too bad, with those great chambers unoccupied. As for the *library*,"—Vinnie smiled, for the unfurnished room called by that choice name had nothing in it but a fire-place,—"I don't think any harm can happen to that."

Vinnie had a plan regarding the Peakslow children, which she laid before Mrs. Peakslow as soon as the new inmates were fairly settled in the house.

"Since my sister and the baby have been so much better, I have begun a little school, with only two scholars—Cecie and Lilian. Would n't your children like to join it? I think it would be pleasant."

"Whuther they would or not, I 'd like to have 'em," replied Mrs. Peakslow, gratefully. "The chances for schoolin' is dreffle slim in this country; we 've no school-house within nigh two mile. But how shall I pay ye?"

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"You need n't mind about that."

"Yes, I shall mind too. We must do somethin' for you in return."

"Well, then," said Vinnie, "if you like, you may let one of the girls help a little in my sister's kitchen, to make up for the time I spend with them."

"I 'll do it, sartin! You shall have Lyddy. She 's a good smart hand at housework, and you may git all out of her you can."

So it was arranged. The little school of two was increased to five; the "parlor"—used only to store grain in hitherto—was turned into a schoolroom; and Lyddy worked in Mrs. Betterson's kitchen.

"Lavinia dear, you *are* an extraordinary girl!" said Caroline. "It seems the greatest miracle of all to see one of the Peakslows washing *our* dishes!"

No one was better pleased with this arrangement than Jack, who could never be reconciled to seeing Vinnie—with all her health and strength and cheery spirits—doing the hardest of the house-work.

Jack took early occasion, on visiting Long Woods, to go and see Mr. Peakslow, and make him a frank apology for having once suspected Zeph of taking his compass. But he got only an ugly scowl and surly grunt for his pains.

For awhile Peakslow did not go near his family, quartered in his enemy's house; but slept in the haystack, with Dud and Zeph, and ate the meals his wife cooked and sent to him three times a day.

But soon Dud went to sleep at the "castle," and found he had nothing more formidable to meet than Vinnie's bright eyes,—for Dud had suddenly developed into a bashful youth.

Zeph in a night or two followed his example, and Peakslow was left alone in his haystack.

And the nights were growing chill; and the repair of the buildings went on slowly, carpenters being scarce; and Peakslow, who had a heart for domestic comforts, began to yearn for the presence of his family at meal-time and bed-time.

At length he stole into the house after dark one evening, and stole out again before light the next morning. That did not seem to hurt him; on the contrary, it suited Peakslow; his neighbor's house was better than a haystack. Then he came to supper, and staid to breakfast. Then there was no good reason why he should not come to dinner; and he came accordingly.

Then he stopped after dinner one day to see how Vinnie conducted her little school, and went away looking wonderfully thoughtful. The boys remembered that he did not scold them so sharply that afternoon as he had been wont to do since the tornado disturbed his temper.

One morning as he was going out, Peakslow saw Lord Betterson in the yard, and advanced awkwardly toward him, holding his hat in one hand and scratching his head with the other. There was, after all, a vein of diffidence in the rough quartz of the man's character; and somehow, on this occasion, he could n't help showing his neighbor a good deal of respect.

"I 'm a-gun to have a bee this arternoon,—a raisin',—gun to try to git the logs back on to the house, an' the ruf on to the shed,—everything ready,—some o' the neighbors com'n' to help,—and if you an' your boys can lend a hand, I 'll do as much for you some time."

"Surely; very glad to serve you, neighbor Peakslow," Lord Betterson replied, in his magnificently polite way, much as if he had been a monarch dismissing a foreign ambassador.

Jack came over to Long Woods that afternoon, and, having rectified Mrs. Wiggett's noon-mark, stopped at Peakslow's raising on his way back up the valley.

He found a group of men and boys before the house, partaking of some refreshments,—sweetened whiskey and water, passed round in a pail with a tin dipper by Zeph, and "nut-cakes" and "turn-overs," served by Mrs. Peakslow and 'Lecty Ann.

The sight of Snowfoot tied to his fence made Peakslow glare; nor was his ruffled spirit smoothed when he saw Jack come forward with a cheery face and a compass in his hand.

Jack greeted the Bettersons, Mr. Wiggett, and one or two others he knew, and was talking pleasantly with them, when Peakslow pushed the inverted cut-water of his curved beak through the crowd, and confronted him.

"So that air 's the compass, is it?"

"This is the compass, Mr. Peakslow."

"Keep in it yer hand, now'days, do ye? Don't trust it in the wagon? Good idee! No danger of its bein' stole, an' your comin' again to 'cuse my boys of the theft!"

Peakslow's ancient wrath rekindled as he spoke; his voice trembled and his eyes flamed.

Jack kept his temper admirably, and answered with a frank and honest face:

"I have made the best amends I could for that mistake, by apologizing to you for it, Mr. Peakslow. I don't keep the compass in my hand because I am afraid it may be stolen. I have called—as I promised Mrs. Peakslow the other day that I would do—to give her a noon-mark on her kitchen floor."

"How 's this?—promised her?—I don't understand that!" growled Peakslow.

"Yes, pa!" said Mrs. Peakslow, with a frightened look. "I seen him to Mis' Betterson's. He 'd made a noon-mark for Mis' Wiggett, and Mis' Bet-

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terson's sister asked me if I would n't like one, as he was comin' to make them one, some day."

Off went Peakslow's hat, and into his bushy hair went his fingers again, while he stammered out:

"But he can't make no noon-mark this arternoon,—we 're all in a mess an' litter, so!"

"Just as well now as any time," said Jack. "The door-way is clear. I sha' n't interfere with anybody."

"What 'll be to pay?" Peakslow asked.

"O, I don't charge anything for a little job like this—to one of Mr. Betterson's neighbors."

"That 's jes' so; he did n't charge me nary red," said Mr. Wiggett. "An' he 's done the job for me now tew times,—fust time, the tornado come and put the noon-mark out a j'int, 'fore ever a noon come round."

Jack adjusted his compass, while the house-raisers looked on, to see how the thing was done, Peakslow appearing as much interested as anybody.

Jack got Link to make the first marks for him on the floor, and laughed, as he looked through the sights of the compass, to hear Mr. Wiggett describe the finding of his section corner,—"runnin' a line plumb to the old stake, out on the open perairie,"—and praise the boy-surveyor's skill.

The mark was made with quickness and precision; friends and strangers crowded around Jack with kind words and questions; and he was surprised to find himself all at once a person of importance.

Peakslow puffed hard at his pipe. His face was troubled; and two or three times he pulled the pipe out of his mouth, thrust his knuckles under his hat, and took a step toward the young surveyor. He also cleared his throat. He evidently had a word to say. But the word would not come.

When at last he let Jack go off without offering him even a syllable of thanks, the bystanders smiled, and somebody might have been heard to mutter: "Peakslow all over! Just like his hoggishness!"

Jack smiled too as he went, for he had shrewdly observed his enemy, and he knew it was not "hoggishness" which kept Peakslow's lips closed, but a feeling which few suspected in that grasping, hard, and violent-tempered man.

Peakslow was abashed!

CHAPTER XLII.

CONCLUSION.

THE house made once more inhabitable, Peakslow's family moved back into it. But this change did not take Lyddy away from the "castle," nor break up Vinnie's school.

The "castle" now underwent some renovation. The long-neglected plastering was done, and the rooms in daily use were made comfortable.

Meanwhile the boys were full of ambition regarding their water-works. The project cost them a good deal more trouble than they had anticipated at first; but they were amply repaid for all on the day when the water was finally let on, and they saw it actually run from the spout in the back room! Such a result had seemed to them almost too good ever to come true; and their joy over it was increased tenfold by the doubts and difficulties overcome.

Jack had come over to be present when the water was brought in, and he was almost as happy over it as they.

"No more trouble with the old well!" said Rufe.

"No more lugging water from the grove!" said Wad.

"Or going into the river head-first after it, as you and I did!" said Link.

Vinnie was proud of her nephews, and Caroline and Lord were proud of their sons.

"How fine it will be for your dairy, in Summer,—this cold, running water!" said Vinnie.

But Chokie seemed best pleased, because he would no longer be dependent upon precarious rains filling the hogshead, but would have a whole tankful of water—an ocean in the back room—to sail his shingle boats on.

The boys had also acted on another suggestion of Jack's, and taken the farm to work. This plan also promised to succeed well. The prospect of doing something for themselves, roused energies which might have lain dormant all their lives, if they had been contented to sit still and wait for others to help them.

As Vinnie's school became known, other pupils appeared from up and down the river, and by the first snowfall she had more than a dozen scholars. Among these were Sal Wiggett and two big boys belonging to the paternal Wiggett's "third crop" of children, and Dud and Zeph Peakslow.

The Betterson boys also attended the school, Wad and Link as pupils, and Rufe partly as a pupil and partly as an assistant. Vinnie could teach him penmanship and grammar, but she was glad to turn over to him the classes in arithmetic, for which study he had a natural aptitude.

The Peakslow children, both boys and girls, had a good deal in them that was worth cultivating; and amid the genial associations of the little school, they fast outgrew their rude and uncouth ways. It was interesting to see Zeph and Cecie reciting the same lessons side by side, and Rufe showing Dud about the sums that bothered him.

Caroline had very much objected to Vinnie's en-

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"THEY SAW IT ACTUALLY RUN FROM THE SPOUT."

larging her school, and especially to her receiving the big boys. The success of the experiment surprised her. Vinnie had a charming way with the younger children, and a peculiarly subduing influence over the larger boys.

"Lavinia dear," said Caroline, "what have I always said? You are a most extraordinary girl!"

And now things came round curiously enough, and an event occurred of which nobody could have dreamed when Vinnie set out alone, with a brave heart, to do her simple duty to her sister's family.

It was found that she had a happy faculty for interesting and instructing the young. So when, in the Spring, a girls' school was opened at North Mills, she was offered a place in it as assistant teacher, which her friends there—Jack's friends—prevailed on her to accept.

Leaving Long Woods cost her many regrets. But the better order of things was now well established at the "castle" (which was fast ceasing to be a castle, in the popular speech); and she felt that its inmates could spare her very well,—if they would only think so!

Other considerations also consoled her for the change. She would still be where she could see her relatives often; and now Jack's delightful home was to be her own.

THE END.

"THE PENNY YE MEANT TO GI'E."

BY H. H.

THERE'S a funny tale of a stingy man,
  Who was none too good, but might have been worse,
Who went to his church on a Sunday night,
  And carried along his well-filled purse.

When the sexton came with his begging-plate,
  The church was but dim with the candle's light
The stingy man fumbled all through his purse,
  And chose a coin by touch and not sight.

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It 's an odd thing now that guineas should be
So like unto pennies in shape and size.
" I 'll give a penny," the stingy man said;
" The poor must not gifts of pennies despise."

The penny fell down with a clatter and ring!
And back in his seat leaned the stingy man.
' The world is so full of the poor," he thought,
" I can't help them all—I give what I can."

Ha, ha! how the sexton smiled, to be sure,
To see the gold guinea fall in his plate!
Ha, ha! how the stingy man's heart was wrung,
Perceiving his blunder, but just too late!

" No matter," he said; " in the Lord's account
That guinea of gold is set down to me.
They lend to Him who give to the poor;
It will not so bad an investment be."

" Na, na, mon," the chuckling sexton cried out,
" The Lord is na cheated—He kens thee well;
He knew it was only by accident
That out o' thy fingers the guinea fell!

" He keeps an account, na doubt, for the puir;
But in that account He 'll set down to thee
Na mair o' that golden guinea, my mon,
Than the one bare penny ye meant to gi'e!"

There 's a comfort, too, in the little tale—
A serious side as well as a joke;
A comfort for all the generous poor,
In the comical words the sexton spoke.

A comfort to think that the good Lord knows
How generous we really desire to be,
And will give us credit in His account
For all the pennies we long " to gi'e."

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"SHE PUTS IT IN ITS LITTLE BED."

SOME YOUNG READERS OF ST. NICHOLAS.

By Mrs. J. G. Burnett.

It is the children's hour—between supper and bed-time. My big boy, Bertie, stands beside me, proud to see that his head is on a level with mine, and that his arm can reach "clear across" my shoulders as I sit in my easy chair. Little Charlie, our baby and pet, two years younger than his big brother, climbs into my lap.

The boys have brought their back numbers of St. Nicholas to me, and I am settling down for a long siege.

Well, I read, and read, and read; first a story of Charlie's selection, then one of Bertie's; first from one number and then from another, and finish with one that I have read six or seven times before—the beautiful "Christmas Legend," in the last holiday number.

Bertie takes the book from my hand to look at the lovely picture where "Hermann brings home a Christmas guest," and Charlie slips down from my lap to join his brother, while mamma, very tired, leans back in her easy chair for a moment's quiet. Her thoughts go back to the pretty stories she has read, and, listening to her children's prattle, she wonders into how many different homes this cheery visitor finds his way; how many "sorts and conditions" of children are made happy by his monthly coming.

Just then some one touches her gently on the shoulder, and, looking up, she sees with wondering surprise the beautiful face of the little Christmas guest, just as it is in the picture, only far more beautiful, because not a picture, but apparently a real little child. About the golden flowing hair shines the halo,—whiter than the moonlight, brighter than the sun. He beckons me to follow, and, without effort of my own, I seem to float up,

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up, and out into the clear starlight, away, away, away!

Then I find myself in a bright and beautiful room. Christmas wreaths and stars and crosses adorn the pictured walls. A blazing fire glows in the polished grate, and a group of children's faces gleam and sparkle in the light of the brilliant chandelier as they cluster about a sweet and gentle-looking lady, who is reading—yes, reading from ST. NICHOLAS!

"Surely this must be one of the happiest homes," I whisper, "to which the far-roving ST. NICHOLAS ever comes! Not one shadow is on the happy scene, and only one thing wanting to complete the picture—the husband and father. Where is he, I wonder?" And I look up to my little guide inquiringly. The beautiful light that surrounds him is shining full upon a picture on the wall I had not seen before. A wreath of holly circles it around, and underneath it, on a marble bracket, where an ivy twines, is a vase of fragrant violets. But in this wondrous light it does not seem to be a picture, but a real, living face of a man, strong and gentle, tender and true, looking down on the little family circle. And then I notice that the reader's face is very pale and sad, and her dress as black as night, with folds of heavy crape, and my eyes grow dim, for I know so well—ah, me!—so well, just how lonely and how sad she is, and I so long to tell her how the picture looks when seen in the beautiful light in which it shines for me. But she is smiling now as she reads with cheerful voice the story of the "Eight Cousins."

At first I think these must be the eight little cousins themselves, but as I look again I see there are but seven, and more than half are girls.

"Let Tottem see! Where 's Tottem's place?" and the smallest little chap—who looks for all the world as if he might be little Jamie of the story, for he is dressed in the pretty Highland costume, and has the same sturdy, saucy little legs and manly, independent air—pushes his curly head through the happy crowd, and, looking at the picture, he sees what I have seen before.

"Tottem dot Scosh shute too," he cries. "Dat 's Tottem's own se'f! See! see! see!"

Loud shouts greet this little speech of Tottem's, and then, silence being restored, mamma goes on to read of that dear doctor-uncle and the aunties. One of the little group thinks Rose a foolish little girl not to like oatmeal, and at the account of Uncle Alec's pills there is a burst of happy laughter. Rising with it, we float out again into the starry night.

'T is but a moment, and we are in another room. No blazing grate is here, no group of happy children. A feeble light glimmers from the lamp upon the table, a feebler fire shines faintly through the cracks of the broken stove, where a tired, ragged boy vainly tries to warm his half-naked feet.

"Oh, Sis," he says, looking over to the miserable bed where a white little face I had not seen before turns restlessly on its pillow of straw, "I brought you somethin' home to-night you 'll like, I tell you!—a book full of pictures. A pretty little fellow sittin' on a big stoop had one, and he said he 'd read it so often he guessed he 'd give it to us, so he cut the threads with his knife and divided it up between me and two other chaps—you 'll see;" and he dives his cold hand down into a basket where I catch a glimpse of matches, shoe-strings, blacking, and all the little stock in trade whereby this brave little street peddler earns food and shelter, such as it is, for his suffering little sister, who is all he has in the wide, wide world.

"See, here 's a angel on the first page, aint it? But there 's some tore off, I guess. I seen that the first thing, and I says to myself, says I, 'Sis 'll like to see that, for sure!' So, sure enough, it came to me. See, here it is!" and he turned to the last picture, which was that of the "Children singing carols." So, you see, it was only a few leaves out of the last Christmas number of ST. NICHOLAS. Yet it was enough to bring much peace, and even gladness into this wretched home, for the little girl's face brightens as she looks at the heading of "The Blessed Day."

"Oh yes," she says very softly, "it is an angel! Can you read about it, Tom?"

"Of course I can," says Tom; and carrying back the lamp to the shaky table, he sets it down and spreads the book out on his ragged knee. The first verse he has some trouble in spelling out, but the others, being so much like it, come more easily, and the child listens with strange delight to the sweet refrain of "Christmas Day in the Morning."

"Read it again, Tom," she whispers; and Tom, seeing her lying there with closed eyes and peaceful smile, reads on, glad to think poor Sis is going to sleep so soon to-night.

I am thinking sadly of poor Tom and his sister, when lo! I find myself again in a cheerful, brightly lighted room, where the crimson damask-covered furniture, marble statuettes and bronzes, speak of wealth and luxury.

"Ah, this is a relief!" I cry. "Now we shall see more happy children. Ah me! why cannot all earth's dear little ones be born to wealth and the joy and happiness it brings?" But as I speak I see a weary little face bending listlessly above a book upon his knee, and then glancing inquiringly at another face also bent over a book, but with eager, absorbing interest.

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"Please, Miss Stanley," says the little fellow, "wont you read to me now? I have been good so long, and I am so tired."

"Presently, presently," is the absent answer, and then impatiently, as a weary little sigh smites her conscience, "Don't ask me again, or I shall not do it at all!"

She goes back to her book, and the poor baby turns patiently to his.

Oh, those black and funny little boys with their brooms and brushes in the pictures he has been looking at all day! And that dearest little one of all, no bigger than he is, 'way up on that high chimney! Chimney-sweeps, nurse says, they are; for while she washed his hands after dinner he had coaxed her to wait a minute till he should run for his ST. NICHOLAS and find out. How nice it must be to run all about and climb high places like that, not being afraid. Ah, how he wished that he were a chimney-sweep. He wondered if those were little black velvet suits like his that they had on. Oh no, that could n't be, or they would never be allowed to play with brooms or brushes, or to climb. But what *did* they do, and how? All the wonderful reading under the pictures and above told it all, and yet he could not know; and again his pleading eyes are raised to the other's face, and, as leaf after leaf is turned, watch with alternately hopeful and hopeless glance, till the mother-heart within me aches in pity for the child. The door opens, and a white-capped attendant enters.

"Come, Master Harry," she says, "it is time to go to bed."

"But Miss Stanley is going to read one story for me first;" and the poor little voice trembles with eagerness.

"Not if it is bed-time, Harry; of course not," is the pitiless answer.

"Come along," says Nanette; "it is my evening out, and I have no time to lose."

"Marie will put me to be bed," anxiously suggests the little fellow, "when I have heard my story. I know she will."

"Marie is busy dressing your mamma's hair for the ball, and has her hands full too, to please her," she adds to herself as she leads poor Harry away, chiding him rudely for not bidding his governess good-night more cheerfully. The fresh, bright-covered number of ST. NICHOLAS lies in the little chair where Harry left it as we vanish from the room, and I sigh to think that the children of the rich are not always the happiest or most tenderly cared for.

And now we take our way southward. In a trice we meet its balmy airs, and, sweeping low in our flight, pass over groves of orange-trees, where the golden fruit gleams among the green and wax-like leaves, and the night is fragrant with the breath of the pure, white, beautiful blossoms. In a little cabin an old negress holds a fair-haired child upon her knee, hushing it in vain to its nightly slumbers with its favorite camp-meeting songs.

"Dere now, honey, go to sleep. Your ma is too sick for you to see her to-night, and ole Mammy Edy will take good care ob her baby, sho. Whar 's your new ST. NICH'LAS book, honey, and we 'll look at the pretty picters? Aint it come yet? Wall, here 's de ole book den, wid de pretty little 'Peepsy-Weepsy' pictures. Dese aint no low-down Yankee chickens now, I tell you, chile. Dey comes of good ole stock, dat 's sartain; dey 's got it in der looks. Dey 's de rale Suddern 'ristocratic chickens, aint dey, honey ball? And you was Mom Edy's own Peepsy-Weepsy little gal;" and the fair, plump arms draw closer down the dark and kindly face, and nestling in the faithful bosom, little "Peepsy-Weepsy" shuts her blue eyes and is soon fast asleep.

Northward we speed again on the balmy southern breeze.

"Happy ST. NICHOLAS!" I say, as we float along, "carrying comfort and happiness and mirth into so many homes, North and South and East and West, and high and low and rich and poor!" and then looking round,—lo, I find myself in my easy chair at my own fireside again! My dear little boys are still looking at the pictures of my ST. NICHOLAS, but my beautiful guide has vanished. And thinking of what I have seen and heard in the short time I have been away (for it was not ten minutes by the clock), it all seems to me like a strange and beautiful dream.

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HUNTING FOR MY HORSES.

(A Story of the Far West.)

BY JOHN A. EMERY.

IT was late in the fall. I had been away from my ranche for more than a week; in that time I had ridden over three hundred miles, and my horse, as well as myself, was in great need of rest. As it was nearly noon, I halted at Hunter's ranche for lunch, and while there I was told that on the third day after, there was to be a "rodéo"—that is, a general hunt for cattle, in which all the owners join, sweeping the country in a large circle, and driving all the stock to a common center.

Having learned where the meet was to be, and promising to be on hand, I remounted and pushed for home. A general outcry from half-a-dozen dogs heralded my approach, and, as I reined up at the door, Bill, our man-of-all-work, came out. As soon as he had told me what little news there was to tell, I said:

"Well, start out and drive up the horses. I want Curlew put in the stable, as there 's to be a rodéo next Thursday."

"Too bad, Cap, but the horses struck out day before yesterday—gone to the river, I think; have been hunting them steadily, but can't find hair or track of them."

This was pleasant news to hear. For work like that which was before me, a fresh horse was indispensable. I had nothing to do but to start out and hunt my own animals; so, tightening my girths, I turned my horse's head toward the river, twenty miles to the south.

I knew where the wanderers were likely to be; twice before had they run away, and each time had been found upon Steptoe cañon. I reached the head of this cañon late in the evening, and then horse and rider met with good care from a stockman whose ranche is there located.

Early the next morning I started out. Steptoe cañon is far from being a pleasant place in which to hunt stock. It is a narrow valley or ravine some ten miles long, in which length it makes a descent of some two thousand feet. The sides are very precipitous; there is no road or sign of a road—nothing but narrow trails made by the stock passing up and down the cañon. I scanned the cañon faithfully, going up all the gulleys and using my field-glasses freely. No trace of the missing ones could I see.

It was late in the afternoon when I reached the river. It had been my intention, if I did not find the horses, to ride up to White's, some fifteen miles above the mouth of Steptoe, and come back by the hills the next day; but as I was coming down the last hill, my horse stepped on a stone, and recovered himself only to go dead lame. I had been warned to reach the river in time to get up to White's before sundown, the trail being very bad, so much so as to almost deserve the name of dangerous. There was no hope of doing so now, and to make my way back to my stopping-place of the night before was equally impossible. There were two other courses open to me,—to lie out all night without food or blankets, or to make my way down the river to the Wawawa Bar, and seek a night's lodgings with the Indians who inhabited it. I chose the latter, and dismounting, began to lead my horse along the narrow trail.

The Wawawa was only about four miles distant. The scenery about me was wild, with something of a barren grandeur. Snake River at this point is nearly three-fourths of a mile wide. The hills upon its southern bank are low and rolling, rising gradually to a considerable height inland; but on the north side, where I was riding, they rise bold and abrupt to a height of over two thousand feet. Not a tree or shrub was visible; but vast quantities of basaltic rock, in every conceivable form and shape, covered their sides.

The trail was narrow and bad. I could make but slow progress, for my poor horse could hardly be persuaded to move. I was not without a little anxiety as to my reception, for only two months before there had been serious trouble between these Indians and the settlers. The former had had a row among themselves, in which one of their number had been killed in the attempt to arrest the murderer. Shots had been exchanged, another Indian killed and one wounded; the arrest had been effected, but the Indians were said to be feeling very bitter. Had it not been so late in the season, I should infinitely have preferred "lying out." As it was, I kept on my way, and just as the sun was sinking behind the hills I came in sight of the Indian village.

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It comprised, perhaps, a dozen lodges made of skins stretched over poles. There were besides, two or three dilapidated-looking cabins built of drift-logs, and two huge structures, of the same material, used for smoking salmon. Below the village I saw several bands of Indian horses. A number of children were playing around the lodges. There were several garden patches, rudely fenced, and two or three fields of rye and wheat stubble; the crops had been gathered.

Going up to one of the largest tents, I was greeted by a deafening chorus from numerous mongrel curs that gathered from all sides. Their noise brought out a couple of Indians, who, when they saw me, gathered their blankets about them and came toward me.

Dropping my lariat, I went to meet them. I knew but few words of the jargon commonly used between the Indians and whites, but hoped, with the aid of signs, to make my wants known.

"Cli-hi-um-six?" (How are you, friend?) I said.

"Cli-hi-um?" was the brief answer.

"You speak Boston man's talk?" I asked.

"Na-wit-ka" (No), said the Indian.

I took up the lariat, led the horse a few paces, pointed to him to show he was lame, then pointed to the west where the sun had already disappeared, and then to the lodge. Evidently they understood the pantomime, for, after exchanging a few words between themselves, one advanced and took my horse while the other led the way to the tent. I followed without looking back; to have expressed the least doubt, by word or sign, as to the safety of my beast or his equipments, would have been a sad breach of manners.

Lifting a robe that hung over the entrance and served as a door, he motioned me to go in. I did so, and, making my way to the opposite side, sat down. The ground was covered with matting, save in the center, which was bare. The dead coals lying there showed that this was their fireplace. There were four Indian women seated on one side of the tent. Two were quite old; one of them was busy making a wicker basket; the other, who was partly supported by sundry robes and parcels, seemed to be sick, as she was doing nothing. Of the remaining two, one was extremely homely, apparently about thirty years old, and busy plaiting matting. The fourth and last was young and very pretty; she was nursing a little papoose, and her dress and manner seemed to show that she was a favorite. The first three were dressed in plain dark-colored calico, with leggings made of strips of blankets, and their blankets were of the ordinary kind used by Indians—of white, yellow, and blue stripes. All looked rather old and decidedly dirty.

Very different was the apparel of the youngest squaw. Her dress was a new and very pretty calico; her leggings made of white fine doe-skin, with long fringes; her moccasins were gayly ornamented with beads and sundry devices worked into them with colored thread; while her blanket was a new one, being a bright crimson with a black border.

In addition, this young mother was adorned with bracelets of some kind of metal; had several silver rings on her fingers, shell ear-rings in her ears, and a chain of shells woven through her hair. Her papoose was dressed in a single garment, none too long, but adorned with beads and bits of colored ribbon.

The Indian who had come in with me took a seat at my right, and in a few minutes we were joined by the other. They both produced pipes, and I took out mine to keep them company, offering to each a little fine tobacco that I had loose in one of my pockets. We smoked for a few minutes in perfect silence; then one of the Indians said a few words in his own tongue to the sick squaw, who, raising her eyes, said to me:

"Jeta mica nanitch?" (What are you looking for?)

"Mica nanitch curtins," I answered, "four Boston man curtins, three Boston clutcheman curtins, six Indian curtins, three pappoose clutcheman curtins"—all of which meant that I was looking for four American horses, three American mares, six Indian ponies, and three colts.

"Branded?" she asked.

"Yes, here," I answered, pointing to my left shoulder, and drawing on the leaf of my note-book a mark like this: ♁ All stockmen have a brand of their own, made of iron, which is heated and the stock marked with it, sometimes on the shoulder, sometimes on the flanks.

A few words passed between the old woman and the two men, and then she gave me to understand that they knew where the horses were, and would get them for me in the morning.

Meanwhile, the two who had been working set about getting supper. One produced a sack of flour and stirred up a pan of dough; the other took down a couple of dried salmon from a string of them which hung from one of the poles. These she placed each upon a stick, and then building a fire, set them before it to toast. Next she took down some pieces of dried meat, from which she cut a number of thin slices.

The dough having been more or less kneaded, squaw number one raked out some of the ashes, and then proceeded to divide the dough into small cakes, which she laid in the ashes to bake. Sundry preparations of dried berries were added to the

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repast; and having eaten nothing since morning, I am free to confess that not only had I a good appetite, but that I found myself able to make a right hearty meal. Water was the only drink offered. The food was served upon tin dishes. The two male Indians and myself ate first, and the two squaws who had prepared the meal waited upon us. After we had finished, the four squaws took their turn. I noticed that the youngest partook freely of the dried berries, while the others did not touch them.

After supper we took to our pipes again. There were but few attempts to talk; my hosts gave me of their best, but evidently did not care to be intimate. It was only when I began to wind-up my watch that they showed anything bordering upon curiosity, and I readily showed it to them, opening the cases and letting them see the works.

During the evening three or four Indians came in, sat down, smoked a good deal, talked but little, and finally went away. About nine o'clock the squaws began to make up the beds. There seemed to be an abundance of robes and blankets in the lodge, and the process of bed-making was very simple. First, a robe was spread upon the ground, two pairs of blankets were laid upon that, another robe placed over all, and the bed was ready.

Although I was very tired and glad to lie down, my rest was remarkable chiefly for its restlessness. Few nights have seemed longer to me than did this, and I was heartily glad when morning came and the occupants of the lodge began to move. The older squaws were up first; but the men soon followed, and with them I went outside. A number of horses were picketed below the village. Taking two, each tied a lariat around the lower jaw of his animal, and, mounting bareback, they were soon out of sight.

WINDING THE WATCH IN THE INDIAN TENT.

During their absence, I made my way into the salmon-houses. Poles were stretched across, and to these were fastened a vast number of salmon. The process of curing is very simple. Each fish when caught is split open, the entrails taken out, a short stick inserted at the widest part to keep it open, and then it is put on the poles with thousands of others and allowed to partially dry. They are then put in the large houses before mentioned, a slow fire built under them, and they are slowly smoked until thoroughly cured.

In less than half-an-hour I heard loud hallooes

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and trampling outside, and, going out, found my night's hosts coming back driving a large band of horses before them, among which I could see some of my own. All were driven into a huge corral, and then we went into breakfast, which meal was much the same in kind and quality as the supper had been.

Having finished, I handed the two squaws who had done the work a half-dollar each. The younger of the two kept hers; the other passed her money to the pretty one. I drew my own conclusions and passed out.

Going to the corral, the Indians immediately got inside, and with their lariats caught my horses one after the other with great rapidity. When all were outside, the horse I had ridden the day before was brought up, with the saddle, bridle, and blankets. These I put on to one of my other horses, and then turned to settle with my Indian friends. A plug of tobacco and a small coin to each seemed to satisfy them; and throwing myself into the saddle, I was soon making my way up the Wawawa, and, once upon level ground, made rapid time home.

AN AUTUMN JINGLE.

I KNOW a little creature,
  In a green bed,
With the softest wrappings
  All around her head.

When she grows old,
  She is hard and can't feel;
So they take her to the mill,
  And make her into meal.

JENNY PAINE'S HAT.

BY MARY L. BOLLES BRANCH.

SUSY DIMOCK came home from school one afternoon, full of fun, and danced about the room in great delight, as she saw her mother watching her with a puzzled expression.

"What's the matter with you, Susy?" asked Mrs. Dimock at last: "somehow you look different from usual. What have you been doing to yourself? O, I see, it is the hat! Whose hat is it, dear, and where is your own?"

"O, mamma, it is such fun!" exclaimed Susy. "Jenny Paine and I have changed hats for a week. I think hers is prettier than mine,—don't you? I like a blue wing ever so much better than a red one."

"It is a very pretty hat, and I am afraid you will injure it," said Mrs. Dimock, anxiously, as Susy tossed it in the air. "I think you had better take it right back to Jenny, and get your own."

"O, mother, I can't! She lives half a mile the other side of the school-house, and it looks just as if it was going to rain! We've changed for a week. *She* don't care,—*she* thinks mine is the prettiest."

"Well, be careful of it as you can, then," replied her mother. "You had better hang it up, and get ready for supper. Your father sent up word this afternoon that Uncle Henry is in town, and he will bring him home with him."

"O, how splendid!" cried Susy. "I am so glad, I don't know what to do; only I wish Cousin Hat had come too."

And away she ran joyously, only stopping for a second to hang Jenny Paine's hat on her nail. When papa came up the street with good-natured, sun-burnt Uncle Henry, there was an eager little face pressed against the window-frame watching for them; and when they reached the door Susy was there before them, shouting with delight.

Uncle Henry was a favorite guest, but he did not come half often enough, Susy thought; and as for her Cousin Hatty, she had not seen *her* for more than a year. One of her first questions was about Hatty.

"She's learned to row," said Uncle Henry. "She goes out with me in my fishing-boat, and helps pull in the nets."

"Oh!" exclaimed Susy, breathlessly, "how per-

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fectly beautiful! I wish I could go in a boat too; but there is n't any water here. Papa, why don't *we* live by the water?"

"Go home with me," said Uncle Henry: "that 's one of my errands. Hatty will be on the look-out for you to-morrow night. I shall have to come up to the city again next week, and will bring you home then, if you can't stay any longer."

"O, mother, may I?" cried Susy, all in excitement.

"Why, I don't like to have you lose a week of school," said Mrs. Dimock.

"Never mind that," interposed Mr. Dimock. "It will do her good. She will come back and study all the better after a week on the shore, among the sea-weeds and mussels."

So it was all arranged. Uncle Henry was to start early the next morning; so Susy's packing had to be done that night; and she could hardly get to sleep after it, so many visions of Hatty, and boats, and waves, danced before her eyes. It was not until morning, when it was almost time to go, and she was beginning to get her things together, that she remembered that Jenny Paine had her hat!

"There, now, that is too bad!" said Mrs. Dimock; "I don't believe you can go, after all, Susy. There is no time to send for your hat."

Susy was almost crying.

"O, mother, I must go," she exclaimed; "I may never have such a chance again in all my life. I can wear Jenny's hat; she wont care, and we changed for a week. I should wear it a week anyhow, so what difference does it make?"

"I 'm afraid you will spoil it," said her mother, anxiously.

"No, I wont. I 'll be just as careful! And Jenny has mine, so it is all fair."

"Well, then," said Mrs. Dimock, wavering, "you must be very, very careful, and not wear it out on the water. I packed your old flat in the trunk, and you must wear that every time you go out."

"Yes, I will," replied Susy, putting on her things in the greatest hurry, for Uncle Henry was waiting; and then in a minute more she had said good-bye, and was speeding away with him to the depot, looking very eager and pretty in Jenny Paine's hat with the blue wing.

There was a ride in the cars for about an hour, and then a steamboat took them down the river to the Sound. This was very interesting to Susy, the river-banks were so lovely all the way, and they stopped at so many curious little places. At last, as the boat was nearing a queer, small wharf, where only two or three people were waiting, and one horse and wagon, Uncle Henry started up and told Susy to follow him, for they were to land here. As soon as they were on the wharf, the boat steamed away from them, and went on down the Sound. Uncle Henry and Susy got into the wagon and drove along the shore road, almost all the time in sight of the water. When they had gone about three miles, they came suddenly right out upon the beach, and there Susy saw a girl running toward them laughing, with the wind blowing back her hair. It was Hatty; and Uncle Henry's house was close by.

And now commenced a week of wild delight for Susy. She and Hatty almost lived out of doors in the sunshine and salt air. They made caves in the sand, and took off their shoes and stockings, so they could run barefoot in the edge of the waves. They gathered ribbon-weed and snap-weed; they picked up scallop-shells and tom-toms; they rocked in the boat as she lay tied to a stake; and now and then, when Uncle Henry was by to keep a look-out, Hatty took her little cousin rowing, and gave her lessons in the handling of an oar.

And what did Susy wear on her head all this time? For two days she wore the old flat, but the wind made it flap in her face so, that she was hardly sorry when one morning a brisk gust swept it off from her head, and whirled it out to sea. It looked so funny when it began to float, like a great yellow pancake, and then in a few minutes it gave up, and went down among the crabs and jelly-fishes.

"Now I shall have to wear Jenny Paine's hat," said Susy.

She could not think of anything else to do, and she meant to be very, very careful of it. She *knew* she would n't hurt it.

And sure enough she did n't, the first day. But the next, a shower came up while they were out in the boat, and the hat got a wetting as well as the girls.

"But one shower don't hurt a hat much," said Susy, as she stroked out the blue feathers in the wing; "and like as not Jenny would have got caught in the rain herself, if she had worn the hat to school to-day."

Well, the shower *did n't* hurt it so very much,—not near so much as the sprinklings of salt spray it got every day after that, when the girls were in the boat practicing at feathering their oars. And even that was but nothing compared with what happened the day they went with Uncle Henry to dig clams.

It was the day before Susy was to go home, and she had not been clamming once; so Uncle Henry said he would take her that very afternoon.

"O, Pigeon Cove!" cried Hatty, clapping her hands; "can't we go to Pigeon Cove, papa?"

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"Why yes, we can," he said; "but then we must start before dinner, so you had better put up a lunch."

That was easily done, for no one in the world knew better than Aunt Ann how to put up a lunch for a boating party, and she soon packed a large basket with the good things that hungry people like to eat out of doors. And it was not very long before they were sailing with a brisk wind out over the waves in the direction of Pigeon Cove.

"O, how pretty!" cried Susy, as they sprang ashore half an hour later on a white beach, all wide and wet, for the tide was low. A grove of maples reached down almost to the sand, and there were plenty of wild lilies in blossom among the rocks.

"Now let 's dig clams," said Hatty,—"it is such fun!"

And so it was, for a little while; but by and by the girls began to run races from the rocks to the trees. They were tired of bending down on the sand.

"Look here, kittens!" called out Uncle Henry; "I 'll agree to do the rest of the clam-digging, if you 'll go and get dinner ready up there in the shade."

That was a splendid plan. The girls ran in great glee to the boat, and lifted out the lunch-basket.

"Why don't you leave your hat here in the boat?" said Hatty to Susy; "you won't need it under the trees, and you might catch it in the bushes."

"That 's a real good plan," said Susy; "I believe I will leave it here. If it was my own, I would n't care; but I must be careful, because it is Jenny Paine's hat."

SUSY LOSES HER OLD HAT.

Then away they went with the basket, and found a beautiful place under the trees quite a way off in the grove, to spread the feast. It took them quite a good while, because they stopped to decorate the pies and the biscuits with wreaths of maple-leaves.

But at last the dinner was all ready, and they called Uncle Henry, who presently appeared under the trees with a pitcher of cool spring water. What fun they had! Everything tasted so

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good, and the birds sang so loud, and they were all so merry. Susy thought it was really the very best time that she had ever had in her whole life.

"Now," said Uncle Henry, as he rose up from the grass, "you can put the dishes back, and then come right down to the boat. The tide is rising too high for us to dig very many more clams, and so we may as well be getting ready to start for home."

He strode away through the trees, and Hatty and Susy followed him at their leisure with the lightened basket. When they reached the shore, Uncle Henry was standing by the boat, waiting for them.

"Why, where are all the clams?" asked Hatty, looking around on the sand.

"In the boat," said her father; "I tossed them in as fast as I got my basket full. There 's as much as three pecks, I 'll venture."

The girls ran down to the boat, and climbed in. Susy cast a frightened glance at the bow, and almost screamed. Where, O, where was Jenny Paine's hat, which she had laid so very carefully in the bottom of the boat not more than two hours before?

"Why, I must ha' thrown all the clams straight down on it!" exclaimed Uncle Henry, when he heard the trouble. "I declare that's too bad, Susy, but just wait a minute, and I 'll get it right out for you."

He thrust his hands in among and under the wet sandy clams, and the bits of dripping seaweed, and he presently seized upon a strange something, which, after some little tugging and twisting, he pulled out.

Was it Jenny Paine's hat—that crushed, stained, shapeless heap of straw and draggled velvet, and broken bits of blue feathers?

"It 's *too* bad!" whispered Hatty, sympathizingly, as she wound her arm around poor drooping Susy, who looked so utterly dismayed at the shocking sight.

"I don't know what mother will say," said Susy, forlornly, "and I don't know what Jenny Paine's mother will say."

"It can't be helped now," said Uncle Henry, ruefully; "no use crying for spilt milk. You know it 'll be all the same a hundred years from now!"

And with this poor comfort they sailed slowly home. The afternoon sun streamed brilliantly over the water, and the sky was as cloudless as the sea, but Susy could not enjoy it with that poor wreck of Jenny Paine's hat lying before her eyes. Hatty tried to say funny things, and Uncle Henry spoke a cheerful word now and then, but Susy sat sober and quiet, thinking of what her mother had said to her about not wearing the hat.

When they reached the shore and went up to the house, Aunt Ann came to the rescue, and did her best with the poor little hat. She pressed the straw, and steamed the velvet, and trimmed the feathers. It was a battered-looking thing, after all her pains, but it would do for Susy to wear going home, if she kept her brown veil over it, to hide it from public view.

The next morning early, Uncle Henry and Susy became travelers again. They said good-bye to Aunt Ann and Hatty, and drove off in the wagon to the steamboat wharf. Before dark Susy was at home. Her mother hardly knew her when she came into the house, she looked so healthy and so sun-burnt, and so very sober, and had such a dilapidated hat on her head, tied around with the brown veil.

Mrs. Dimock did not say much. She was glad Susy had had such a good visit, and she did not want to darken the end of it with reproaches, especially when Susy felt so sorry already. She knew there were milliners enough in town, too, to replace Jenny Paine's hat.

So the very next day Susy sallied forth with her mother, carrying the hat in a brown paper, and they went to the promptest milliner in town with their errand.

"You can make it by this, you know," said Susy, after telling her business; "make it just exactly like what this was, with the blue wing and all."

"I can do that," said the milliner. "It shall be a perfect copy, and you shall have it to-morrow morning."

At this moment another lady with a little girl entered the store, and they too brought a hat done up in brown paper. The lady unwrapped it and handed it to the milliner. It looked as if it had been trampled under foot in the mud, but it had been once quite a pretty hat with a red wing.

"I want you to find a hat exactly like this," said the lady, "and trim it exactly in the same way."

Just then the two little girls looked at each other, and exclaimed in the same breath:

"Why, Jenny Paine!"

"Why, Susy Dimock!"

The milliner smiled. She was the first to catch the joke. The two battered hats lay side by side, and told their own story.

"I have been worried about that hat all the week," said Mrs. Paine to Mrs. Dimock; "for Jenny is so heedless! And what must she do yes-

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terday afternoon but run over to the neighbors' where they are digging a well, and while her inquisitive little head was bent forward looking down, away went the hat into the depths, and the Irishman down there trod it fairly under the mud while he was trying to find it. I must say I don't feel quite so mortified about it now, as I did before this happy meeting! You will have fine new hats, girls, after all, but I beg of you, don't exchange them any more!"

CALLING THE FLOWERS.

By Mary A. Lathbury.

Sweet Lady Pea, fly hither to me!
Light and white are your wings, I see.

Golden Rod, touch me, I pray you, over
The thousand heads of the low, sweet clover.

Snap-dragon, quick! There 's a "bee in your bonnet!"
Pinch him and send him off thinking upon it.

Lily-bell, whisper and tell me true,—
What was the humming-bird saying to you?

Poppy, flaunting your silken dress,
You 'll yet wear a seedy cap, I guess.

Buttercup, bring your gold saucers to me;
Here are two butterflies coming to tea.

Daisy, Daisy, look over this way!
Why do you stare at the sun all day?

Pansy, what are you laughing about?
"Born to the purple" were you, no doubt.

But Violet sweet! O Violet sweet!
Fairer are you at the Pansy's feet.

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THE PETERKINS TOO LATE FOR AMANDA'S SCHOOL-EXHIBITION IN BOSTON.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

Dramatis Personæ.—AMANDA, AMANDA'S MOTHER, GIRLS OF THE GRADUATING CLASS, MRS. PETERKIN, ELIZABETH ELIZA.

Amanda [*coming in with a few graduates*]. Mother, the exhibition is over, and I have brought the whole class home to the collation.

Mother. The whole class! But I only expected a few.

Amanda. The rest are coming. I brought Julie and Clara and Sophie with me. [*A voice is heard.*] Here are the rest.

Mother. Why, no. It is Mrs. Peterkin and Elizabeth Eliza!

Amanda. Too late for the exhibition. Such a shame! But in time for the collation.

Mother [*to herself*]. If the ice-cream will go round!

Amanda. But what made you so late? Did you miss the train? This is Elizabeth Eliza, girls—you have heard me speak of her. What a pity you were too late!

Mrs. Peterkin. We tried to come; we did our best.

Mother. Did you miss the train? Did n't you get my postal-card?

Mrs. Peterkin. We had nothing to do with the train.

Amanda. You don't mean you walked?

Mrs. Peterkin. Oh no, indeed!

Elizabeth Eliza. We came in a horse and carry-all.

Julia. I always wondered how anybody could come in a horse!

Amanda. You are too foolish, Julie. They came in the carryall part. But did n't you start in time?

Mrs. Peterkin. It all comes from the carryall being so hard to turn. I told Mr. Peterkin we should get into trouble with one of those carryalls that don't turn easy.

Elizabeth Eliza. They turn easy enough in the stable, so you can't tell.

Mrs. Peterkin. Yes; we started with the little boys and Solomon John on the back seat, and Elizabeth Eliza on the front. She was to drive, and I was to see to the driving. But the horse was not faced toward Boston.

Mother. And you tipped over in turning round! Oh, what an accident!

Amanda. And the little boys—where are they? Are they killed?

Elizabeth Eliza. The little boys are all safe. We left them at the Pringles', with Solomon John.

Mother. But what did happen?

Mrs. Peterkin. We started the wrong way.

Mother. You lost your way, after all?

Elizabeth Eliza. No; we knew the way well enough.

Amanda. It 's as plain as a pike-staff!

Mrs. Peterkin. No; we had the horse faced in the wrong direction, toward Providence.

Elizabeth Eliza. And mother was afraid to have me turn, and we kept on and on till we should reach a wide place.

Mrs. Peterkin. I thought we should come to a road that would veer off to the right or left, and bring us back to the right direction.

Mother. Could not you all get out and turn the thing round?

Mrs. Peterkin. Why, no; if it had broken down we should not have been in anything, and could not have gone anywhere.

Elizabeth Eliza. Yes, I have always heard it was best to stay in the carriage whatever happens.

Julia. But nothing seemed to happen.

Mrs. Peterkin. Oh, yes; we met one man after another, and we asked the way to Boston.

Elizabeth Eliza. And all they would say was, "Turn right round—you are on the road to Providence."

Mrs. Peterkin. As if we could turn right round! That was just what we could n't.

Mother. You don't mean you kept on all the way to Providence?

Elizabeth Eliza. O dear, no! We kept on and on, till we met a man with a black hand-bag—black leather I should say.

Julia. He must have been a book-agent.

Mrs. Peterkin. I dare say he was; his bag seemed heavy. He set it on a stone.

Mother. I dare say it was the same one that came here the other day. He wanted me to buy the "History of the Aborigines, brought up from earliest times to the present date," in four volumes. I told him I had n't time to read so much. He said that was no matter, few did, and it was n't

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much worth it—they bought books for the look of the thing.

Amanda. Now, that was illiterate; he never could have graduated. I hope, Elizabeth Eliza, you had nothing to do with that man.

Elizabeth Eliza. Very likely it was not the same one.

Mother. Did he have a kind of pepper-and-salt suit, with one of the buttons worn?

Mrs. Peterkin. I noticed one of the buttons was off.

Amanda. We 're off the subject. Did you buy his book?

Elizabeth Eliza. He never offered us his book.

Mrs. Peterkin. He told us the same story—we were going to Providence; if we wanted to go to Boston, we must turn directly round.

Elizabeth Eliza. I told him I could n't; but he took the horse's head, and the first thing I knew ——

Amanda. He had yanked you round!

Mrs. Peterkin. I screamed; I could n't help it!

Elizabeth Eliza. I was glad when it was over!

Mother. Well, well; it shows the disadvantage of starting wrong.

Mrs. Peterkin. Yes, we came straight enough when the horse was headed right, but we lost time.

Elizabeth Eliza. I am sorry enough I lost the exhibition, and seeing you take the diploma, Amanda. I never got the diploma myself. I came near it.

Mrs. Peterkin. Somehow, Elizabeth Eliza never succeeded. I think there was partiality about the promotions.

Elizabeth Eliza. I never was good about remembering things. I studied well enough, but, when I came to say off my lesson, I could n't think what it was. Yet I could have answered some of the other girls' questions.

Julia. It 's odd how the other girls always have the easiest questions.

Elizabeth Eliza. I never could remember poetry. There was only one thing I could repeat.

Amanda. Oh, do let us have it now; and then we 'll recite to you some of our exhibition pieces.

Elizabeth Eliza. I 'll try.

Mrs. Peterkin. Yes, Elizabeth Eliza, do what you can to help entertain Amanda's friends.

[*All stand looking at Elizabeth Eliza, who remains silent and thoughtful.*

Elizabeth Eliza. I 'm trying to think what it is about. You all know it. You remember, Amanda—the name is rather long.

Amanda. It can't be Nebuchadnezzar, can it?—that is one of the longest names I know.

Elizabeth Eliza. Oh dear, no!

Julia. Perhaps it 's Cleopatra.

Elizabeth Eliza. It does begin with a "C"—only he was a boy.

Amanda. That 's a pity, for it might be "We are seven," only that is a girl. Some of them were boys.

Elizabeth Eliza. It begins about a boy—if I could only think where he was. I can't remember.

Amanda. Perhaps he "stood upon the burning deck?"

Elizabeth Eliza. That 's just it; I knew he stood somewhere.

Amanda. Casabianca! Now begin—go ahead!

Elizabeth Eliza.

> The boy stood on the burning deck,
> When—when ——"

I can't think who stood there with him.

Julia. If the deck was burning, it must have been on fire. I guess the rest ran away, or jumped into boats.

Amanda. That 's just it.

> "Whence all but him had fled."

Elizabeth Eliza. I think I can say it now.

> "The boy stood on the burning deck,
> Whence all but him had fled ——"

[*She hesitates.*] Then I think he went ——

Julia. Of course, he fled after the rest.

Amanda. Dear, no! That 's the point. He did n't.

> "The flames rolled on, he would not go
> Without his father's word."

Elizabeth Eliza. Oh, yes. Now I can say it.

> "The boy stood on the burning deck,
> Whence all but him had fled:
> The flames rolled on, he would not go
> Without his father's word."

But it used to rhyme. I don't know what has happened to it.

Mrs. Peterkin. Elizabeth Eliza is very particular about the rhymes.

Elizabeth Eliza. It must be "without his father's *head*," or, perhaps, "without his father *said*" he should.

Julia. I think you must have omitted something.

Amanda. She has left out ever so much!

Mother. Perhaps it 's as well to omit some, for the ice-cream has come, and you must all come down.

Amanda. And here are the rest of the girls; and let us all unite in a song!

[*Exeunt omnes, singing.*]

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JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

WHO says the American flag is red, white and blue to-day? I call it red, yellow and brown. At any rate, these are the colors that now are waving about me. They are not all unfurled yet, these beautiful American flags, but lean folded here and there amid the green, waiting in the sunlight for the ripe hour that shall set them free in all their glory.

Ah, what a world this is, my darlings—how rich and beautiful—how well worth being thankful for! I don't believe any one of us is in the least worthy of it. But somehow it is blessed to feel that as one of God's great family each of us may take fresh possession of it every morning in joy and thanksgiving.

Now do you want to hear about

THE SPIRE OF ST. NICHOLAS.

HAVE you heard the news, my pets? The birds are full of it, and they wish me to tell it to the army of Bird-defenders, with their compliments. The spire of Strasburg is no longer the highest in Europe. What is, then? Why, the spire of St. Nicholas, to be sure—the great church of St. Nicholas, lately completed at Hamburg! Strasburg sends its beautiful steeple 466 feet into the air, but St. Nicholas tops this by six feet—a clear reach of 472 feet, my beloved—the highest spire in Christendom.

WHO CAN COUNT THE STARS?

DID you ever try to count the stars? I used to try to do so myself, but somehow I always fell asleep before I could get through, and when I woke up I could not tell where I left off. I'm told, though, that it has been done, and that there are only about eight thousand visible to the naked eye. Don't they make a great show for a number no larger than that? But the Raven tells me that his master, the Astronomer, says that those we can see with our eyes alone are but a very trifle compared with the number that he can see through his telescope. He says, for instance, that there are *eighteen millions* of stars in the Milky Way. Now it's of no use! I can't even think of such a number as that. My head is n't big enough to hold them.

RATS IN A TREE.

Macon, Georgia.

DEAR JACK: I want to tell you of something rather curious: Some years since, I occupied a Summer residence in Georgia, surrounded by mimosa-trees of a fine, feathery foliage, with pods rather shorter than those of the sweet locust. These pods were filled with hard, shiny brown seed, often used by the children for making baskets, bracelets and necklaces. For several days I noticed, after dark, a great rustling in the tree near my window, as if the birds on its boughs were peculiarly restless. I did not, however, pay them much attention till one evening, sitting by the window in the twilight, leaning on the sill and enjoying the cool air, I gradually became conscious that the birds were very odd. They seemed to have no wings, and their tails were long and stringy, whisking from side to side, as they ran back and forward with great agility along the crooked limbs. After gazing with increasing wonder for some moments, I called the children. The moment they arrived, the birds disappeared; but, standing quiet as mice, we soon saw first one, then another small head, with its black, sharp eyes, peer from under the eaves of the house, then spring quickly to the nearest branch; and we now discovered that our birds were not birds at all. They were not even flying squirrels, but large brown rats, that lived and flourished in our roof, and came out to regale themselves upon the seed of the mimosa, and gambol among its boughs. We saw one greedy rat, in his eagerness to secure a very tempting pod, slip from the branch with a squeak of fright, instantly answered by a squeak of pain from another, as, in his frantic efforts to catch hold of something, he caught his neighbor's hanging tail in his mouth. This second rat, in his desperate endeavors to get away, dragged the hanging rat near enough to grasp a limb and release the suffering tail. During this struggle, the whole colony stood still, looking on, and squeaking in sympathy. The pulling and crunching of pods to get the seed, and the dropping of empty shells on the ground, sounded like the soft pattering of rain.

The children and I amused ourselves till supper-time throwing brooms, brushes, and shoes into the tree, to see on the instant the busy crowd disappear like magic, but with none of the flutter and twittering of birds. They would be gone without a sound. These tree rats were a source of interest the whole Summer, and we spent many pleasant hours trying to distinguish them apart, giving names to some and counting the baby rats added occasionally to the crowd.

M. G. B—

A CROOKED STORY.

AT recess, on the last day before "vacation" began, the pretty schoolmistress brought a story to the meadow, which she had written specially for the children. It seemed to me a very straight story when she read it aloud; but from the way in which the little creatures laughed as they crowded about her and looked at the writing, I 'm sure there must have been something very crooked about it, after all. Soon she said, to my delight:

"I think, my dears, we 'll send this story to ST. NICHOLAS. You 'll notice that *every word in it is spelled correctly, in itself*,—that is, you can find each one in any dictionary. Now what is the matter with it?"

"Ha, ha!" they shouted. "Ha, ha!" But one bright little fellow added:

"You 've put in words that are pronounced the same, but they have a different meaning,—so they 're the wrong words!"

"Yes," laughed the schoolmistress, "you 're right. They are the *wrong words*. The spelling of each is quite correct, but many of the words are wrong. Yet if the right words were put in place

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of these, the story, if read aloud, would sound exactly the same as it does now—would n't it?"

"Yes, ma'am! yes, ma'am!" cried one and all.

"Very well, then," said she. "Now, when you find it printed in ST. NICHOLAS, will you all write it out for me with the proper words, so that it will be correct and yet sound exactly as it does now?"

"Yes! oh yes!" they cried eagerly.

[Now, dear editor, please put the pretty schoolmistress' story in here, so that my children, thousands of them, can try too, and send what they write to me in care of ST. NICHOLAS magazine. If they 'll send the thing correctly written out in their own handwriting, I 'll print the best in these pages, and acknowledge all the good ones.]

Now, my pets, set to work! Send in your versions. Jack would like to have a pile as big as a house.

THE STORY.

A rite suite little buoy, the sun of a grate kernel, with a rough about his neck, flue up the rode swift as eh dear. After a thyme, he had stopped at a gnu house and wrung the belle His tow hurt hymn, and he kneaded wrest. He was two tired too raze his fare, pail face. A feint mown of pane rows from his lips.

The made who herd the belle was about to pair a pare, but she through it down and ran with awl her mite, four fear her guessed wood knot weight.

Butt wen she sore the little won, tiers stood in her eyes at the site. "Ewe poor deer! Why due yew lye hear? Ah yew dyeing?"

"Know," he side. "I am feint two thee corps."

She boar hymn in her alms, as she aught, too a rheum ware he mite bee quiet, gave him bred and meet, held cent under his knows, tide his choler, rapped him warmly, gave him some sweet drachm from a viol, till at last he went fourth hail as a young hoarse. His eyes shown, his cheek was read as a flour, and he gambled a hole our.

GROWING MOUNTAINS.

YOU would n't think it, but I 'm told it is actually so, that very high mountains increase in size every year. This is owing to the great quantities of snow which fall upon their tops. Some of this snow slowly melts and runs down the mountain-sides; but much remains, and so the mountains grow higher, year by year, as each season's snow falls upon that left there the year before.

COWS' UPPER TEETH.

HATTIE WHEELER writes to Jack:

I like ST. NICHOLAS ever so much. I think the illustrations of "Johnny Spooner's Menagerie" are so good!—if I were only a boy I should get up one. I like Miss Alcott's story of "Eight Cousins" more than any of her other stories.

Jack asks if any of his young friends can tell him why a certain wealthy farmer, who offered $10,000 for a full set of cow's teeth, lower and upper, cannot get what he wants. The reason he cannot is—cows have no upper front teeth, but have large teeth back, which are called grinders. These are used for chewing the cud.

Hattie is right according to some authorities, and wrong according to others. Cows have no upper front teeth, that's certain; but as for upper back grinders, I 'm not so sure. I never had the pleasure of seeing the inside of a cow's mouth with my own eyes; and it so happens that all growing things of my acquaintance that ever went in to investigate, never came out again to give any report. Perhaps some stout farmer's boy will solve the mystery. For *my* part, I 'd sooner trust a butcher's opinion than a farmer's, for farmers seem to differ on the subject. Is a cow's upper jaw just like a sheep's (as far as teeth are concerned) or not—and, if not, what next?

NEW READING OF "SING A SONG O' SIXPENCE."

"The Farm."

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: You know I am very domestic—very old-fashioned, and get little credit for anything but nonsense. So you see, I was wonderfully surprised the other day when a school-girl said I ought to be ranked with the classic poets—that my pictures were just as good as some in the grand old mythology of the Greeks and Romans. She begged me to accept her interpretation of my "Song of Sixpence," in token of regard. Here it is:

'Every day 's a dainty pie,
Earth the dish—the cover, sky.
Four and twenty hours make
Royal birds therein to bake.
King of Day, the golden sun,
Counts his beams out one by one.
Silver moon, the Queen of Night,
Sips, for honey, rays of light.
Rosy Dawn, maid first to rise,
Hangs bright clouds across the skies.
Birds aye sing at break of day;
Sunrise drives fair Dawn away.
Mother Goose, how could you know?
Did the blackbirds tell you so?"

Between you and me, dear Jack, do you think she found that all out herself? If she did—well, I 'll leave it with you. You have the best tact in stirring up young thoughts. I know it will be new to some one.—Your friend, MOTHER GOOSE.

THE LARGEST LIVING THINGS.

WHO among you can tell me right off which are the largest of living things?

Hurrah! TREES, eh? Of course they are; but one is not apt to think of them at first. Elephants, whales, and such stupendous fellows pop into one's head instead; but what are they for size by the side of a grand oak, a splendid hickory, a cedar of Lebanon, or one of the big trees of California!

And what a baby the oldest living creature is compared with a really old tree! Did ever you hear of the famous dragon-tree on the Island of Teneriffe, which died about eight years ago, after standing 5,000 years? There 's a green old age for you! I never had a chance, as you know, to count the rings of this tree myself; but scientific professors have published its length of years, and I suppose we must take their word for it.

THE MEANING OF "HURRAH"

WHO can tell the meaning of "hurrah?" Jack used it just now a little thoughtlessly, considering its true sense. The pretty schoolma'am says it originated among Eastern nations, where it was used as a war-cry, from the belief that all who died in battle went to heaven.

"To Paradise!" (*hurrag!*) men shouted to one another, by way of encouragement, in the thickest of the fight; and so, in time, came our word "hurrah!" which means almost anything you choose, so that it be of good cheer.

MOLE-FURRED HORSES.

IT is n't likely that any of my children ever saw one of these horses, or that many of them ever will see one. There are only a few, and these are found in the deep coal-mines of Belgium. There, where horses have been kept for many years so far down in the damp earth away from the sun, their coats become of a thick, soft, velvety fur, like that of the mole. Poor fellows! It must be dreadful to be a horse that never can sniff the sunshine, nor roll on the long, fresh grass!

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THE BRAVE DONKEY.

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A STORY OF A BRAVE DONKEY.

DONKEYS are almost always meek, quiet little fellows who look as if they would stand any abuse or bad treatment, but sometimes they show that they have spirit enough. Of course there are bad donkeys, who will kick and behave wickedly at any time, like some boys and girls, so that it is a surprise to see them behave well.

But the donkey I am going to tell you about was nearly always as quiet as he seems in the picture, putting his head over the fence to take a bite of tender grass. But he was very brave indeed, as you will see. He lived in a menagerie—which you know is a wild-beast show—in one of our Western cities. There were a great many savage beasts in this menagerie, and one day a fierce lioness broke out of her cage. She ran around to see who she could bite, and she met this donkey, who was allowed to go loose because he would not hurt anything. So she made a great jump at him and took hold of him with her teeth; but the donkey was so quick and spirited that he got away from her. Then the lioness made another great spring upon him, but this time Mr. Donkey was ready for her.

He turned his back to her, and, when she came near him, he gave her a great kick with both his hind-feet at once, and rolled her over like a ball. She came at him again and again, but every time his strong heels were ready for her, and every time the brave donkey kicked her over on her back. At last she had enough of Mr. Donkey's kicks, and she ran away from him. She did not know before how well a brave donkey could fight.

You have often heard about lions, which are so strong and courageous that they are called the kings of beasts, and perhaps you have seen some of them shut up in a cage when you have been taken to a wild beast show. But it is not likely that you thought that one of these great creatures could ever be conquered by a small donkey, who had nothing to fight with but his heels.

But it often happens that animals, and people too, who are quiet and modest, are very brave indeed when a time comes when they ought to show courage.

The lioness had to be shot, for her keepers could not get her back into her cage. If she had not been shot, I think she would have kept clear of donkeys the next time she got loose.

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THE LETTER-BOX.

CHILDREN, you will have heard of the death of Hans Christian Andersen before you see this magazine, but you may not yet understand what you have lost, and what we all have lost.

Hans Christian Andersen stood at the head of all writers for children. No one wrote stories that were so quaint and rare, so fanciful and curious, and yet so pure and good and earnest in their teachings.

His mission was not only to young people. Men and women in many lands wept and laughed over his stories and put them away in their memories, where they bore good fruit. Jesus Christ once said to his followers, that unless they became as little children they could not enter into the kingdom of heaven. By the wonderful power of his stories, Hans Christian Andersen drew around him thousands of grown-up people, and he made them all children at heart, and so helped them, we hope, to be better fit for heaven.

In a future number we shall have a long talk with you about Hans Christian Andersen.

ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please ask some of the subscribers of the ST. NICHOLAS to tell me, through the Letter-Box, how to make skeleton leaves, and how to preserve Autumn leaves and ferns?—Yours truly, NELLIE R. BURT.

Nellie will find an answer to her first question in the Letter-Box of ST. NICHOLAS for July, 1875. Who will answer the second?

C. A. F.—Your account of the opossum's "playing dead" is very interesting and amusing; but you may not know that some insects are just as wise and often resort to the same trick. Many of the beetle tribe, or *coleoptera*, feign death when touched, and remain entirely motionless until left to themselves again, when they scamper off quickly enough. Naturalists tell us, too, that the little borer familiarly known as the "death-watch," will, when frightened, allow itself to be singed or drowned rather than make any sign of life. So the opossums are not the only creatures who endeavor to deceive their captors in this way.

A FRIEND of ST. NICHOLAS, now in Europe, writes: "On one of her trips, a steamer from New York to Liverpool ran into an iceberg. A piece as large as a small house, weighing twenty tons, was broken off and fell on the deck, crushing it in. The steward told me they cut it up and used the ice on the ship, and it was the clearest and freshest of ice, like fresh-water ice. Some of the ST. NICHOLAS children may be able to tell why salt-water ice is not salt."

C. H. WILLIAMS sends us the following novel statement of his exact age. Such a great desire for accuracy is certainly unusual. We only wonder that it did not suggest to our little correspondent the addition of a postscript, telling just how many of those numerous but valuable seconds he had spent in the calculation:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was 11 years old the 27th of March, 1875. I find that to-day (July 12th, 1875), I am 11 years 3 months 2 weeks 1 day 12 hours 17 minutes 4 seconds old. When ciphering up, I find I am 349,679,024 seconds old. C. H. WILLIAMS.

CHARLIE BALDWIN writes that he has heard that some kinds of azaleas are poisonous, and asks if the report be true. There are azaleas which exude poisonous juices, though we do not know that any of them are found in this country. When Charlie is old enough to read Greek, he will find an account of a misfortune which once happened from this cause to a whole army. It is related by Xenophon, a celebrated Grecian general, and the leader of a famous march known as "the retreat of the ten thousand." He tells us that the Grecian soldiers, weak from hunger and constant marching, seized upon some honey which they chanced to find at a place upon the route, but that all who ate of it soon after fell to the ground dangerously poisoned. Xenophon, we believe, merely states the incident without trying to explain it. But some wise men of later times have united in ascribing the result to the bees having imbibed the juices of a poisonous species of azalea which grew in that region.

HERE is a letter that has come all the way from California to say a kind word for ST. NICHOLAS and add two names to its army of Bird-defenders. We are glad to hear from our Western friends, and are delighted to know that a hearty welcome awaits ST. NICHOLAS in a host of such far-away homes, whether scattered over the wide plains or nestled—like the homes of the snow-birds—among the mountain-crags:

Graniteville, California.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We sojourners, five thousand feet above the sea, are among the many that eagerly look forward to the arrival of ST. NICHOLAS.

The Flower verses in June number have been filled in by a little girl whose name is Amy Waters, and who is thirteen years old. She wishes her name put down as a Bird-defender. My little daughter, Lizette A. Fisher, who is six years old, also wants to be a Bird-defender, and to tell you that she, like H. H., has stumbled upon the Summer home of the snow-birds "high in the upper air."

A. B. FISHER.

Amy's answers were credited last month, and her name, with Lizette's, will be found among the Bird-defenders in another column.

THE picture about which "Little Nell" inquires appeared in ST. NICHOLAS for June, 1874, as an illustration to the article entitled "A Famous Garden."

ODE TO LOVE,

BY A LITTLE GIRL JUST RECOVERED FROM A SEVERE ILLNESS.

"Love me little, love me long,"
Love me surely, love me strong,
Ever faithful, ever free,
Let thy love encompass me.

While I sleep, and when awake,
Don't forget my ginger-cake;
Bake it nicely before the fire,
And let me eat it before I retire.

By doing this your love you'll show
(If the cake be frosted like beautiful snow),
And proving to me love's lurking still,
In the depths of a miserable calomel pill.

MORAL.

Now all my young friends listen,
While the tear in my eyes doth glisten,
Never trust love in the form of a cake,
But remember who fell by the words of a snake.

KATIE F. BILLINGS.

Verdi, July 9th, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have seen letters in the Letter-Box from almost all the States, but none from Nevada—so I thought I would write you one. I am eleven years old. I live on the Truckee River. I have two younger sisters. We live in the country, and there are a great many birds here; but we do not disturb them or their nests. In California, where I have been, they cover the fruit-trees with mosquito-bar, which is much better than killing the little birds.

CLARA L. COLDREN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to become one of your children of the Letter-Box. My name is Nellie, and I would like to tell you about my pets. I wanted a cat,—one of those kind they call Maltese,—but mamma thought as we were living in a hotel a cat would not do, so I had to give it up. My brother found in the creek a little cat-fish, and brought him home in a tin pail, and he was so nice, never giving any trouble, and just as cunning as he could be. He ran around after himself through the water, and had such fun blowing bubbles. He would come up to the top of the water, and you could hear him blow so softly, and the bubbles were so round and pretty. We used to give him a bath every morning, and he was so fresh and happy after it. Although he was very ugly, with his long black horns and big, wide mouth, we loved him. One night brother thought he would be happier in a glass jar, so that we could see him better; but the water was too heavy for his dear little body, and the next morning we found him dead in the bottom of the jar. His horns were quite stiff, and his big mouth shut up tight, and then I knew he would never blow bubbles any more. I give all my pieces

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of crust and cake to the birds now. Is that right? I wish brother belonged to the Bird-defenders. He shot a beauty with brown and gold wings, for mamma to wear in her hat, and a squirrel with a lovely long gray tail. I am sorry for the squirrel, but I like to wear it in my fur cap—I mean the tail.—Believe me a true friend of ST. NICHOLAS, NELLIE SHERWOOD CHILDS.

"NIMPO" writes: "Do you think it fair to put down a baby's name for a Bird-defender? I am getting another list, and one boy says that he will not sign unless his baby-brother's name can be down too. But I don't think that is the only reason, for he wants to shoot prairie-chickens this Summer."

No, Nimpo, a baby's name would be an imposition on the army of Bird-defenders. We want only members who understand what they are promising to do.

Albert Lea, Minnesota.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: May I be allowed to write to you? I am not a subscriber, but a little boy in town who is one lets me take you after he is done with you. I do love you so, and if you will let me, I should like to have my name put down as a Bird-defender.

I have a question to ask, if I may. It is—Why does corn pop when put over the fire? I cannot understand it.

NORA ABBOTT.

We are glad, Nora, to hear from any of our young friends, whether subscribers or not, and also to welcome them as Bird-defenders.

The popping of corn is due to a kind of oil, lodged in little dots within the seeds. When heated, these drops expand and burst, bringing the contents of the grain to the surface by the explosion, which is the "popping." It is these little oil-dots, too, that make the kernels of pop-corn so hard and compact. Very few varieties of corn contain this oily structure, and such as do not cannot be made to pop.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Where do the swallows go when they leave Ireland? F. DUNWOODY.

The swallows of Great Britain take their flight into Africa. In the Autumn, when the season of migration arrives, they cross the English Channel, and assemble with their companions from the different parts of the Continent on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. Here they often linger for some time, as if afraid to undertake so long a voyage through the air, which, indeed, proves frequently too long for many a poor tired wing among their number. The majority, however, cross safely, always flying in troops, and continuing their journey until they reach Senegal—their southern home—whence they return in the Spring to their old nests in the north.

TRANSLATIONS of the Latin story in the July number were received from Jennie Sinclair Neil, Lawrence Black, Jr., Reba Gregory, Julia D. Hunter, F. N. Palmer, John G. Jennings, D. R. Bishop, Lucy M. Sherwood, Beverly Caldwell, and Cyrus Lindley.

MARY O. G—— writes, telling how she protected a crow from the assault of a boy, who we hope knew no better, and asks if it is "wrong, as a Bird-defender, to take just one egg from a nest?" You deserve a captaincy, Mary, for your gallant defense of the bird, and we will be glad to enroll you as such; but are you not glad some one did not deprive you of the gratification of protecting that bird by taking just that one egg from the nest where he was hatched? Make up your company, Mary, and send in the names.

ANDY R. C.—ST. NICHOLAS is decidedly opposed to robbing birds' nests merely to make a collection of eggs. If they are wanted for a purely scientific purpose, address "Ornithologist," Box 2477, Boston, Mass. A nice little bed of ferns, or a case of mosses, will give you more and pleasanter study, and living growth is better than dry shells to look upon.

MAMIE B.—We are sorry the blackbirds cannot agree with your favorite robins and other musical birds, but they are fully as useful in their way as the singers. In the Spring they hover in small flocks where the plow is going, and pick up great numbers of all sorts of grubs, worms, insects' eggs, &c., which would destroy plenty of corn and other vegetable growth for which the ground is being prepared. This is true of all of them, but especially the "great," "common," and "rusty" crow-blackbirds, and that handsome fellow with red shoulder-straps, the "red-winged" starling. Then the cow-blackbird is a warm friend of the cattle, too, and they permit him to hunt his dinner on their backs. Study the habits of the blackbirds, and you will forget they are not singers.

E. S. AND A. M. F.—How to keep the cats away from the birds is a hard puzzle to answer. Mr. Haskins once said, "If I had a favorite cat, I would feed her until she would be too lazy to catch birds; and if some one else had a cat that misbehaved in that way—why, I'd rather save the birds than the cat. Owls and hawks catch more rats and mice than the cats."

BIRD-DEFENDERS.

Stratford, Conn., August 4th, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to join the army of Bird-defenders, and I send you the names of a few other boys who also wish to join. They are: Ross W. Weir, Willie B. Weir, Louis L. Barton, Jimmie B. Weir, Willie D. Mead, Charlie D. Mead, Harry M. Johnson, Tom H. Smith, John B. Vanderveer, Edward B. Vanderveer, Harry L. Vanderveer, Henry Bayard, Willie Bayard, Robert Bayard, Tunis S. Bergen, Geo. T. Bergen, Steve H. Angell, Willie A. Voorhis, Willie Marshall, Louis Emerson, Vernie Carroll, Adele Emerson, Lizzie E. Emerson, Samuel F. Emerson, I. J. Booth, Nattie H. Demarest, John F. Beers, Willie D. Mills, John Harris, Schemerhorn Halsted, Chas. Kurst, Frank Bennet, R. B. Moffat, Bainbridge Hinkley, John Obermier, Frank Slocum, Spencer Wycoff, Reed Moore, Ed. Moore, John Dolbeare, Jack Shearon, Michael McFlanagan, Charlie Grant, Ed. Smith, Louis Burritt, Chas. Brown, Ace Teft, Clarence Bedell, Sam Chauncey, Willie Willard, August Lopsaggeure, F. Spy, Ossey Wilson, J. Simpson, Robt. Halsted, Rol. Tayleure, Paul Tunison, Geo. Charles, Mark Hopkins, J. P. Ford, Willie Strong, Archibald Birdsall, Dan Bridge, Dan McCabe, and Frank Lockwood.

Here are also a few Chinese boys, who, when I asked them if they would join the Bird-defenders, were very glad to do so They came here on a visit to see those four Chinese boys whose names were mentioned in the ST. NICHOLAS for August: Wong Kai Kah, L. Yung, Seung Tun Yen, W. Yang Tsang, Qwong Tong, Wong Set Pow, Chow Wan Pang, Chu Si Shu, Kee Yung, Tsao Mow Cheong, Wong Fung Hai, Tgai Gheu Chi, Yun Cheong Kwan, and Cheong Woo.—Yours truly, WALTER B. EMERSON.

Jennie Oliver sends the following list: Bessie Roberts, Hattie Jones, Gertie Jones, Jennie Keys, Mollie King, Nellie Kelly, Lizzie Lindsay, Maggie Glendinning, Susie Teaff, Ella M. Cahill, Lizzie S. Irwin, Vina Sheets, Lizzie Evans, Sadie Reed, Laura Ferguson, Clare G. Hubert, Hattie Roberts, Lizzie Spaulding, Ellie Rowon, Mena Floto, Augusta Floto, Hetty Moreland, Anna Caffmon, Jane McClure, Ida Withroe, Cara Bansell, Emma Dowey, John C. Oliver, Campbell Oliver, James G. Oliver, Eddie Bond, Frank Pierce, Stanton McGinnis, George Keith, Husby Mooney, Charlie Hunt, Willie M. Layton, Chas. Dunbar, James Smith, Rea Cady, Willie Loomis, Charlie Swards, Charley Phool, Tat Jemison, Eddie Jemison, Anna Salmon, Nettie McClain, Ella Roberts, Sally Smirthwait, Mary Johnson, Molly Moony, Rachel Moony, Minnie McKinley, Sally Bush, Emma Robinson, Kate Engle, Eva Cimeral, Ella Filson, Ida Stephens, Florence Myers, Cara Hubill, Lena Sturges, Effie Waldren, Aggie Brinkman, Mary Young, Ella Miller, Russ Jemison, Len Helms, and Tom Helms.

Geo. Cole sends the following names: Arthur Canon, Harry Vieland, Libbie Wilcox, Lucy Wilcox, Frank Wilcox, Sarah Howitt, Mary Howitt, George Sanderson, Ella Pond, Frank Tilton, Libbie Tilton, Mary Sorrel, Carrie Warren, Emily E. Hunter, Mary David, Cara Molow, Bert Fullerton, Harry Remington, Walter Remington, Sarah Remington, Josie Remington, George Graves, Harris Cook, Harry Williams, Edward Bush, Carrie Bush, Mary Bush, Ella Cary, George Trites, Kittie Owen, Fannie Sauer, Emily Royce, Frank Royce, Elmer Davison, Curtis Williamson, George Bruton, Herbert Beebe, John Andrews, Walter Gaylord, Frank Nelson, George L. Dell, Thomas Hunt, Frank Hunt, George Hunt, Samuel Hurlburd, Vinnie McTully, George Perry, Alice Perry, Frank Wing, Arthur Pendent, Frank Grover, Harry Harris, Frank Bruton, Ed. Griffin, E. Ford, S. R. Peters, Rob. Terry, Frank Newton, Tom Newe, T. O'Brien, L. S. Read, R. Read, Frank Thomas, and Ella Thomas.

Irene Barnes, of Greenville, R. I., sends this list, called "The Greenville Band": Jesse Mowry, Nelson Walcott, Henry Keech, Howard Southwick, Charlie Tobey, Ernest Kendall, Albert O. Smith,

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Jenkie Smith, George Smith, Walter Smith, Allan Driscoll, Daniel Straight, Chester Walcott, Scott Barnes, Earle Winsor, Bertie Arnold, Walter Burlingame, Irving Mathewson, Clarence Mathewson, Albert Shaw, Joel Blanchard, George Cozzens, Robert Monkton, Herbert Mathewson, Frank Mathewson, Henry Mathewson, Willie Allen, Charlie Noonan, Willie Warfield, Nicholas Winsor, Nellie Steere, Maria Murphy, Julia Murphy, Mabel Smith, Emma Steere, Mattie Walcott, Edith Warfield, Flora Browne, Susie Davis, Mary Flint, Theresa Masterson, Eliza Masterson, Mary Masterson, Mary Fanning, Lillie Straight, Mattie Browne, Emily Rocke, Delma Rocke, Ida Steere, Gertrude Steere, Carrie Barnes, Maggie Murphy, Willie Warfield, Henry Rocke, Nettie Eddy, Mary Steere, and Waldo Steere.

Cora E. Jones, of Mamaroneck, N. Y., sends these names: Cora E. Jones, Minnie A. Jones, Ella C. Racer, Frank M. Spader, Charles V. Spader, Agnes A. O'Keefe, Emma C. Kane, Kittie E. Newcomb, Hattie Palmer, Anna Foshay, Ida Foshay, Kate Tutty, Mena Fleischer, Henrietta Fleischer, Lottie G. Turner, Eva I. Tufner, Lillie Turner, Harry Turner, Ella Connelly, Cecilia Spader, George Spader, Katie Morrisy, Kate Henne, Rosa Cassidy, Mary Cassidy, James Cassidy, Terrence Cassidy, Sarah A. Weeks, Jennie E. Dexter, Tillie Brennecke, Charlie Brennecke, Julia Wolfe, Louis Wolfe, George Smith, Mary Warren, Katie Gambling, Samuel Lawrence, Ida Lawrence, Eddie Torrence, Willie Torrence, Herbert Torrence Carrie Fleischer, Mary Brooks, Dannie Brooks, Nellie Ogden, Geo. Ogden, Annie Carthy, Thomas Bougen, Harry Cornell, Mrs. E. Cornell, Mrs. S. A. Jones, Mrs. C. Spader, William C. Delanoy, Eddie P. Delanoy, Mamie Hannan, and Maggie Purcell.

Alice G. Lucas sends this list: Fannie Hale, Mary Hardy, Evelyn Phelps, George Carter, Mary Lewis, Mattie Baker, Anna Lewis, Sadie Dunster, Hattie Collins, Nellie Smith, Harrie Barnes, Alice Lucas, Jennie Dye, Emma Hagen, Johnny Phelps, Ernest Johnson, Charlie Sturdevent, Freddie Sturdevent, Harrie Harretson, Ina Mereness, Charlie Dunster, Lilian Dunster, Francis Dunster, Georgie Barber, Hollis Johnson, May Butchers, Nina Collins, Linn Babcock, Johnnie Montrose, May Curtis, Cora Camp, Eddie Lewis, Mary Donnelly, Lizzie Lucas, Julia Lucas, Charlotte Hewitt, Elizabeth Coe, Eliza Coe, Alice Baker, and Julia Baker.

The following list also has been received: Nettie McCluskey, Edith Hastings, Dora Hastings, Herbert Hastings, Charlie Hastings, Harry Sanford, Percy Sanford, Olive Sanford, Bert Winwood, Clara Winwood, Florence Newell, Fred Newell, T. H. Keck, C. E Whitehead, Gertrude Clifford, Lucy Meade, Hattie Meade, Jennie Cochran, John Cochran, Jr., Hope Upfold, Stella Barnes, Carrie Barnes, Laura Barnes, H. W. Carleton, Marie Bon Nëll, Carlé Bon Nëll, Ruth Chambers, John Baxter, E. K. Hogg, Meg Jasper, Joe Jasper, Marion I. Auburne, Meta Grafton, Bertha Grafton, Jennie Lee, Frank Leonard, Arthur Leonard, Clarence Linn, Arthur St. Claire, N. E. Griswold, Bernard Stanley, Rose Lind, and Etta Silverthorne.

Theresa Freund, of Cincinnati, O., sends this list: Mary Stephenson, Mary Nevin, Ella Riordan, Minna Winkler, Emma Kanslienn, Lizzie Eichert, Minna Weber, Mary Otte, Celia Clericus, Amelia Borckenhagen, Minna King, Anna Gilligan, Emma Mueller, Julia Pagenstechers, Martha Aufdenberge, Sarah Aufdenberge, Lena Cords, Rosa Bubbe, Henrietta Emigholz, Alvina Keidel, Emily Moessinger, Augustus Moorhaus, Adam Sammet, William Reid, Herman Keck, Edward King, Louis Eberle, George Heitbrink, Edward Boettcher, Frank Theis, Frederic Bertram, Louis Bernet, Augustus Fuchs, Wm. Machle, Wm. Behlendorf, Herman Jeutzen, Wm. Grodzicki, Joseph Nevin, Matthew Woodburn, Chas. Distler, Max Ahr, Arthur Andres, John Drabing, and Charles Theis.

Laura Drayton, of Dysart, Iowa, sends this list: Laura Drayton, Mary Drayton, Emma Robison, Ida M. Howard, Clara A. Howard, Minnie A. Farnsworth, Ella Fike, Laura Fike, Caroline Fike, Rosa S. Knupp, Susie S. Knupp, Mrs. Hattie Clayton, Eva L. Drayton, Mrs. F. A. Drayton, Nellie Porter, Hattie Dickenson, Ola Wood, Mrs. B. V. Shumaker, Belle Magorian, Ella Magorian, Mary E. McMurry, Jasper Dodson, Noah Knupp, Charley Farnsworth, Willie J. Robinson, Ira G. Hileman, George C. Howard, Frank W. Fike, George Fike, Sammie Fike, F. H. Clayton, Orin Wood, F. Farnsworth, Bryant Dickenson, Frankie Shumaker, W. A. Drayton, Henry Magorian, Thomas Magorian, Pierce Travis, Harison Johnson, John Dempsy, and R. B. Meyers.

Charles E. Bush, of Lansing, Mich., sends this list: Chas. S. Barker, Willie Barker, Geo. Sprang, Fred Straight, John J. Bush, Jr., Percy Chapman, Julius Lederer, Willie Coleman, Earl Wood, Frank Jeune, Frank Warner, Heber Knott, Chas. Crane, J. Eddie Roe, Carrie Bush, Nellie Porter, Frank Dart, Belle Dart, Carrie Boothroyed, Hattie Haze, Ada Fuller, Jennie Bunn, Carrie Osborn, Nancy Sanborn, Effie Longstreet, Carrie D. Pratt, Carrie F. Pratt, Carne French, Ella Vanauken, Eva Hutchinson, Cara Wood, Hattie Bennett, Ida Case, Belle Sprang, Eliza Hinman, Lucy Cowles, Jennie Buck, May Dewey, Nellie Bertch, and E. E. West.

Ellen W. Locwell sends this list: Lucy Gillfillan, Hattie Gallup, Alfaretta Lamoree, Emma Gillfillan, Naomi Gillfillan, Frankie Gallup, Charley Burns, Lizzie Burns, Ella Kimball, Annie Kimball, Charlie Whipple, Albert Clarrence, Laura Vantassel, Alice Ferguson, Norman Ferguson, Arthur C. Gillfillan, Katie Rottermann, Sarah Burns, Nettie Gallup, Ellen Gallup, Lina Stowell, Charlie Gillfillan, Norman Gillfillan, Augusta Whipple, Frank Rottermann, George Wilson, Fannie A. Stowell, Rebecca Stowell, Willie Cashen, Maggie McDonald, Mary McDonald, Katie Ward, Libbie Soboleski, and Tillie Lukecart.

Inez L. Porter sends the following names: Fanny Dony, Lena Sawyer, Ida Green, Mina Green, Augusta Bower, Eddie Bower, Fanny Porter, Albert Porter, Lina Green, Johnnie Green, Mary Brown, Agnes Brown, Ethel Ballon, Elsie Ballon, Clara Montgomery, Lena Montgomery, Mina Friend, Georgie Friend, Edith Friend, Salhe Friend, Ellen Starr, Kathie Starr, Eugene Starr, Hester Rossitur, Mary Rossitur, Edith Rossitur, Frances Groom, Agnes Groom, Susie Porter, Inez Porter, and Edgar Porter.

Ethel Ferguson, of Peoria, sends this list: Edna Gowan, Emma Gowan, Bernard Gowan, Nina Tall, Laura Tall, Edwin Tall, Simpson Tall, Nannie Sprague, Ollie Sprague, Catherine Sprague, George Smith, Laban Smith, Ellie Smith, Hiram Smith, Egbert Green, Charity Green, Mattie L. Green, Ruth Sozer, Emily Sozer, Jane Sozer, Jimmie Sozer, Lillie Sozer, Sallie Fisher, Harrie Fisher, Eugene Fisher, Hattie Fisher, Oliver Green, Robert Green, Alfred Green, Marie Green, Barbara Briggs, Anna Briggs, Julia Briggs, Julius Briggs, Isadora Brown, Isabel Brown, Horace Brown, Marie Brown, Ethel Ferguson, Blanche Ferguson, and Johnnie Ferguson.

Mary Leigh, of Newton, N. J., sends the following list: Grace Lain, Annie Priest, Mamie Swayze, Emma Woodruff, Laura Moore, Katie Moore, Stella Lee, Carrie Bunnell, Stella Smith, Kittie Rogers, Lillie Rudd, Fan Rundell, Jennie Lain, Alice Bunnell, Maude Priest, G. W. Keck, E. O. Dershimer, Fred Nicholas, Frank Ingersoll, E P. Snover, Victor Lecoq, W. O. Cheeseman, R. P. Crellin, Bert Burrell, Davie Couse, Sam Northrup, Sam Morford, Fred Tuttle, Louise Barrett, Lizzie J., Madge H., Annie V., Eloise V., Annie B., Eva L., Annie J., Arthur R., and Joe Clark.

Arthur Stuart Walcott, of N. Y. City, sends this list: Isabel Dazey Boynton, Eleanor V. Boynton, Theodore V. Boynton, Frederick C. Boynton, Charles E. Boynton, Chester C. Boynton, S. L. Boynton, L. B. Boynton, L. Bontelle, Bessie B. Norton, Edward Russell Norton, Jr., Thomas L. Thornell, E. W. Hamilton, E. P. Hamilton, Marion S. Hamilton, Henry A. Ferguson, B. S. Walcott, L. B. Walcott, Wm. C. Stone, Frederick H. Hamilton, Kate Davis, Ellen H. Smith, Lucius H. Smith, Wm. B. Smith, Sydney A. Smith, Sarah M. Pinckney, Annie Lawlor, Ellen Donovan, Mary Downey, J. L. Wakeford, Frank Wiseman, H Pendleton, Eliza Pendleton, Henry G. Eliott, and Abby E. Cleaveland.

Charles E. Howe sends this list: Samuel Smith, Albert Wilson, Thomas Edye, Harry Foote, Harry Fitch, Charles Schofield, David Hughes, Harry Cooke, William Carlile, Elmer Carlile, Edith Carlile, Clara Thompson, Fred Smith, Carrie Smith, Daisy Seymour, Alice Seymour, John Seymour, Arthur Spencer, A. E. Faber, Frank Miller, Lucy Miller, Harry Fulton, Samuel Haddox, George Friend, Fannie Moore, James Moore, John Moore, William Salmon, Hattie Stanton, Harry Lomare, Paul Ney, Frank Taylor, and Belle Eaton.

The following list has been received from Englewood, N. J.: Leula Wethered, Carrie Wethered, Mollie Wethered, Woodworth Wethered, Sissy Cooke, Nannie Homans, Bessie Homans, Sarah Homans, Fannie Blake, Charlotte Blake, Minnie Haring, Amelia Haring, Mattie Waddell, Mamie Waddell, Alice Buckley, Jennie Conner, Ella Bogert, Alice Sellick, Sallie Parramore, Lizzie Jones, Lucy Halstead, Abbie Nichols, Tiny Wetmore, Mary Chester, Bessie Fisher, Madgie Wall, Clara Smith, Clara Oakley, Mary Waterbury, Virginia Banks, Julia Lyman, Charlie Waterbury, Florence Brown, and Clara Durbin.

Ettie S. Trussell, of Chester, Ohio, sends this list: Ettie S. Trussell, Lillie F. Trussell, Emma K. Tresize, Ida B. Tresize, Lillie E. Robinson, Emma M. Robinson, Ella E. Folan, Nettie J. Folan, Amanda I. Robinson, Carrie Robinson, Mary F. Tresize, Minnie A. Wallace, Sarah J. Jeroleman, Hattie Myers, Mattie R. Morse, Ella

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S. Larkins, Mary Meager, Barbara Meager, Harley P. Robinson, Osman Rickets, Wallie Trussell, Sherman Smith, Charlie Kimes, Eddie Kimes, Merril Rickets, Charlie Wallace, Dudley Smith, Wm. Moore, Wallie Morris, Thomas Jeroleman, and Willie Morse.

Hattie Boardman, of Old Fort, N. C., sends this list: Hattie Boardman, Nellie Boardman, J. H. Boardman, Elizabeth Boardman, F. E. Kennedy, R. A. McCoy, M. A. Pence, N. E. Cordell, R. H Moore, Ellen Whitley, Eddie Whitley, Jimmie Whitley, Herbert Whitley, Willie Menzie, Sarah Kanupp, Sarah Menzie, Ellen Menzie, Kenna Menzie, Frank Curtis, Connie Curtis, Willie Sandlin, Joe Phipps, Henry Shiral, Andy Shiral, John Finch, Nancy Finch, Alsie Cordell, Annie Cordell, Amanda Godwin, and Bertha Haight.

Harry S. Thiers, of Orangeville Mills, Mich., sends these names: H. S. Thiers, Clara M. Snook, Clyde M. Clubine, Arthur N. Nevins, Frank G. Thiers, Willie Crans, Frank Hewitt, Hugh Phetteplace, Scott Phetteplace, Mattie E. Mattison, Josie L. Searles, Belle Crans, Charlie Phetteplace, Walter Beattie, Frankie Wilson, Alice H. Nichols, Adelia M. Saddler, Ella R. Flahaut, Charley England, Carrie Lamb, Bertha Van Volkenburg, Florence M. Wait, Rena A. Lamb, Curtis Brigham, Albert Nichols, and Allie Ford.

Shelbyville, Mo., sends us seven lists: (I.) From "Shelbyville Select School": A. Mütter Priest, Del Grogg, Judie Grogg, Eva Stuart, Alma Flack, Hattie Glover, Mattie Dunn, Cora Priest, Sarah Ritter, Harry M. Levan, Willie Grogg, Allie M. Ewing, Mary E. Priest, Ella F. Engle, Carrie Vance, Mary West, Fanny Marquette, Annie King, Ellen C. Parsons, Alfred L. Graves, Lucy Manville, Jennie Douglass, Arthur Levan, Bertie Manville, Hannah Stuart, Emily K. Manville, Maggie Levan, Tommie Priest, Fritz Manville, and Lillie Duncan.

(II.) Hattie Glover's list: C. W. Rust, Eliza A. Rust, Dora Engle, James Engle, Fannie Glover, Eliza Peek, W. H. Glover, Virginia Glover, Willie Glover, Albert Glover, and Nettie McDonald.

(III.) Eddie A. Burlingame's list: Alice J. Devin, Daisy E. Burlingame, Sarah S. Graves, Mrs. F. P. Burlingame, Alice Graves, Geo. L. Carley, E. P. Burlingame, Thomas P. White, John Riggs, Wm. T. McDaniel, Vernon L. Drain, Ethan Riney, O. P. Devin, and Georgie Burlingame.

(IV.) Maggie Levan's list: Perry Reynolds, Nelly Hughes, Sam Reynolds, Walter Tolle, Recter Tolle, Ernest Reynolds, Dora Tolle, and Frank Biglow.

(V.) Mary West's list: Sarah Hiter, James Hiter, Jennie Melson, Louisa Sullivan, Mary D. Devin, Della Dobbin, Kate Chick, Laura Collier, Sallie Gunby, Minnie Grey, Mary E. McLeod, and Laura Dobbin.

(VI.) Ella Engle's list: Dora Turner, Lizzie S. Engle, Susie M. McMurry, Fannie W. McMurry, Susan Sonner, Mollie Priest, Rettie Priest, Susie Priest, Elizabeth Engle, Dee Shackelford, Ida Shackelford, Marmaduke Hillias, Katie Shackelford, Virgil Shackelford, Mattie Dines, Sarah Harvey, Robert McMurry, Sammie McMurry, Hattie Irwin, Kittie Irwin, Leonard Copenhaver, and Susie Burrus.

(VII.) Fannie Marquette's list: Katie Miller, Albert Turner, Sallie Turner, Lucy Marquette, Robert Hall, Bell Copenhaver, Fannie Smith, Sallie Oakes, Charles Copenhaver, Lizzie Miller, Emma Turner, Florence Smith, and Dora Turner.

Lizzie Hurlburt, of Oberlin, O., sends this list: Lizzie Hurlburt, Mrs. F. J. Hurlburt, H. E. Cole, F. B. Hurlburt, Charlie E. Hurlburt, Harry S. Hurlburt, Carrie M. Smith, Howard Smith, Kittie Thomas, Angie Thomas, Flora Arnold, Frankie Arnold, Gertie Morse, E. R. Cole, Hattie Worcester, Carrie E. Hendry, Anna Fisher, Jessie Russel, Susie Wallace, Minnie Edwards, Etta Moore, Gussie W. Platt, Emma Hanmer, Mary Hunter, Charlie Reeves, and Mamie Whitney.

Albert E. Leach, of Mt. Vernon, N. H., sends the following list: Johnnie Bruce, Georgie F. Averill, Chester B. Averill, Johnnie Upton, Georgie E. Hill, Bertie F. Conant, Gracie Conant, Lulie E. Trevitt, May V. Trevitt, Lillie M. Dodge, Martha A. Green, Bridget Reilly, Mary Bell McCollom, Mary Ryan, Mary Reilly, Tommie Reilly, George Pike, Willie Fox, Richmond Smith, Jessie Carson, Willie Ryan, Willard Conant, Eunice A. Fox, Emma A. Bruce, and Belle Smith.

Jessie L. McDermut, of Brooklyn, sends this list: Jessie L. McDermut, Katie Lyons, Sarah Tinslow, Harry Jones, Minna Foster, Jennie Jones, Effie L. Smith, Mettie Pinkham, Annie M. Sheehan, Ida Pierce, Lizzie E. Kelly, Edith Holliday, Lillie Fowler, Emma Van Ness, Minnie Ellis, Grace Tobey, Minnie Miller, May Henry, Lillie Barnett, Nellie E. Fellows, E. P. Ellis, Nettie Richardson, Stella Johnson, and Nellie Richardson.

Lily F. Conkey, of Chicago, sends her *fourth* list: Robert Collyer, Maria P. Brace, Rose S. Wright, Helen L. Fast, Mrs. J. J. Glessner, Laura T. R. Kett, Georgie Glessner, D. F. Fast, Harry F. Kett, Frank C. Fast, Amanda Van Syckle, Geo. N. Van Houten, J. W. Hambleton, Hattie A. Edwards, Mme. Elise Luneau, I. U. Kirtland, Mamie Ely, Hattie Ely, Grace L. Whitehead, Clara Johnson, and Nellie Wright.

Hattie E. Woodward, of Big Flats, N. Y., sends this list: Mary L. Scofield, Jennie L. Lovell, Minnie Lovell, Hattie Johnson, Maggie Gilldea, Mary Gilldea, Altha G. Wormley, Bertha L. Wormley, Sarah M. Wormley, Celia Lucy, Lucy Lovell, Ella E. Peebles, Clara L. Scofield, Addie McNulty, Louisa McNulty, Katie Tifft, Harris Bradshaw, Ella M. H. Van Gorder, Anna Ryan, Hattie E. Woodward.

From Jacob R. Smith, of Philadelphia, this list: Quita G. Barrett, Freddie J. Barrett, Eliza A. Kane, Kate Flumerfelt, Eliza J. Magee, Annie Simpson, Kate Green, Nellie Barrett, Laura Price, Susie Price, Annie Barrett, Irene M. Smith, May Garnes, Frank G. Holbrook, Ed. Holbrook, George R. Magee, D. Jones, Lizzie Smith, William Rowen, and Jacob R. Smith.

George Scrogin, of Nicholasville, Ky., sends the following list: Willy Clemonds, B. P. Campbell, Richard Curd, John Bronaugh, James Dorman, Betty Dorman, Frank Daniel, Florence Hutchinson, George Jelf, William Lear, James Lear, Wm. Scott, Clayton Smith, Mattie Smith, Mary Spilman, Waldern Smith, Charley Glass, Mattie Wallace, Herbert Scrogin, and Geo. Scrogin.

Maud Williams and Nellie Hamilton, of Hampton Beach, send this list: Jessie T. Swinburne, Annie J. Rogers, Amy Estcourt, Josie L. Moore, Lilian J. T. Allen, Fannie King, Sadie Snow, Minnie Lee, Kittie M. G. Darling, Belle R. Home, George T. Lewis, Ebenezer Clark, Edward S. Thompson, Ephraim Lansing, Peter Berry, Geo. T. S. De Forest, James Benjamin, and Sammy Smith.

"A Mother" in Rome, Ga., sends this list: Grace Panchen, Bessie Panchen, Ruth Norton, Marion Bones, Clyde Leland, Stockton Axson, Ernest West, Charlie West, Hattie Cleveland, Johnny Fain, Charlie Nagle, Eddie Colclough, Willie Terhune, Eddie Frost, Arthur Frost, Emma Green, Mamie Fain, and Flora Fain.

Mary C. Hutz, of Chambersburg, sends this list: Mary C. Hutz, Ida B. Hamsher, Willie E. Hamsher, Andrew Stepler, Charlie Budd, Annie R. Budd, James Hamilton, Sam Hamilton, Maggie Snyder, John Snyder, Martin Snyder, Kate Snyder, Amie Miller, Fannie Shatzley, Kate Fahnestack, Hattie Ashway, and Kate Ashway.

This list is from Belle Northrop, of Center Brook, Conn.: Lizzie S. Tillett, Mary L. Tillett, Annie C. Tillett, Hattie E. Hyde, Fannie R. Hyde, Abbie G. Wilcox, Emily Wright, Maria Blake, Carrie Gladding, Esther Champlin, Jessie Chapman, Annie Chapman, Alice Gladding, Minnie Plumber, Lena Knowles, Delfie Clark, and Belle Northrop.

Arthur E. Smith, of Union, N. Y., sends this list: Arthur E. Smith, William F. West, Austin B. Whittemore, Ernest E. Smith, Clair M. Mersereau, Herbert C. Guy, Clarence A. Hagadorn, J. Louis Knapp, Irvin S. Barton, Wm. S. Mersereau, Edgar J. Mersereau, Samuel J. Mason, Eddie K. Mersereau, Bertie C. Newell, S. Mack Smith, C. Oliver, and John D. Smith.

Susie A. Murray, of New York, sends this list: Susie A. Murray, Maggie Daly, Mary Osborn, John Martin, Frank Wheeler, Edna Wheeler, Martin Wheeler, Cora Wheeler, Tillie Rothschild, Ida Rothschild, Nina Henriques, Mary S. Murray, Tillie H. Murray, K. I. Murray, Sadie Cox, and Peter Cox.

Anna R. Prouty, of Chelsea, Mass., sends this list: Anna R. Prouty, Jennie Townsend, Hattie Ramsdale, Carrie Chansenboker, Etta S. Brooke, Hattie Knight, Grace Wilson, May Crooks, Dollie Curry, Flossie Tenney, Bridget Ryan, Katie Kent, and Willie Adams.

Walter N. P. Darrow, of Yorktown, N. Y., sends this list: John Gaughran, William Kear, Edward Kear, Thomas Phillips, George Sweeney, William Churchill, John Churchill, Walter N. P. Darrow, Wm. Coffey, Geo. Dekay, and Orin Smith.

Lizzie Gover, of Baltimore, sends these names: Lizzie Gover, Rosa Swain, Gussie Carter, Lizzie Gardner, Herbert Gardner, Tommy Perkins, Mamie Gover, Lucy Harding, Lizzie Hull, Nannie Walker, Mary Young, and E. Hews.

W. J. Eldridge, of Philadelphia, sends this list: Clinton J. Trout, Jr., Jennie S. Trout, May Fox, Horace Fox, Blanche E. Dexter, Henri Leone Dexter, Mary E. Supplee, Charlie Supplee, M Myers, H. Homer Dalby, Lavinia E. Giles, Henry Giles, and Philip H. Rosenbach.

Helen E. Brown, of New York City, sends this list: Emma J. Bonner, Mamie Bonner, Carrie T. Burkam, Julia D. Brown, Issie D.

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Brown, Orie D. Brown, Ethel D. Brown, Sarah J. Cobb, Ed. H. D. Brown, Robert I. Brown, Jr., and Helen E. Brown.

Lizzie Higgins, of Wolfville, sends this list: Ida Jones, Edna Gillmore, Allie Fitch, May Elder, Lena Freeman, Ernest Freeman, Kate Emming, Walter Higgins, Mockett Higgins, and Frank Higgins.

M. and S. Harvey, of Chicago, send this list: Margaret Harvey, Emma McLean, Maud Barnett, Julia Dickson, Lorena Morrell, Nellie Barnett, Milly Harvey, Lulu Fuller, James Harvey, Margaret Agnes Harvey, John Harvey, and Stuart Harvey.

Lillie V. Ladd, of Plymouth, N. H., sends this list: Renie Ladd, Maud Whitter, Hattie Chase, Katie Smith, Freddie Smith, Harry Blake, Laura Connel, Eva Blaisdel, Lillie Chase, Nettie Armstrong, and Lillie Ladd.

From J. D. Grant, of Newark, Ohio, this list: J. D. Grant, J. A. Grant, Eddie Grant, Frankie Kibler, Davie Cordray, Frankie Martin, Jessie Giffen, Hattie Evans, Willard Moul, and Eddie Wolring.

Nellie B. Wright, of Portville, sends this list: Nellie B. Wright, Mary D. Bartlett, Kate Bartlett, Nettie Ann Scofield, Belle Colwell, Frank H. Wright, Libbie Weston, Charlie B. Bennie, Kate Magavise, Frank Bartlett, and Wallie Weston.

Eva Elderkin, of Pueblo, Colorado, sends this list: Curtis Ellis, Johnnie Ellis, Annie Elderkin, Katie Stout, Lily Stanchfield, Anna Jenkins, Louis Brown, Addie Brown, Fred Bateman, Warry Weaver, and Eva Elderkin.

R. T. French, of Brooklyn, sends these names: R. T. French, Jr., Charles Hubbell, Horace Chichester, Otto Van Campen, E. Chapman, Frank Knapp, Frank French, James Reilly, and Frank Reilly.

John G. Jack sends these names of members of a "Bird-defending family": John G. Jack, May Jack, Annie Jack, Mary Jack, Willie Jack, Jamie Jack, Stanton Jack, Norman Jack, and Hope Jack.

Horace Wylie, of Washington, sends this list: Horace Wylie, Andrew Wylie, Mary Caroline Wylie, Mary Thomas Bryan, Lithea Winston, Jas. Burke, Mary Burke, Frank Duncan, Martha Stewart, and Ada Chinn.

Herbert G. Nichols, of Brooklyn, sends this list: Herbert G. Nichols, Frank Terry, Eddie Ray, James Moore, Helen Paul, Mirabel Ray, Paul R. Nichols, Eva K. Terry, Minnie C. Nichols, and Frank L. Nichols.

Madelaine Palmer, of Catskill, N. Y., sends these names: Helen Gavit, Anna M. Jenkins, Harry Jenkins, Fannie Gavit, Attie Gavit, Isabelle Fassett, Fred Fassett, Jennie Gilbert, and Anna Gilbert.

James B. Cox, of Middletown, N. Y., sends this list: John Collins, Frank Low, Theodore Cox, Willie Friend, Allie Munce, Jessie Cox, Anna Gummerson, and Janie Munce.

Rosie Draper, of Washington, D. C., sends this list: Carrie Wills, David Wills, Priscilla Reed, Maude Draper, Rosie Moore, Edgar Mahan, John Moore, and Hattie Lusk.

Mary L. Davis of Lexington, Ky., sends these names: Mary L. Davis, Emma Farnau, John Gunn, Robt. T. Gunn, Mary D. Gunn, Fannie A. Gunn, Allie R. Hunt, and Katie Hunt.

Katy S. Billings, of New York, sends this list: Katy F. Billings, Georgie Alley, D. M. Stimson, M. L. Roberts, Abram Wakeman, Katie W. Price, and Martha Evans.

Washington, D. C., sends this list: Willie Chandlee, Eddie Chandlee, May W. R. Chandlee, Kitty A. Loomis, Mamie C. P. Chapman, Jessie Randall, and Grace Chandlee.

Willie Corson, of Hartford, Conn., sends this list: Daisy Corson, Mary Brainard, Charlie Brainard, Hatty Day, Kate Fellowes, Anna Day, and Willie Corson.

Thomas Hunt sends a list as follows: Allen Cammack, Emanuel Patterson, Cornelia Gilson, Charlie Gaines, Morrison Rea, Margaret McCooey, and Thomas Hunt.

Charles G. Moon, of Montrose, sends this list: Charles G. Moon, Willie J. Moon, Alfred Moon, Nellie A. Moon, May Moon, and Edwin Moon.

"Pearl," of Chicago, sends this list: Belle Hollister, Louise Kellogg, Emma Flagle, Jennie Eastman, Annie Eastman, and Gertie Eastman.

Annie Holden, of Batavia, sends this list: Fred Worthington, Ned Smith, Hattie Holden, Annie Russell, Georgie Holden, and Annie Holden.

Newton, Mass., sends this list: Winnie H. Burr, Frank Potter, Bertie Brackett, Fred W. Emerson, Willie O. Edmonds, and Willie O. Underwood.

Edward Markell, of Lutherville, sends a list as follows: Edward Markell, Alice Markell, Jennie H. Markell, Montgomery B. Corkran, Charles E. Corkran, and Frank Terry.

W. A. Farnsworth, of East Saginaw, Mich., sends this list: Fred Bridgeman, Geo. Glynn, Sheldon Lee, and Sarah Lee.

"Olive," of Hastings, N. Y., sends these names: Bertha Blanchard, Johnnie Blanchard, Marie Blanchard, Kate Conklyn, and Mary Hagerty.

Charlie W. Balestier, of Brattleboro, Vt., sends this list: Mrs. J. N. Thorn, Mrs. A. T. Balestier, Frank A. Thorn, Miss N. J. Bullock, B. Fitzgerald, Laura Richards, Minnie Spencer, and Laura Lucas.

Fred C. Morehouse, of Milwaukee, Wis., sends this list: Fred C. Morehouse, Lizzie P. Morehouse, Howard L. Morehouse, Jennie L. Morehouse, and Mary L. Morehouse.

Emma K. Armstrong, of Salem, Va., sends this list: Mary Ferguson, Mattie Ferguson, Nettie Stafford, Fannie Armstrong, and Emma K. Armstrong.

Here is a list from Newton, Mass.: Freddie W. Emerson, Winnie M. Burr, Willie O. Edmands, Bertie Bracket, Frankie Potter, and Willie Underwood.

Maud King sends this list: Annie Hobson, Lizzie Surrette, Eva Gay, Hattie Gay, Helen Geer, Mary Keyes, Eddie Surrette, Eddie Barrett, Mary Mitchell, and Maud King.

Augusta L. De Vinne, of Linden, sends this list: Lizzie S. Winans, Emma J. Hackett, Mamie L. Winans, Amy M. Wood, Emma T. Ormandy, Rebecca J. Shamp, Lillie Shamp, and Eddie E. De Vinne.

May McDougall sends these names: Charlie S. Raymond, Annie Carter, F. N. West, Clara Yale, Nellie Eastman, May McDougall.

Olive Wilcoxen, of Richmond, Ind., sends this list: Alice Towle, Fanny Crawford, Miltie Overman, Elmer Towle, and O. Wilcoxen.

Clara L. Coldren, of Verdi, Nevada, sends this list: Clara L. Coldren, Helen F. Coldren, and Ettie L. Coldren.

Brookville, Pa., sends this list: Frances Rodgers, Kate Rodgers, Alfred Rodgers, Mary Rodgers, and Mrs. Rodgers.

Other lists have been received as follows:

Kittie E. Lewis, Mattie Lewis, Mary Lewis, and Margaret Lewis.

Walter McDonald, Dick Durgin, Eddie Filkins, and Eddie Durgin.

Linda Bergin, Mamie Moore, Daisy Hunt, and Fannie Hunt.

Charlie Willard, John Bates, Evie Styles, and Frank Troup.

Mrs. Annie Dalmas, Carrie Dalmas, Nannie Dalmas, and Philip Dalmas.

E. Grant Keen, Florence Sheeler, Emily Keen, and Lillie M. Keen.

F. J. Kellogg, M. C. Buck, and Villa Kellogg.

Inez Simms, Willie C. Houghton, and Herbie R. Houghton.

Eddie Field, Josie Field, and Lottie Field.

Maggie T. Jakes, Sadie C. Barnard, and Maggie Barnard.

Cynthia Murdock, Lizzie Smith, and Alice Murdock.

Bennie P. Holbrook, Fred L. Sweetser, and Charlie E. Holbrook.

Addie Soliss, Johnnie Soliss, and Daisy Soliss.

Benny S. Cooke, Clement Cooke, and Hannah M. Cooke.

Charlie W. Pittenger, Fred Pittenger, and Annie M. Pittenger.

Ellie S. Fannin, Ernst A. Fannin, and O. Porter Fannin, Jr.

Besides the above, the following names have been received: Wm. H. Hotchkiss, Walter B. Hotchkiss, Winnie Howells, Johnnie Howells, Frank Tatum, Willie Tatum, Belle A. Sites, Leslie H. Ingham, Tommie Napier, Johnnie Napier, Georgiana P. Hays, Helen A. Hays, C. Burr Grinsted, W. Stanley Grinsted, Francis B. Sanborn, V. C. Sanborn, Fay Granberry, Ella Granberry, Lizzie Wallace, Willie Wallace, J. Lauriston, Willie C. Stone, Annie Robinson, Willie Robinson, Alfred Wallace, Mary F. Wallace, Minnie Gould, Orin B. Gould, Thomas Hunt, Edward Livingston Hunt, Rosalie M. Bemis, Ida A. Bemis, Harry H. M. Johnson, Duncan S. Merwin, Susie R. Duryee, Clifford H. Holcombe, Mattie Sever, Annie F. Mills, James N. Ballantine, Nellie Croul, Ransom L. Maynard, Louisa P. Morgan, H. F. J. Hockenberger, Elmer Willison, Howard Knewels, Mary S. Turnure, Thomas R. Harris, Mollie Brounson, Helena W. Chamberlain, Mary S. Beauvais, Nellie C. Beckwith, Mary C. Eastman, George O. Brott, Louis M. Sawdon, Heywood Cuthbert, Johnny Baker, Charles H. Chapman, Willie A. Lewis, Gracie Bigelow, Ollie Godfrey, Jennie Dorr, Joseph Evan Detwiler, Richard Aldrich, Josie R. Ingalls, Jennie Willard, E. Lucky Williams, Neville Castle, Frederic R. King, Edward A. Williams, Lizette H. Fisher, Amy Waters, Arthur D. Cross, William H. Atkinson, Robert W. Atkinson, Lida A. Clark, Jimmie Crowell, Ella Crowell, Helen Wilson, Julian Wilson, Gilbert Wilson, Edith L. Strays, Mamie Barris, Julia Perry, Bessie F. Hooper, Mary Kuhn, Addie Kuhn, Edmund S. Smith, Francis H. Smith, Walstein G. Smith, Calvin Cicero Littlejohn, Margaret H. Wyman, Jeanie Dwight, Theodore Dwight, Georgie Maxwell, Nellie De Rhodes, and Hattie C. D. De Rhodes.

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THE RIDDLE-BOX.

PREFIX PUZZLE.

(With a certain prefix of two letters make a word of each of these designs.)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials form the name of a famous story-teller, and the finals those whom he loved. 1. An Eastern language. 2. A noted Bible character. 3. A city of India. 4. The opposite of good. 5. A king of England. 6. A precious metal. 7. A part of the day. 8. A famous conqueror. L. W. H.

EASY CROSS-WORD.

MY first is in May, but not in June;
My second is in air, but not in tune;
My third is in bun, but not in cake;
My fourth is in sleep, and also in wake;
My fifth is in wild, but not in tame;
My whole, you will find, is a little girl's name.
M.

TRANSMUTATIONS.

1. WHEN a letter stands opposite any object, it destroys something. 2. A letter by cooking raises a quarrel. 3. Military officers appear when a letter appends its name to a document. 4. Give a letter a certain rank and it becomes consolidated. 5. Attach a letter to part of a ship, and it becomes part of the body. 6. When a letter imitates an animal, it is preparing to travel. 7. A letter when a sailor, becomes a disease. 8. When a letter is more certain, it will be a miser. 9. Sometimes a letter forms parts of speech by being mischievous. 10. When a letter chastises, pleasure carriages abound.
RUTH.

PYRAMID PUZZLE.

MY left slope was a transformed king, who upheld the heavens. My right is a stone. My center, exhalations. My first, a vowel. My second, a steam-vessel. My third, an undeveloped insect. My fourth, a vegetable coloring matter. My fifth, a kind of stone. J. B.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. I AM glad that —— was left in the ——. 2. I will —— that bird if it —— near me. 3. I —— his opinion about the ——. 4. Thy Russian leather called —— has a —— smell. 5. The fracture was —— the ——. 6. —— are taken from a bird, but a —— is an animal. 7. You have trained that —— in an —— manner. 8. Will they —— the decree when they —— its hidden meaning. RUTH.

REVERSALS.

1. A WORD meaning to come together; reverse, and find to abound. 2. To boast; reverse, and find clothing. 3. Winged animals; reverse, and find to stick with a knife. 4. A timid animal; reverse, and find a marsh plant. 5. A blot; reverse, and find lids. 6. Kitchen utensils; reverse, and find a garden vegetable. 7. A voyage; reverse, and find frisky. C. C.

SQUARE-WORD.

MY first is sought beneath the sea,
An ornament for you or me;
On some high cliff or towering tree,
My next the hunter bold may see;
My third, the rose to you will give,
Long as its blushing petals live;
My fourth, each little twig may be,
When frost has silvered shrub and tree;
My fifth serves, in the printer's art,
To keep the crowded lines apart. B.

HIDDEN COUNTRIES.

1. RICH I lived, but poor I die. 2. The ape runs up the tree. 3. Put a hat on your head, or you will take cold. 4. Such I named it, at any rate. 5. Yes, hide it, papa, lest I never cease to look at it. M. W. and T. S.

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PICTORIAL ENIGMA.

(The central picture indicates the whole word from the letters of which the words represented by the other designs are to be formed.)

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

EASY METAGRAM.—Sot, cot, Lot, rot, not, hot, dot, jot

BEHEADED RHYMES.—Start, tart, art—Plate, late, ate.

RIDDLE.—Kingfisher. 1. Fish. 2. Shiner. 3. Fin. 4. Fresh. 5. Keg. 6. Knife. 7. Fries. 8. Fire. 9. Fisher. 10. Sinker.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Tailor. 2. Dentist. 3. Doctor. 4. Milliner. 5. Drug-store. 6. Groceries. 7. Post-office. 8. Cash-store. 9. Dry-goods.

ENIGMA.—Alfred Tennyson.

CHARADE, No. 1.—Indian Turnip (Jack-in-the-Pulpit)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—America, England.

A —ppl— E
M —a— N
E —ndin— G
R —aphae— L
I —ow— A
C —anas— N
A —n— D

REBUS.— "He showed a tent
A stone-shot off; we entered in, and there,
Among piled arms and rough accouterments,
Pitiful sight, wrapt in a soldier's cloak,
Like some sweet sculpture draped from head to foot,
And pushed by rude hands from its pedestal."

CHARADE, No. 2.—Together.

WORD-SQUARE.

D A I S Y
A R O M A
I O N I C
S M I T H
Y A C H T

ELLIPSES.—1. Florence. 2. Olive. 3. Anna. 4. Laura. 5. Rose. 6. Abigail. 7. Persis. 8. Sally. 9. Eugenia. 10. Viola. 11. Sibyl. 12. Grace. 13. Victoria.

DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.

S
L A R
M A T E D
T I T U L A R
C A M E R A T E D
P I R A T E D
C A T E S
L E D
D

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Bird-defenders.

HIDDEN SQUARE.—

H O M E
O P A L
M A I L
E L L A

ARCHITECTURAL PUZZLE.—Catherine-wheel window. 1. Lancet window. 2. Arch. 3. Niche. 4. Tower. 5. Arcade.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN AUGUST NUMBER were received, previous to August 18, from George W. Broun, Clinton B. Poe, Grace C., Florence E. Hyde, Alice M. Hyde, Harry Nyce, Mary C. Goodwin, Arnold Guyot Cameron, Mary J. Tilghman, Charley Gartrell, Louise M., Rosie Draper, Nettie E. Stevens, Laurens T. Postell, T. F. Sykes, Olin Boggess, Katie G. Bolster, Jennie S. Leh, Clement A. Walker, Jr., Charlie B. Bennett, A. F. S., Allie H. Smith, Mary E. Chandlee, "E. and F., Ida Christiancy, Clelia D. Mosher, Marcia A. Lamphier, "A Clover Blossom," Nathaniel Haven, C. W. Coleman, Willie L. Young, Mary C. Foster, "5-11," Helen Reese, Robt. M. Reese, "Little Bird," J. P. Gilchrist, Carrie Simpson, "Little Nell," Charlie W. Balestier, Nellie S. Smith, Edith L. Shays, Nellie B. Wright, Kitty A. Loomis, Eugene L. Lockwood, "Olive," Cynthia Murdock, "Puck and Pansy," W. H. Rowe, "Bowie," Jesse R. Lerch, Wm. H. Healy, "Nimpo," M. H. Rochester, "Ovid," Leila Delano, Charley W. Rice, Rachel Hutchins, Alice W. Ques, Susie A. Murray, E. S. M. and R. B. M., Lizzie Merrill, Etta B. Singleton, Charles H. Delanoy, Perlee and Isabel Rieman, Frank H. Belknap, Russell Fearon, Ernest Wilmarth, Hattie D. C. De Rhodes, and Julia D. Hunter.

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